



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Per. 1419 2. 1755







ZION'S WITNESS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE SECT WHICH IS EVERYWHERE SPOKEN
AGAINST.—Acts. xxviii. 22.

EDITED BY

MR. ARTHUR WILCOCKSON,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

VOL. VIII.

LONDON:

G. J. STEVENSON, 54, PATERNOSTER ROW.

SOLD AT BETHESDA CHAPEL, HULL: ZOAR CHAPEL, HASTINGS; MR. BATES, OLD TOWN STREET, PLYMOUTH; MR. B. TAYLOR, DICKLEBURGH, NEAR SCOLE, NORFOLK; MRS. WARD, 164, HIGH STREET, CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON: MR. HOLMES, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, LONDON: PETER HARLAND, LONG RISTON. NEAR HULL: MR. HANNATH, 11, SCALE LANE, HULL: MR. CLARK, GROCER, WALKER STREET, HULL.

Also can be had through any Stationer or Bookseller.

Sent monthly through the post, free, by the Editor, 15, Wellington Lane, Hull, for 2s. 6d. per year, or 3 copies, 6s.

The Third, Fourth, and Fifth Volumes are still in print, which contain "The Way He Hath Led Me;" or, the Editor's Pathway from childhood.

1866.



LONDON :

A. WILCOCKSON, ROLLS PRINTING OFFICE,
ROLLS BUILDINGS, FETTER LANE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Pathway of True Light	1, 46, 58, 78, 135, 160, 201, 236, 250
To the One Church of God	7
Christ Alone Exalted	13, 39, 51, 113, 153, 206, 241
Christ to His Bride	18
Love's Constrains	19
A Sermon	20, 33
The Well of the Oath	25
Little Light to True Light	27
How Long, Lord?	29
A Bee without a Sting	36
None but Jesus	45
To Each and to All	49
Love Through and Over All	63
From our Daughter in the Faith	68
Communings by the Way	70
Sweetness of Union	72
A Sermon	73, 127
A Dream, yet Not a Dream	84
A Dialogue on Oretanism	85
Profession and Possession	87
A Bill from the River	91
Sparks from the Furnace	93, 119, 133, 190
The Lord is my Portion	96
Truth versus Error	97
Complete in Him	100
A living Child's loving Epistle	105
Reviews	107, 142, 259

	PAGE
The Way He hath Led Me	121, 145, 169, 193, 217, 265
Faithful is He who has Promised	130
Jehovah's Shall's and Will's	141
The Sorrow of Christ	141
The Lord is Good	144
A Sister's Epistle to "Recluse"	168
A Sermon	166, 176
The Lord's Way Right	180
Spiritual Communings	183
Go to Joseph	186
Relationship	186
Dialogue on Cretanism continued	187
A Word of Comfort	200
A Sermon	213, 227
A Marvellous Interposition	224
Free Grace Triumphant	240
No Real Ground for Fear	240
A Fellow Labourer	247
To an Australian Sister	256
Spiritual Tuition	260
A Sermon	272
The good old Pathway	281
No where else but there	284

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1865.

No. 85

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

"No heights of guilt, or depths of sin,
Where His redeem'd have ever been,
But sov'reign grace was underneath,
And love eternal, strong as death."

THE following pages were originally written in a series of letters to a friend in Derbyshire, without any intention of being published, until he suggested that they might, after a careful revision, appear in "Zion's Witness;" but as his time was too much taken up with business to transcribe them, at my request, he returned them to me. I again looked them over, and really wondered how I could have written them. For the life of me I could not write them again; therefore I believe that they were written at the right time, in the right place, and under the right circumstances. This proves to me that there are times when we can and must write, and times when we have no power or inclination to write. I am sure that it is so, and the living in Zion will bear me out in the statement; and this causes me to have a very poor opinion of those very nice sermons which many of our very nice preachers can make and arrange in such pleasing order just when and where they like. These so-called well-got-up or manufactured sermons are nothing but the production of pride and impertinence; and though a few of them may be sound in the letter, they are as destitute of the unction, life, and power of the Spirit, as void of love was the heart of Jezebel the witch when she vowed vengeance against Elijah the Prophet. I expect to be called a liar, if not a fool, for this my opinion, not only by the Arminian and letter Calvinists, but by some of the Lord's people; but notwithstanding my so-called bitterness against the "good ministers" and their very "highly

respectable " congregations, it often comforts my heart to think of the Lord's choosing " the FOOLISH things of the world to confound the WISE ; and God hath chosen the WEAK things of the world to confound the things which are MIGHTY ; and BASE things of the world, and things which are DESPISED, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are NOT, to bring to nought things that are ; that no flesh should glory in His presence." Yes, the thought of this comforts me when I feel perfect weakness, wretched baseness, absolute foolishness, and a heart a sink of filthiness and pollution. Then is Jesus Christ, in His sovereign choice, redeeming love, and perfect work, very precious to my soul ; so that when I can find no other ground for rejoicing, it is sweet to rejoice that my name is written in heaven (Luke x. 20) Well, all I have to say is, I am quite sick of the religious cant which is often to be met with in our daily papers, " A most excellent sermon," " Very highly respectable congregation," " Beautiful prayer," " Divine service," &c., &c. I am well satisfied that a little more than nine-tenths of the religion of the day is " earthly, sensual, and devilish," and that in the highest degree ; and it is a great mercy when a poor soul is enabled by divine teaching to see through these fooleries. " Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name," for ever teaching me the emptiness, carnality, and folly of these things which are so highly esteemed among men of every shade of dead profession, from my lord the Bishop carnal, down to the lowest bond-child in the Wesleyan workhouse. I see nothing but Popery, dead morality, parsonical lordship, solemn mockery, hypocritical sanctity, and spiritual wickedness in these high places. The following things are necessary qualifications in every preacher or writer : A deep sense of our own insufficiency, wretchedness, poverty, and utter helplessness : with a knowledge of and love to the Saviour, in His righteousness, suitability, fulness, and glory ; and this can only be known, felt, and enjoyed as taught by the Spirit ; for He alone can take of the things of Christ and show them unto us, and lead the mind into all saving truth ; and then we can preach, write, or speak of the things of Christ, while such preaching, writing, and savory conversation, shall be made a blessing to the hearts of the election of grace in the Lord's time and way. In these things I believe I have the testimony of the living in Zion, in their daily experience as well as my own. How often do we feel shut up, and cannot speak one word in prayer ; no, not if that word would save our lives (I mean feelingly) : then again, at times, we feel all prayer, all praise, and must come out, nor can all the artillery of hell gag our mouth. I have been in both spots, and can speak feelingly upon the subject. I can assure my reader that when I am enabled to pray, it is when the Lord has overcome,

subdued, and melted my frozen heart with lovingkindness and tender mercy; and His matchless love has put words into my mouth: and this is often after I have gone through depths of trouble, darkness, deadness, and a hell of inward pollution: and I am sure that I should have no heart to return, did not the Lord in sovereign mercy break in upon me and hedge up my way. O what unspeakable love, after so much folly, uncleanness, and rebellion; and consequent imprisonment, darkness, and deadness, that some sweet word, precious promise, gospel encouragement, should overpower, take hold, and sweetly draw; while we, with shame for our conduct, should come as a beast before Him. Yes, it is even so. To be brought, by an indescribable power, and a sense of His goodness, a faith's view of His loving heart, all-sufficiency and suitability, through the depths of sin, guilt, and shame, into the banqueting house, is not after the manner of man. No; for this is grace indeed in its riches, glory and fulness. To expect death and damnation for our folly, sin, and shame, and meet with mercy, deliverance, peace, comfort, and blessing, is how our Jesus endears Himself to our hearts, and makes Himself known to our souls, as the altogether lovely, and chiefest among ten thousand. My soul has often been here. This is holy feeling, spiritual worship, heavenly language, which the bastards of Ashdod never knew, cannot understand, or have the least relish for.

I cannot expect that the things which I have written in the following pages will be acceptable to the carnal mind, much less to the dead professor; but there are a few scattered ones, here and there, who are despised, hated, and persecuted, who, by blessed teaching, know a little of the bitters of life, a little of the roughness of the way, a little of the wiles of the devil, a little of the craft, lies, and malice of his agents, and a good deal of the loving-kindness and tender mercy of the Lord; these, I hope, will find something helpful to their souls. Such I love, for such I write, and such I know will look over the blunders, suck in the honey, and feel a loving union to the writer. Should these receive comfort from my poor scribbling, I shall be abundantly rewarded for all my pains and trouble. I can feelingly tell these dear souls, and they can as feelingly understand me, that their many trials, sore temptations, awful rebellion, felt pollution, and hellish lusts, are all developed in order to endear a precious Christ to their souls; and when by precious faith they can take hold of the arm of our Almighty Samson, they can thrash the mountains, and slay these powerful lions: and then what a nest of gospel honey will be found in their carcasses. I say in their carcasses, not outside: in the midst of trouble, temptation, and sorrow, how sweet, inexpressibly sweet, is the comfort, peace, and blessedness of the gospel. Now, don't you find it so? Has

not our lovely Jesus overcome every enemy and conquered every foe? Does not death, sin, the devil, world, old man, with all his lusts and corruptions, lie conquered at His dear feet? Has He not "spoiled principalities and powers?" Is not every sin, lust, devil, and man at His command? Has He not said to each and to all, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther?" Are they not made to work together for good to His own people? And have they not the blessed privilege to takè hold of His strength, and in, by, and through Him to tread them down, and sweetly live on the spoils gained in the day of battle? Is not sin, with every other foe, with regard to the curse, condemnation, and punishment, a complete nonentity? Are they not for ever done away? And is it not very blessed to live in and on these precious truths? But I must draw this introduction to a close, or I shall never end my pathway.

Now, my brother, turn to the life and experience of your poor sin-distressed, world-hated, devil-hunted, heart-plagued, yet pardoned, delivered, loved, and eternally saved and blessed brother.

"Hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith?"—JAMES ii 5. "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord."—ZEPH iii. 12.

I was born in sin, and shapen in iniquity, according to the eternal purpose of God, of poor parents, at Southwell, Notts, on the 9th of December, 1806, to see many sorrows, troubles, changes, and awful temptations; also, in the Lord's time, I was born again to taste the sweets of mercy, goodness, tender care, and loving-kindness.

My father, being a frame-work knitter, was at work by himself, at the hour of my birth, which took place at two o'clock in the morning, when he distinctly heard a voice, saying, "There is a son born who is to be a preacher of the gospel." This has been repeatedly told me by my parents, though I have little or no faith in those things myself; yet, at times, it has made great impressions upon me, and many have been the castles that I have built in the air, fondly hoping that I should one day be a preacher of no ordinary ability, especially as my father had predicted me an ordained preacher from the womb, which often made me think of the following words of the Lord to Jeremiah: "Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations." But notwithstanding my father's prediction and my many fond hopes the extraordinary preacher has not yet made his

appearance in gospel demonstration and power. That I have been a preacher, or rather "prating fool," is awfully true: and it is equally true that another prediction of my father's has been verified, namely, "A prating fool shall fall;" for I have fallen in more ways than one, "and great has been the fall thereof." My soul here speaks of bitter anguish occasioned by sin, temptation, and shame, which the Lord and my heart alone are privy to. O the riches of His grace to so hell-deserving a wretch!

I am told that I was the smallest child ever seen in Southwell; so much so, that they could put me into a quart jug. I was also very weak and sickly. This I have experienced since in more ways than one, and much to my sorrow; and I believe that many of the elect of God have something out of order in nature which is the means of embittering their lives; and yet this shall one day prove to be among their sweetest mercies, though it may seem a strange thing to the swift and strong.

Well, there was a person by the name of James Maul, with whom my father worked, who possessed some property. This man took a fancy to the poor little sickly infant, and told my parents that if they would call my name James, after him, he would put me in his will for one hundred pounds (£); and my father not liking to lose so handsome a fortune for his little son, acceded to his request. Hence the origin of my name. But as I did not seem likely to live, my father induced the old gentleman to allow my elder brother to supersede me in his will: and yet it so happened, according to the eternal purpose of Him, who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, that I did live, both in nature and in grace, not only in union to Adam, but in union with Christ; and, in the appointed time, to believe to the saving of my soul. Instead of enjoying the hundred pounds (£100), I knew what it was to be experimentally poor and afflicted, according to that promise of our God and Father—"I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." These words have often been a sweet morsel to my soul in the midst of many hardships and trying seasons of poverty; in affliction and persecution; and how blessed it is when, like Moses, we "choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Yes, it is "an afflicted and poor people;" "not many rich, not many mighty, not many noble;" for "God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith." This is where the channel of grace runs in all its sovereignty, riches and glory; and yet, notwithstanding, the devil has persuaded many of our rich religionists, who have a little skin-deep morality, that they are the only ones on the highway to glory; but the Word declares that it is the poor who have the gospel preached to

them in its dew, unction, and power. "Blessed are ye poor!"

Poor and afflicted, in distress,
They feel their shame and nakedness.
Poor and afflicted, makes them cry
To Him who hears the mourner's sigh.

Poor and afflicted, they shall taste
The riches of redeeming grace.
Poor and afflicted, they shall rise
To dwell with Jesus in the skies.

I can remember nothing particular until I reached the age of five years, except that I was uncommonly lively and full of childish tricks; but in the winter of 1811-12, I had the scarlet fever, in which affliction I lost my hearing. This I often think the greatest affliction I ever had, as the effects of it run through the whole of my life. I also think it one of my greatest mercies; but this will be seen in after days. Another painful circumstance connected with this affliction was it caused a stammering in my speech, the effects of which have not left me to this day. So bad was my speech, that I became the laughing stock of the streets, which often grieved me much; but I could no more avoid stammerring than I could desist from breathing. My father would often be very cross with me, and try to get me to speak, but not a word could I get out. O the troubles, trials, temptations, and sorrows that have fallen to my lot through this affliction! How has my heart risen in wrath and indignation against my Maker, preserver, and only friend, the God of all my mercies, on account of it! What a damper has it been to all my earthly enjoyments! O how cutting to my proud and carnal nature! In after days, when I should have been delighted to have heard the gospel preached, and held communion with the saints, how has my heart fretted against the Lord! I have thought Him unkind and even cruel; and have reasoned with myself in this way: What profit should I derive, what good I might do, and how pleasant my life, were it not for this deafness; but all such reasoning is in pride and ignorance, therefore only carnal and fleshly; and since I have been instructed in the Lord's leadings and dealings, I have realized the greatest mercies in the greatest afflictions, straits, and difficulties, however humbling has been the fiery ordeal or trying and severe the process to flesh and blood. I was not so deaf then as now, although I believe that I have never been able to hear a sermon throughout in my life. I have tried many things to cure my deafness, but to no purpose; for, like the poor woman in the Gospel, I only grew worse. This I have also proved in another sense, even in spiritual matters; for I have spent much time, given great attention, parted with not a little money, for the cause of these physicians of no value, falsely called eminent ministers of the Gospel, who neither feel nor know anything "of the afflictions of Joseph," nor the plague of their own hearts; therefore these dumb dogs, instead of affording me the least comfort or help, have soured me out with broken bones,

broken judgment, and broken peace, which I believe I shall feel the effects of down to the grave. The Lord deliver and spare His people from being so entrapped and beguiled by these wolves in sheep's clothing.

I believe now that everything connected with my hearing, with all the pain, bitterness of spirit, and carnal disappointment, have fallen out in time, place, and circumstances, exactly in accordance with the eternal covenant; therefore they are covenant mercies, and my soul has blessed the Lord for them. But more of this hereafter.

The summer following my scarlet fever affliction I was one day playing with the dust in the street, with my foot in the rut, when a cart, laden with bricks, passed over it. An old man picked me up, and carried me home, where I was laid by for some weeks. This was the first sad effect of my deafness, and another link in the chain of providence, and one of the all things which work together for good. "Why," says blind reason, "how can that be?" Indeed I cannot say, but if it did not appear to result in any real good, it may have saved me from something far worse, therefore I cannot call it a misfortune. I must put it down as one of those things which I could not possibly do without: and at the same time I beg to inform Mr. Luck, Chance, and the devil, that they are three notorious liars. How long my lameness lasted I cannot now remember, and how it was that my foot was not completely crushed I cannot say, unless it was on account of the dust being so deep; but whatever the immediate cause might have been, I must resolve it into the lovingkindness of Him whose name is Mercy.

'T was mercy, covenant mercy, found me,
My faith now knows the reason why:
She cast her loving arms around me,
Then brought me home and laid me by.

(To be Continued.)

TO THE ONE CHURCH OF GOD.

ONCE more, beloved of and in the Lord, we are privileged to address you upon the occasion of commencing another volume of our periodical, and we heartily hope that the dear Lord, who loved us and gave Himself for us, may indite, by His Spirit, a few things touching Himself, who is King in Jeshurun, in this our yearly address. Those of our readers who are spiritually instructed are well aware that however truthfully we may write, and however

attentively they may read, all will prove vain and futile unless the Lord is pleased to put life and love, light and spirit, into the communication : so that if He graciously blesses us in writing, and our readers in reading, He will secure glory to His name, and we shall realise warmth of heart and comfort of soul. To Him alone then we would look for a blessing, and sincerely hope that we shall not be disappointed.

"I change not !" Beloved, how true it is that He changeth not. Were He to change, what would become of us? Fickle, wayward, and foolish as we are, He changes not. He still remembers that we are dust. He well knew what we should prove; but it could not interfere with the sameness of His mind, the fixedness of His purpose, the unalterableness of His well-ordered covenant, or the stability of His eternal throne of grace and glory. His counsel stands, His pleasure is performed; and His purposes are carried out : none can stay His hand, or say, What doest thou? He giveth no account of His matters. He is in one mind concerning His Church, and none can turn Him against His body, the fulness of Him who filleth all in all. His own He loved, His own He ever cares for, and His own shall never be forsaken or injured. His Church is His possession, His bride His jewel, His people His inheritance, and His children His own beloved family. His love encircles all, His life runs through all, His light illumines all, His power works within all, His grace humbles and enriches all, and matchless mercy overpowers and overcomes all the living members of His body, the sheep of His pasture, and the people of His care. He loved His elect before time, blesses them through time, and receives them to Himself when their time is ended, breath is wasted, powers have failed, and soul is separated from its clay tabernacle. Then mortality is finally swallowed up of life, death in victory, sin in blood, debts in payment, war in peace, and the living child goes to his loving Father, the sinner to His gracious Saviour, the bride to her glorious Bridegroom, and the sheep to its watchful Shepherd.

"O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God !
And flesh and sense no more control
The glowing pleasures of my soul."

"I change not." Can it be said of any creature, however excellent; any personage, however exalted; any friend, however loving; or any parent, however doting; that they change not? We are told that a friend loveth at all times, but have we met with that friend in nature? We answer emphatically No ! Have we a reader who can lay claim to this feature of friendship? In no wise. Our love to and for each other, like this ocean, ebbs and flows : like the moon,

continues to wax and wane. But not so our blessed Friend and Brother; for He loveth at all times. He alone can say, "I change not." His delights were with the sons of men before time, and His delights remain unchanged through time. His bride He loves, and,

" 'Tis His delight to make her blest,
And live upon His love."

This love is unchanged and unchanging love; for God Himself is love; and we read, "He will rest in His love." He also calls His Church His love, and says, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." Why? "The King's daughter is all-glorious within" His heart, all-secure in His hands. No evil shall befall her, no plague come nigh her dwelling. Why? "O Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations;" "and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God:" for "God is love." This love shed abroad in our heart is having life, and having it more abundantly. It is being strengthened by the Spirit's might in the Inner Man Christ Jesus. Christ is life, love, and light. To be spiritually enlightened, is to have Christ the light in our mind; to be the living in Jerusalem, is to have Christ our life in our soul; to be loving sons and daughters of the Lord, is to have Christ our love shed abroad in our heart; so that we have no light but Christ, no life but Christ, no love but Christ. Hence says the Holy Ghost by Paul, "For to me to live is Christ." Christ told John that He was the "Alpha and Omega;" so that He is before all things, and beyond all things, that in all things He might have the preeminence. The Word of God says, "He who hath the Son, hath life; he who hath not the Son of God, hath not life." Life, then, is the great and infallible test of childship. To be bound in the bundle of life with Christ is to be eternally secure and safe. Love binds us, life invigorates us. The Father is love, the Son is love, the Spirit is love; and this three-fold cord of love is not to be broken by sin, dissolved by death, sundered by the flesh, snapt by the world, or loosened by our unworthiness; for

"The cause of love was in Himself,
And in Him we'll rejoice."

Worthiness in us apart from Christ the great Jehovah never expected and never looks for. He knows that in our flesh dwelleth no good thing, and that our old man was crucified with Christ. Therefore the body of sin is destroyed; but the body of Christ is indestructible. What does He say to the members of His body? "Because I live, ye shall live also." If the Head, who is the life, lives in the body of His Church, and throughout each member comprising that body, how can one member perish? "The blood,

which is the life thereof," continually flows to each member quickened together with Himself: and if the Great Jehovah sees the blood of Christ, He beholds the life of His Church; and He cannot see the blood of Christ without seeing the person of Christ, because the blood is the life, and the life is Christ. The literal flesh that we eat produces blood or life, and the spiritual flesh of Christ which we eat by faith sustains life; so that Christ is the flesh of life and Christ is the blood of life, and Christ is our life;

"And while He lives, we ne'er can die;
For we are His by covenant tie."

Ye children of God, do you feel the life-blood flow, the living love glow, and the holy fire burn? If so, there is no condemnation and no separation. Indeed you are united to Christ, one with Christ, and cannot live without Christ. And shall we say more? He cannot live without you. "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am;" and His will cannot fail, His purpose cannot alter, His mind cannot turn. If it be His will that all that the Father gave Him be with Him, He will see to it that they shall be no where else, and for no one else; for, says He, "They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels or choicest treasure." If He lovingly calls them His own, He will graciously own them in all places, love them under all circumstances, and bring them through all difficulties. Try them to the quick He may, put them in the furnace He will, toss them as with a tempest He frequently does; but what is it all for?

"All to make them
Sick of self and fond of Him."

Not a hair of their head can perish; for He says, "I the Lord do keep it." Keep it He does, keep it He will, keep it He must: "for He cannot deny Himself;" and "He that loveth His wife, loveth Himself:" "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and His Church;" for they are one.

"Yes, we are one, she cries,
'Midst all my leprous state,
And no man ever yet
Was known His flesh to hate:
And I'm His flesh, our oneness proves,
In loving me, Himself He loves."

"I change not." Beloved, how consoling is the thought that your God cannot change! How many times a day you change, and how often you measure the Lord by yourself. But your changes cannot alter Him: He cannot be moved by them. His love is His rest, you are His dwelling. Leave you He cannot, look shy upon you

He will not, deny you a blessing He cannot find it in His heart to do. He may often allow you to be tempted, frequently let you be sifted, again and again bid Shimei, or the child of the flesh, to curse you; but what of all that? Is it any proof of non interest in His love? Is it an argument in favor of not being His child? Indeed no; "for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" Test you in the furnace, prove you in the flood, He will again and again, and allow all hell to be up in arms against you: so that your soul shall be as the chased roe or hunted partridge;

"And all this to prove thee, to stain thy curs'd pride;
For God hath determin'd His grace shall be tried."

Strength for the day you shall have, and not one thing shall fail of all that He has promised; but His strength shall be perfected in your weakness, and His promise fulfilled in your extremity; for it is to them that have no might He increaseth strength. Cheer up then, child of my God: love cannot be unkind. Your God is still faithful; and

"Near to His heart you ever lie,
Dear as the apple of His eye:
Then fear not hell, though hell molest,
All things are order'd for the best."

Another Volume of our "Witness" is now before the Church, and another is now commenced for the benefit of the Church, and we heartily hope that every page, paragraph and sentence, may more or less teem with the glory of Christ, and be blest to the members of Christ. We little thought seven years ago that our periodical would live to the age of 85 months; but so it is, and why? "It is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes." "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." To give a minute account of the difficulties that we have had to contend with, time and space would fail. In fact, we find it much better to tell the Lord our trouble than the creature; for we get from Him both sympathy, succour, and support: whereas in applying to man, as a rule, we meet with nothing but disappointment. Again and again throughout the last volume have we proved both the faithlessness of the creature and the faithfulness of the Lord. The one has changed, the other never. At the commencement of the last year of our labor, we had apparently every prospect of greater encouragement than ever, from the fact of several ministers of truth writing promises of recommendation, and saying that they would do all that in them lay to circulate our work; but with hardly an exception they have forsaken us as quickly as they took us up. Paul once said, "At my first answer all men forsook me; but the Lord stood by me." This has been our mercy, beloved. The Lord

has indeed stood by us. Many timely interpositions of His hand in connection with our periodical we could here enumerate; but as we hope at once to continue "The Way He Hath Led Me," we shall reserve them for it.

Our Seventh Volume is now ready, and we hope that our friends will assist us in circulating it. Many of our readers would do well to give away the loose numbers that they have, and purchase the Volume complete. They would thus render us a double service. We send the Volume through the post for 30 stamps; so that, taking the binding and postage into consideration, it leaves us but 1s. 6d. for the book. This our readers will acknowledge is very low, and must go far to convince them that it is not theirs but themselves that we seek. Our periodical never has payed its way, but our God has made a way for it, not only through the press, but into the hearts of His living poor scattered throughout the land. This encourages us still to go on, well knowing that if God be for us, none can be against us. We do love to be useful to God's elect family, and nothing cheers us half so much as when we now and again receive written testimonies of the Lord's having blessed our work to His children. Many of these communications—in fact, nearly all—are written by those who can hardly spell their own name, and are generally ashamed of their scrawl, as they call it, when finished; and did they not send it at once, the fire would consume it instead. But however badly written, and however full of blunders, we love these simple heart-expressions; and more than that, we heartily love these poor and uneducated children of God. At all times we would welcome a line of love from the poorest of the poor, meanest of the mean, and basest of the base; and beg that they will always write when their mind is so led, and never for a moment suppose that we shall not be the most obliged party. We feel constrained to throw out this hint, because we know the many drawbacks that the Lord's children feel. We are still aware that many a number of our monthly has found its way into both hands and hearts of the Lord's hidden ones, who, perhaps, have not a companion in tribulation to whom they can unbosom their minds, and it would be a real treat for them to sit down and drop a line of love respecting what the Lord has done for their souls: but, under a feeling sense of natural incompetency, they have given up the thought. To such we would say, write by all means, and the Lord direct your pen; and the Lord make up to you abundantly the lack of spiritual intercourse with others of His children.

We would take this opportunity of warning our readers—at least, those who are personally unknown to us, being assured that our known friends would not believe the base lies—of a man who calls

himself a Gospel minister, and professing that he knows us well, although we do not know him. He says that the letters which appear from time to time in our work as though written by women, are written by ourselves, and that he has charged us with it, and we could not deny it. Another base thing he charges us with, which we do not feel free now to publish, that is almost unbearable. Should he again lie against us before any of our readers, and they kindly let us know, we will make a public example of him. Not that we fear his lies, or the injury he may be allowed to do us; but we are afraid that it may cause some of the weaker children to stagger when they hear such inconsistent reports of a man whom they look to as a servant of God. By the grace of God we have been enabled to live a consistent life both at home and abroad since we have tasted that the Lord is gracious, and we defy any man to prove the contrary. We would say to all ministers of the Gospel, if you cannot do us good, do not blacken our character by telling lies about us: for it is very sorry work after all.

In drawing our epistle to a close, we would wish the best of blessings to rest upon our readers, and heartily hope that the God of all comfort may knit their hearts together in love, and that they may be furtherers of each other's joy in the Lord. Brethren beloved, farewell. "Faithful is He who hath promised," and ever remember that whatever changes you may experience in outward things and inward feelings, the covenant is ordered in all things and sure, and knows no change.

"Here let the weary rest,
Who love the Saviour's name,
Though with no sweet enjoyment blest,
This covenant stands the same."

EDITOR.

35, Trinity Street, Hull.

CHRIST ALONE EXALTED.

Sixty-fifth Letter.

THE REAPER TO THE GLEANER.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Unto my well-beloved Ruth I come and knock with peace in love, saying, Open to me, my sister, love, and dove; and would declare unto you that all is well, will be well, and shall be well; as saith our Almighty Lover, and unchanging Friend, "Say ye unto the righteous, that it shall be well with him."

Not the righteous in Adam earthy. O no ! for that is all gone, if ever there was any, and we are quite free from him, whether good or bad, and Christ, who is "Emmanuel, God with us," "the second Adam," "the Lord from heaven," is to us Jehovah-tsidkenu ; and as He is this unto us, we need not fear men or devils : for He who is the righteous God, "the righteousness of God without the law," "the Lord our righteousness," was Himself "made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Thus it ever stands in unchanging fulness, "because as He is, so are we in this world." "O the depth of the riches !" It would ill become me to murmur or complain : I cannot ; for I am happy in the Lord my only life, pleasure, and happiness ; and though the flesh is in the crucible, and the bones exercised with strong pain, yet I must, will, and do sing, day by day, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." The honor and glory of our glorious Lord our God are greater to me than my ease and pleasure. I love that expression by Paul : "Let God be magnified in my body, whether by life or death." I can assure my dear Ruth that I live on the best of terms with my Royal loving Lord and King ; and I have not one thing to find fault with Him about ; and though I walk in the midst of trouble, He will revive me, and perfect that which concerneth me : so that I am fully persuaded that He is with me, though He hath set darkness in my paths, and I cannot see Him. If I were asked how I know that He is with me, even though I cannot see Him, I would answer, "Because He only is my life, and I feel that I am alive and breathe, therefore I am one belonging to His breathing frame." I want no higher or better evidence of His being mine and I His than life ; for all feelings are the functions of life ; but I only live by simple life, and Christ is that. I believe life to be life unchanging, hid with Christ in God ; and Christ liveth in me, and, bless His name, He tells me, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Life is love and love is life, and the life is more than meat. How plain, how dear, how blessed, and how precious this is ! This was Job's blessedness ; for all his leasehold property went to ruin, but his life was untouchable and unapproachable by sin, death, or Satan ; so that he outrode the storm in safety, surmounted the ash-heap, potsherd, scorning of his friends, incurable malady of his flesh, and out he came quite clean, according to ancient love-settlements, unchanging purpose, and unalterable promises : and he had, or the Lord gave him, twice as much as he had before. Thus he entered fully and freely into the Lord's double, and in the land he possessed it : and very dear it is to have received Christ Jesus our Lord, and so walk in Him, rooted and built up in Him, stablished in the faith as we have been taught,

abounding therein with thanksgiving. These are some of the Lord's secrets which He teacheth us in the depths; and, in the assurance of His love and faithfulness, we cannot doubt Him; "for faithful is He who hath promised." We are fully aware that what He hath promised He is able also to perform. If my ever blessed Lord were to let me try and live by sight and sense, of all men I should be the most miserable; and the inference drawn would be, "All these things are against me;" but my harp and lute; that is, my heart and my tongue, will not, cannot say such words; but must abundantly utter the memory of His great goodness, and sing of His righteousness, "speak of the glory of His kingdom, and talk of His power." How can I be otherwise than happy? for Jesus is mine and I am His. Nothing can come between us, and the thought now arises that all pluralities end in Jesus; for we are "no more twain, but one flesh," "and he that is joined to the Lord, is one Spirit;" and the following is a pure catalogue of union in unity: "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling: one Lord, one faith, one baptism: one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." Thus, in the knowledge of these truths, we say, "Though there are gods many, and lords many; but to us there is but one God the Father, of whom are all things, and we in Him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by Him." This mystery of oneness, and our living and standing in all the fulness of the same, is most blessedly set forth in the following words by the blessed Spirit, "We have known and believed the love God hath to us: God is love: and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."

I now pause with you to ponder over truths so full, so deep and so profound; and as they are realised in the heart by faith, and demonstrated by the Spirit in power, the noble mind soars far and high above all things terrene and dusty. In the bowels of the tender mercy of our God, the openings of His love, the exceeding riches of His grace, in his kindness towards us through Christ Jesus, we are enabled to say, "All is well," "all is for the best," and "we know that all things work together for good." Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; but we who believe do enter into rest, and cease from our own works as God did from His; so that we fully realise joy and peace in believing, giving thanks for all things to God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Thus we go on in the strength of the Lord, saying, in darkness or in light, sorrow or joy; "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praise unto thy name, O, most high! to show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night." Bless the Lord, O our souls! "If God

be for us, who can be against us?" He hath sworn by Himself, and pledged His honor, glory, and faithfulness, that He will never leave us, or forsake us, but will surely do us good. Then let us ever sing, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so;" and surely we cannot refrain from saying so; for the love of Christ constraineth us; and the Lord has no dumb children; for they all either cry or sing.

Through my present affliction the Lord hath dealt bountifully with me; for He has often said to me in it, "I am Jehovah-raphi;" and "This sickness is not unto death." I cannot read or see anything written upon it but love. The poor flesh has been sharply exercised, and Satan has been long and frequent with his dry lectures; but it is only the flesh that feels inclined to believe what he says, whilst my spiritually circumcised ear and heart can hear Him, my Beloved, say, "Know therefore that the Lord thy God, He is God the faithful God:" and in conjunction with this He graciously tells me, "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His." Thus it stands, and we stand built upon this Rock, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against us.

With you, I have my flesh shakings and tremblings; the winds and waves are boisterous; yet, blessed be His glorious name, "He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself." He enables me to creep up into the pulpit, and there to stand on one foot, and kneel with one knee, and speak to the people the words of life. His presence and power are manifest among us, and this pleases us well; for He thereby endears Himself to our souls. If it be His will I hope to speak to the people this evening, the first time for seven weeks. Don't find fault with me for coming to you again so soon; for the dear contents of yours so warmed my heart, that I said, "Thou hast shown more kindness now than at the beginning: I must arise and go to her house." The Lord bless thee! And thus it is, as the poet sings,

"His grace is so mighty, so large, and so long,
That all their hard cases were lost in a song."

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

Sixty-sixth Letter.

THE GLEANER TO THE REAPER.

DEARLY BELOVED,—The blessed Spirit moveth us at sundry times and in divers places to speak to one another in the fear of the Lord,

and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for those that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. Once upon a time, when two pilgrims were communing together in sadness, and reasoning upon those things which had happened, Jesus Himself drew near and went with them, and sorrow was turned into joy before him; for He spoke of Himself, and opened to them the Scriptures, which caused their heart to burn, and changed their sighs to songs. Well, and many a time since has He not done the same thing, proving Himself a blessed brother in adversity and precious companion in tribulation, causing those to arise and sing who had been dwelling in dust? When we get looking at things seen, conferring with flesh and blood, we are sure to exclaim, "All these things are against me;" but how He lays all this dust and confusion; so that the soul is behaved and quieted as a weaned child; yea, and joys in the Lord, and rejoices in the God of its salvation in the midst of tribulation also. Time changes not eternity settlements; for our sure things are placed above creature fluctuations; so that wilderness tribulations pass over us, leaving all that is of Christ unshaken. In Him, and the things which are of Him, is continuance; and amidst all the moving of our moveables, we shall be saved. Not a corn of wheat shall be lost in the sifting, nor a grain of gold in the furnace; but truly it is at times close and sharp work to flesh and blood, which can only look for gain from its own quarter; but faith looks another way, saying, "What things were gain to me, those I count loss for Christ;" and losing all for Him, we do find all in Him, according to that word, "Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find." We do find in Christ endurable riches in righteousness, even the unsearchable riches of His person, the riches of His love, the riches of His work of suffering unto death, and the riches of His resurrection, life, and glory. Here does my weary soul get satiated, and my sorrowful soul replenished; here my Father is satisfied and delighted, and I am satisfied and delighted too. Thus we walk together in Christ agreed, and in Him have fellowship one with another, there being no barrier between us; for His blood cleanseth us from all sin; the Father having "made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." How great it is! "The work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness, and assurance for ever." Dear, glorious Christ, I do delight in Him! He is the joy of the Lord, and my strength and my health, peace, beauty, glory, holiness, and happiness; but I am longing to know more of Him. I want more enlargement into Him. Oh that the Divine Spirit would enlighten my understanding more into the knowledge of Him!

I find all else tends to bondage, contraction, and setting up of the creature; and, being made free, I would, by the Spirit's power, stand fast in the liberty, walk at large, plead my freedom, and not be entangled with yokes and bonds. We live in a day of binding; but "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;" and "the children are free," though many of them do not know it, being under tutors and governors. But those who have been sent out free, "regard not the crying of the driver," who is behind the sheep; for they love to follow the good Shepherd who goeth before His own sheep, calleth them by name, and leadeth them out from under the law into the green pastures of His own perfect obedience, where He feedeth them, and maketh them rest at noon, and "His rest is glorious." God is glorified, justice satisfied, law magnified, and the sinner saved; and sweet it is, when made willing, to be as having nothing, and yet possessing all things; just glorying in the Lord alone. "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad."

I come to you once again in that name which is above every name to enquire of your welfare and how you do. I know it is well with you, because the Lord has spoken good concerning Israel, though flesh and sense will question and cavil, saying, "If the Lord be with us, why hath all this evil befallen us?" and, "How can these things be?" But "what I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." To this faith replies, "It is well." I wonder if your health is still better, and the Lord's house well filled with guests.

He gives the blessings cross-handed; but does cause us to inherit substance. Every blessing be with you. Love in Jesus to yourself and dear Mrs. Triggs. I want to know more of His matchless person who is fairer than the children of men. I know if He bid, you will write to me of Him in whom I rest affectionately yours,

RUTH.

CHRIST TO HIS BRIDE.

Lean on me, my fair one, and live in my heart;
 No home is so pleasant I know:
 My love is so fervent, I cannot depart;
 So constant, no anger can flow.

Trust not to the creature however allied;
 Look not to the fondest for aid;
 But in me, my fairest, for ever abide;
 On me let thy spirit be staid.

Ne solace or comfort can creatures impart,
 No sympathy drop in the mind :
 But folded for ever to my bleeding heart,
 You'll prove me most loving and kind.

In what single instance, throughout your short life,
 Could you call me unfaithful, my dove ?
 Oh have I not always dealt well with my wife ?
 For ever been constant in love ?

When troubles abounded, and sorrows press'd sore,
 When creatures agreed to depart,
 In love and compassion did I not pour
 My blood into thy bleeding heart ?

Then, then, for the future trust in me alone,
 In the bosom of love ever dwell,
 Share with me in glory my crown and my throne,
 My person and riches as well.

A. W.

LOVE'S CONSTRAININGS.

MY DEARLY BELOVED PASTOR AND SERVANT OF THE MOST HIGH,—I know you will pardon the liberty that I take in sending this when I tell you that the love of Christ constrains me ; so that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

In the first place, I desire to thank my blessed Lord for sending you here to proclaim His unsearchable riches to a few of His feeble ones, and although I feel myself to be the least of all, yet I know that

“ The feeblest saint shall win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.”

This morning was a precious time to me, when you read for a text those precious words—“ All are yours.” They came into my mind with such power and sweetness, that I was melted into love, and, as you often say,

“ When He speaks, His Words are cheering,
 Causing bliss, ay, bliss complete !”

There is no voice like the voice of my Beloved. He draw us, and we run after Him, and He gives unto us eternal life, and none can pluck us out of His hands ; for we are

“ One with Jesus,
 By eternal union one.”

Yes, I am "one with Jesus" notwithstanding all my waywardness, peevishness, fretfulness, and unbelief; and sometimes I think that there is no reality in what I know, that I have neither part nor lot in the matter. At other times I think I am one of those who receive the seed in stony places with joy, but having no root, shall by-and-by wither away. But I know that I have heard the Word with joy, and when my Lord is pleased to tell me that He hath loved me with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness He hath drawn me, then I am enabled to say,

"Lord, 'tis enough, my soul is blest,
No will have I but thine :
Thou art my everlasting Rest,
Thy love is more than wine."

These are the times when we feel strong in the Lord, and can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth:" and, "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

In your closing prayer, you prayed that our meditation of Him might be sweet. I thank my God that it has been verified in my case; therefore I will be glad in the Lord.

"Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise :
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving kindness, O how free !"

May the Lord continue to shower down upon you His choicest blessings, and fire your heart with His love; so that you may be a comfort to His tried family, as you have been to me and others; for we have been built up in our most holy faith, and enabled to go on our way rejoicing. We will, therefore,

"Praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

With best love to dear Mrs. W. and yourself, I remain yours in the Lord,

MARY FOSTER.

Hull, July 30, 1865.

A SERMON.

The Eleventh.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

BELoved of the Lord, I can sing that sweet song from the heart, and

it is no small mercy to be witnesses of the truth. For if we have not Christ to lean on, you will sink to all eternity. I know one that hath found all things to sink but Christ, and it hath often been my mercy, that it is not what I feel and what I think, or what I experience, but what Christ personally is to me. You may think it strange, but it is the truth, that I cannot lean on my faith, nor on my hope, nor my experience; no, nor on anything unless it is Christ personally. And I do find it increasingly precious, that amidst all, in all, and through all, I have nothing to do; for as Christ is all, He hath done all, and I do not intend to dishonour my precious Christ. He alone shall be exalted. Then how sweet are the words in the closing up of the hymn:

"She, leaning on her cov'nant God,
Shall pass triumphant through."

I add one word here. If you belong to Christ, you know that none but the Eternal God can support you; for if you attempt to lean in the abstract, on the human nature of the Son of God, Satan will drive you a little further than your wit's end; but if you lean on the Eternal God, Satan cannot approach you, death cannot come near you, and sin knows not your dwelling place. Then how blessed to be daily "Coming up out of the wilderness, leaning on Him the beloved."

But there is another feature of truth I would just notice. Naturally, you may lean on something, and you may seem easy for a time; but you will soon grow weary of the thing you lean on; for what you lean on cannot communicate any strength to you; but as sure as we are brought to lean on our glorious Christ, "His strength is made perfect in weakness," and it is so sweet to the mind, if you are leaning on Christ, there is a dear communication of blessedness demonstrated to the mind, whereby Christ increases in preciousness. So much so, that we forget our leaning altogether, and the heart, mind, soul, and affection are taken up with that Mighty Him. And there is another thing which is sure to be carried out in detail in a believer's mind. The more you are indulged with leaning the more you will feel your need of it; and the more you feel your need of leaning, the more you will be pleased and delighted with the person you lean on; and the result will be, as Paul saith in Phil. iii., "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

The few hints I have dropped have come quite spontaneous; for to tell you the truth, and you may be astonished at it, I have not been able to pray or to read my Bible all the week. I could not so much as look into my Bible for a minute before yesterday, from the poor body being in such pain. It is very different now

than it used to be twenty and thirty years ago; for if I then did not pray so many times I could not go into the pulpit; but I do not think anything about it now. I am not like some parsons who must have the stairs paved with prayers. I would sooner have them cold slabs of stone. I like the prayers to go up in secret to God; that is the best place for prayers. I knew last Sabbath evening what was coming on, being convinced in my mind how I should be laid up, and led on through the week; for, according to my feelings then, I was not fit to live any longer; therefore the vessel must have some ballast, and not long after the ballast began to move, the timbers began to creak, the poor vessel soon felt it, the waves began to beat, and the winds to blow. "Well," say some, "I suppose you have murmured and complained about it?" Oh, no! I have nothing to complain of: for I know it is all of the Lord, as much as my salvation is. "He shall sit and rule upon His throne" (Zech vi. 13). And if you have ever had any intercourse with Jesus Christ the Priest, it has been on the throne. There is a religion that I have heard of, that when the father confessor converses with the penitents, they are kept outside, and are obliged to speak through a hole in a wall; but if you know what John means (1 John i.), we have sweet intercourse face-to-face with our glorious Christ. He does not keep us at a distance; but we are to "Come boldly to a throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need." There is something uncommonly precious concerning Jesus Christ in Psa. ix., "Sitting on His throne, judging right." He ministers judgment to the people in righteousness, He is a refuge for the poor and the oppressed. What a mercy then to be poor, to be oppressed, afflicted, and tempted. And saith the Holy Ghost, "They that know thy name, will put their trust in thee:" and the Lord hath declared, "They that trust in Him shall be a Mount Zion, that cannot be moved."

I shall now quote three or four scriptures by way of taking a step (as the Lord shall lead) in the glorious fulness of our text. Our precious Christ in Prov. viii. opens his heart most marvellously in His grand intentions and loving-kindness to His Church before the world began: how the Father possessed Him, how He was brought up with the Father, and then the glorious affection displayed between the Father and Son; and if we belong to Christ, we were there present, there blessed, there chosen; and we never shall be more the Lord's than we were then: and as our precious Christ was set up from everlasting, God the Father set Him the Head of His body the Church. "But," say some, "must there not have been a certain substance of human nature set up; for how can God set up God?" You may attempt to reason on the mystery. I speak to

believers, who are not reasoners. Believers must have the mysteries unexplained, or they would not be precious to them. The person of Christ, so to speak, hath all the Father's attention; and then how precious, the Lord Jesus is always rejoicing before His God that set Him up; and not only so, but rejoicing in the habitable part of His earth, looking forward, with joy and delight, when He should learn obedience by the things He suffered for his Church in their creatureship, when He should raise it up again, delighting and rejoicing always before Him. Beloved, I have often found much sweetness in the thought, that when I cannot rejoice myself, I know my precious Christ is always rejoicing over me before my Father. Bless His name, *always rejoicing over me*. I do not live by my rejoicing; but I live happy in Christ, who is always rejoicing before Him. "Rejoicing in the habitable part of His earth, and my delights were with the sons of men." What can you want more? Say some, "I want a sweet enjoyment of it." May God give you a real knowledge of it, then you will be satisfied that nothing can increase nor decrease His delight; for you may as well try to change the Godhead, and attempt to set aside His immutability, and destroy His unchangeability, as ever to alter the eternal delight of the Son of God. Everything of our glorious Christ is like Himself, the eternal God of glory. Then he says, "My delights were with the sons of men." Take another dear scripture in connection with it: *Psa. xvi.*, speaking to His God and Father, He saith, "My goodness extendeth not to Thee; but to the saints that dwell on the earth; and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight." Beloved, I want nothing more than this, to know that the Lord is delighting over me; He saith, "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of his eye." "But," say you, "I want some goodness of my own." Then you must have Christ; for there is no goodness short of Him. Dear old Moses saw the light; and he knew how the goodness should be manifested; for he said, "Show me now thy goodness." God's goodness is God's glory manifested to the heart of a sinner. But, saith the Lord, "Thou canst not see my face and live." Observe the expression in connection; for Moses was brought to believe in the person of Christ, when he appears to him in the burning bush; and he now says one particular word to Him in *Exod. xxxiii.*: "Show me thy way." No, saith the Lord, "There is a place by me, and I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by." Hath God put you there, and caused all His goodness to pass before you? In the original it reads thus: "He made all His goodness, (that is, Jehovah Himself) pass over or upon his presence, and He proclaimed the name of the Lord; the Lord God merciful, gracious, long-suffering, of great kindness, keeping mercy for thousands,

pardoning iniquity, transgression, and sins, and justifying the ungodly." There is God's goodness, and God's glory, and there is God's mercy to open the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness towards us. And if the Lord opens every part of that glorious secret, you will never forget God's goodness and glory to all eternity, because that is the way our God kills us to everything short of Himself; so that we find death, dying, and disappointment stamped on everything that stops short of the goodness, mercy, and glory of God.

But we come now to another sweet expression of the Lord being set up, and it stands connected with the rage of the heathen (Psa. ii.); "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." Yes, say they, Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their cords from us, and have nothing more to do with them. We will go on as we please, and will not be bound by these cords; we will have nothing to do with the things concerning Christ and His salvation. But here is the mercy, "Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion." That is the mercy for a child of God, whatever may be going on within or without, "yet have I set my King." This is the antidote against all we are the subjects of, even our sin, unbelief, or whatever else we may be the subjects of. I ask, who is God the Father speaking of? Christ. Then remember what God the Father declares of Christ, He speaks of Him in reference to His Church; so that as Christ is the King set on His holy hill of Zion, He is the only King the Church will have in time and to all eternity. And you notice; for it is a very important truth, to have an understanding of, as He sits here a King, He is the King of glory, the King eternal; then all enemies shall be in subjection to Him: one He breaks with a rod of iron, and another He breaks his heart; the one is in open rebellion against Him, the other He brings into sweet subjection to Him. Therefore He is a King that ruleth and reigneth.

I will now quote another scripture or two, and do take special notice of them, because there is something very blessed in them concerning Christ, sitting on His throne to fulfil the eternal purpose of God relative to the Church of God. In 1 Kings xxii., we find Ahab and Jehoshaphat making a sort of affinity to go up to Ramoth Gilead to battle. May God keep you from making affinity with yourself; so that we may understand what is said, "Cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils." If any one ask you to go out to war, do not move out, sit still in the house, and rejoice in the victory obtained for you by the Lamb that once was slain. Well, you find Ahab had enquired of his prophets, and they had all prophesied good.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1865.

No. 86.

"THE WELL OF THE OATH."

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I thank you for your kindness and prompt attention in sending me the "Witness," which I received all correct, and was, with some others of the Lord's family, very pleased to look into its pages and find Him whom my soul loveth.

Dear brother, what is there to comfort us apart from Him our Lord? And it is His dear will to dry up all creature comfort, that we may experimentally find our all in Himself.

The precious Word of God is opened up and made known to us in trial. I see that it is my Father's will to bring us on to dwell at Beersheba; that is, "the well of the oath" (Gen. xxvi. 23), where there is neither contention nor strife, but a blessed covenant of peace, ordered in all things and sure. Yes, dear brother, let us hear the Lord speak in the 89th Psalm, wherein He says, "Once have I sworn by my holiness, that I will not lie unto David." Read on, my brother, for we have many times realized Him as our faithful witness in heaven.

Ah! we should, every one of us, stop short of this "well of the oath" were it not for the contention and hatred we meet with from within and without; but it is not the contention or hatred that opens up to us the beauties of the well Christ, Jesus. No, this is done by the love of God to us in Jesus; for He sends us His own dear Spirit, who always takes of Christ and shows it unto us. Hence He has shown me that this well at Beersheba sets Him forth as my only resting place, and the contention and filling up of other wells were all in love, to draw me on to the "well of the oath."

May the dear Lord bless you, my brother, and enable you to

speak to His dear people from time to time, whether in the chapel or the pages of the "Witness," of the excellency of the "well of the oath."

Yours faithfully in Jesus,
JOB DURRAN.

Geelong, Victoria, Australia.

[Yes, dear brother, our blessed Jesus is "the well of the oath," and well assured are we that the oath will never be broken, and the well will never run dry, and the children will never be forbidden to slake their thirst at this well. They may often say that the well is deep and they have nothing to draw with; but why should they be disconcerted, seeing they need nothing; for this "well of the oath" is in them, springing up into everlasting life." Our sisters once said, knowing that a stone had been put upon this well, "who will roll us away the stone?" But they found when they got there the stone was removed, and the water of life had sprung up by its own almighty power; and we think a little of it flowed into Mary's heart when He called her by name. And there can be no doubt but the two disciples journeying to the village had a few drops of it, or we should never have heard this from their lips, "Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?" Thomas too, there can be no question, felt a living stream of it run into his soul, driving out his unbelief, when he exclaimed, "My Lord and my God!" Paul we feel certain had some precious droppings of it when he wrote, "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." The dear woman taken in adultery could not have been a stranger to this water when He said, "Neither do I condemn thee." We think it must have flowed into her heart like a river. "And what shall we more say; for the time would fail us to tell of the preciousness of" the water of this well which has been realised in our own heart again and again. Bless His name, we have felt its cleansing power for washing, its bracing power for bathing, its soothing power for drinking, its quickening power for springing, and its almighty power for overflowing every embankment, breaking down every barrier, removing every impediment, and sweeping away every vestige of defilement. Bless our God for "the well of the oath." Surely this is "Jacob's well," and, mercy of mercies, it is no less our well; and sure we are it is God's well: and we may in all confidence say, "It shall be well," and "it is well."

"In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endure,
And well when call'd to die."

May our far-off brother slake his thirst daily at this well, and when wearied with his wilderness journeyings may he be favored to sit upon this well. He will then find himself remote from the noise of fleshly archers, and bless God for being at the place of drawing water out of the well of salvation. The Lord grant it again and again. Our best love to all our Australian brethren and sisters in the Lord.—ED.]

LITTLE LIGHT TO TRUE LIGHT.

[The following letter written by "Little Light" to "True Light" we did not intend to publish, but we have been urged upon to do so. We therefore send it forth, although there is no doubt some will be offended. May the Lord make it a blessing, and those who read it with savor will not complain we are sure. We did not withhold it because we were ashamed of the things therein stated, but simply because it referred to us and the "Critic," and yet we never had so many testimonies ("Fire Baptism" excepted), of anything that we have written, of the Lord's blessing as of the "Critic;" and if the Lord owns and blesses a work, it matters not who condemns it. We have a few copies still left, and will forward them, post-free, at *Three-pence* each; or "Fire Baptism" and "Critic" for *Six stamps*.—ED.]

MY DEAR BROTHER AND, COMPANION IN THE TRIBULATED PATHWAY OF ZION'S CHILDREN,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you from the God of grace who upholds and strengthens His people; yea, fighteth for them in the day of battle, "giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength;" and He also "raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory;" "and all to the praise of the glory of His grace wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved:" while the strong, righteous, and rich He hath sent empty away. Thus we see, my brother, although at times our lot appears hard, our pathway rough, and the billows of sin threaten to overwhelm us, none of these things shall move us; for He causeth the tempest to appear, and He holds the floods of temptation in the hollow of His hand; so that these things prove the strength of Him who will not lie, and the sufficiency of that grace which He has treasured up for us in Christ Jesus. Hence under all circum-

What could induce the lowly Nazarine, the Man of sorrows, to pray for you? Why should you have a place in His heart, an interest in His prayers? Because you are better than others who know Him not, fear Him not, love Him not? Because you are differently constituted to the thousands of dead professors who walk in a vain show? Is it on account of some virtue, meekness, or fitness discoverable in you? Because you are more excellent and amiable than are others of the human race? Is it on account of your heart being less sinful and your actions less evil than the world lying in the wicked one? Do you think it is because you read your Bible more frequently, pray more fervently, worship more devoutly, walk more consistently, and act more charitably than do those who have a name to live and are dead? What say you, child of God? Can you answer these enquiries in the affirmative—is it in your heart to say, “Yes,” or must you of necessity answer “No?” Which is it? Come, tell us which it is to be—*yes* or *no*? Need we wait for your answer? No: for we have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God; and are children of wrath even as others, and undeserving of the least of all His mercies, because in our flesh dwelleth no good thing.

The Lord's children are well aware that they are not only saved by grace, but kept by grace; and that there is no sin too abominable for them to commit, if not prevented by God's mercy; therefore they have nothing to glory in as they stand allied to Adam the first. Grace, rich, free, and sovereign, is the theme of their song. It is a joy of heart to them to bless God that

“Grace hath put them in the number
Of the Saviour's family.”

“How long, Lord?” How often has the Lord kept you waiting, both for providential and spiritual favors, that your patience has been exhausted, and you have thought that He would be favorable no more; but have you not always proved His set time to be the right time, and discovered the purest love in all His leadings and dealings? The enemy no doubt has caused you to fret against the Lord, and tried to make you believe that the Lord could not possibly take any delight in you, or care a straw about you; for if He did, it would not be thus with you. “Where is now thy God?” has frequently been whispered in your ears, which has beclouded your mind, and caused heaviness in your heart. You look, you long, you wait, but your Beloved does not show Himself; and then you cry out, almost in despair, “How long, Lord?” Still He keeps you waiting, and appears to take no notice of your position or petition; but how true you have ever found the words of the poet:

“ Though frowns appear to veil His face,
And clouds surround the throne,
He hides the purpose of His grace,
To make it better known.”

His purposes are too deep to be discovered by sight and sense ; for “ His way is in the sea, His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known : ” and He says, “ What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.” Then you are enabled to sing,

“ Lord, 'tis enough, my soul is blest,
No will have I but thine :
Thou art my everlasting rest,
Thy love is more than wine.”

The Lord always knows the way that you take, and He also well knows the way that He intends to take ; and you ever prove that your way is your folly, and that His way is one of wisdom. The way that you choose is smooth and straight, but the one that He chooses for you is rough and crooked, according to that blessed promise of His : “ I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not : I will lead them in paths that they have not known : I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight : these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.” So that, child of God,

“ 'Tis the right way, though dark and rough,
Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough.”

That is, “ It is all plain to Him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge.” The life that a believer lives in the flesh, he lives by the faith of the Son of God, who loved him, and gave Himself for him ; but this life, though it is in the flesh, is not a fleshly life. The fleshly life is one of sense, while the spiritual life is one of faith ; and it is called “ the faith of Him,” or “ the faith of Christ ” our life ; “ but all men have not faith,” and why ? All men are not alive in Christ ; for none but the living in Christ can have the faith of Christ ; and those who live and believe in Him are partakers of the divine nature through the Word ; that is, “ the Word of faith, or the faithful Word : ” and we read that “ faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God ; ” and Christ says, “ The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life. Now the Lord is that Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty ; for if the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.” “ Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free, and be not entangled with the yoke of bondage ; for ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the Spirit of adoption whereby ye cry, Abba, Father.”

"Abba, Father, Lord, we call thee,
Hallow'd name from day to day :
'Tis thy children's right to know thee,
None but children Abba say.

This high privilege we inherit,
First, God's gift, and then Christ's blood:
God the Spirit, to our spirit,
Witnesseth we're born of God."

How long, Lord," it has been since thou didst manifest thyself to my soul as my Beloved and my Friend, and thou well knowest that I cannot bear thy absence, and

" 'Tis heaven to dwell in thine embrace,
And no where else but there."

How can I live without thee, when thou art my life? Thou art well aware, dearest Lord, that thou hast not dropped one word with living power in my heart for many a long day and tedious night; and how sweet and precious have the words of thy lips been to my soul in days that are passed. Why, Lord, not speak a gain? I know I cannot plead my worthiness, meetness, or fitness: for I never possessed any: and thou well knowest that I was as bad as I could be when thou didst disclose thy love, manifest thy favor, and reveal thy glorious matchless person in my heart; and many times since then, thou art well aware, my dearest Lord, that thou hast even taken advantage of my vileness, baseness, and rebellion, and shed abroad thy love so gloriously, poured in thy mercy so copiously, that I have been overwhelmed with thy goodness, astonished at thy favors, and could hardly imagine how thou couldst manifest thyself to one so unworthy. How ashamed of myself have I been at these times, and wondered how I could find it in my heart to ever distrust thee again, ever circumscribe or limit thee again; but thou knowest, precious Jesus, that I am unstable as water, and cannot excel in leaning all my weight on thee, my Beloved; but art ever wont to turn aside to the flesh like a deceitful bow: and were it not that thou wert loving and condescending enough to remember that I was only dust, thou wouldst not put up with my ugly manners in the wilderness, but cut me off as worthless. What a wonder-working God thou art! How transcendently glorious! How compassionate and tender! Give, O give me a heart to praise thee! Let me, dearest Jesus,

"Praise thee for all that is past,
And trust thee for all that's to come."

How often, blessed Jesus, hast thou worked in a way that has caused me to bless thee with all my heart and soul! But a fool I have been, and slow of heart to believe, and yet thou hast borne with me. Fickle and faithless am I; but constant and faithful art thou. Lord, what is man? Nothing, while thou art all in all.

EDITOR.

A SERMON.

The Eleventh.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

(Concluded from our last.)

SAY they, "Go up to battle; for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the King. Jehoshaphat seems to have had some doubts lurking in his mind when he heard such smooth words; for, says he, "Is there not a prophet of the Lord here?" "Yes," says Ahab, "there is one Micaiah, the son of Imlah: but I hate him; for he doth not prophesy good of me, but evil." However, Jehoshaphat sent for him; and now observe how striking things are, deliverance to one and destruction to the other. "Ah," saith the man of God, "I saw Jehovah sitting on His throne, and all the host of heaven standing by Him on His right hand and on His left. And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead? and there came forth a spirit and said, I will persuade him; for I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And He said, Thou shalt persuade him, prevail also: go forth and do so." Therefore you see proceeding from the throne destruction to Ahab, but deliverance to Jehoshaphat. "This cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, who is excellent in counsel and mighty in power." Now look into Isa. vi. There we see the destruction of the Jewish nation, and salvation flowing to the Gentile Church. "In the year that king Uzziah died, I saw also Jehovah sitting upon a throne," &c., &c.; but here comes the important subject: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" That Almighty Us, the same that said, "Let Us make man in our image, after our likeness." "Who will go for us, and whom shall I send?" Us plural, and I singular. Then mark, "Here am I, send me." "Why," say you, "that certainly refers to the prophet Isaiah." I must have Christ. He was sent, and when He came, His people, the Jewish nation, received Him not, as it is written, "They have eyes, but they perceive not; ears have they, but they hear not." Thus was completely fulfilled the casting off and rejection of the Jewish people, and their rejection of Jesus Christ who came forth from His Father, bringing salvation to you and me Gentiles. Just read over this chapter in your leisure moments, and it is a most precious and glorious mercy to have the heart led out in contemplations of a precious Christ Jesus. And Jesus saith in the xii. chap. of John: "These things said Esaias, when he saw His glory, and

spake of Him." And what was said then of our precious Christ, we are interested in the blessedness of it.

There is another feature of truth connected with this glorious mercy, that nothing disturbs His sitting on His throne, in the accomplishment of His Father's will; and it has been several times on my mind of late, and I find it growingly precious, that Jesus Christ is the only One that did the will of His Father in heaven, as He is the only One that did the will of the Father on earth. "Ah," but say you, "does it not say, doing the will of God from the heart?" Most assuredly; but how is it done? By His working in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure. What have we got to do for Him? Nothing but believe. Believe what? Believe that He did the will of His Father on earth as He did it in heaven, when He entered into covenant with His Father, swearing to His own hurt, and by the which will we are sanctified, through the offering up of the body of Jesus Christ for us. I would observe another thing, just drop the hint: I am not speaking against prayer; but I am speaking of the blessedness of real prayer. In a few days it will be New Years Day, and the parsons are going to have a prayer meeting, that they may call down the Spirit of God to enable them to go and convert the heathen. "Well," say some, "I am continually praying, 'Thy kingdom come.'" If you are, then it is a testimony against you, that the kingdom of God is not yet revealed to you; "for the kingdom of God is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost;" and it does not come by observation, but blessed be God, it is with power and demonstration of the Spirit in the heart. I want, if it is the will of God, that you may be still more and more in love with God's eternal truths, and not to be looking for ever to what may take place in years to come; but that you may live with Christ, who is in you the hope of glory, and you live in Him your eternal life. He sits on His throne in our nature, our Brother born for adversity; and He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. You will find it most blessed, whatever may be your state, and however urgent your case may be, Jesus has an ear to hear you, He hath always a hand to relieve, and you never went to Him for one thing of real necessity, but His very love and mercy were the cause of your going; and you never went to Him and told out your desires in simple language, but what He had an heart and bowels of compassion to take in your request; and He will never disclose your secrets to another; but He saith, "I will surely do thee good:" "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." I do find it so blessed to know "that He is living in the presence of God to make intercession for us;" and this brings the children into a holy familiarity with Jesus sitting on His throne.

There is another mercy, and to be instructed in it is most

blessed: "He hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus," even though now we are here on the earth, and feel the sad effects of sin: and feel as Paul saith, "O wretched man that I am!" yet we are absolutely and personally raised up and made to sit together with Jesus Christ in heavenly places. It is a mystery, but it is most precious. And there is something so sweet in the simplicity of the expression of Paul: "I knew a man in Christ." Not part in and part out; but a man in Christ; and if any man or woman is in Christ, they will never be more in Christ than they are now, nor will He ever love us more, nor will He ever love us less. You need not trouble yourself about it, let people talk as they please, you need not rail against them; for if they want to be something in themselves, it only arises from pride and the devil; but our mercy is, to be in Christ, and what we are in the body fits us for Christ, and Christ is fit for the body. I do bless Him, that it is a vile body, and it will go down into the grave with all its vileness, that Jesus may come down and raise it up again, and fashion it like unto His glorious body. I would not be without such a body, I should not be fit for Christ. What is the matter, poor soul?

"I am exercised so much about vile things."

I wish you were a little more.

"Ah, but I have got such doubts."

Doubts never damned a sinner. Ah, says another,

"I am tempted and tried to put an end to my existence."

Mind, if Christ is your life and Christ is your light, depend on it, "your life is hid with Christ in God."

"But must we be satisfied with our own vile body?"

Yes, to be sure, your precious Christ is satisfied with it; and I am satisfied and happy with His goodness. If He hath satisfied you with His goodness, then be satisfied with your body: Christ is your all, He knows all about you. It is His body; you have no need to trouble about it; for it is the Lord's body. I will now tell you what has been sweet to me through the week, that it was not my affliction, but the Lord's; and, bless His royal Majesty, He is sitting on His throne, He is looking on, regulating every action, every fear, every doubt, all our temptations, all our exercises, aye, all our shame-facedness, and bashfulness, and sometimes we may think He will never show us mercy; but He is regulating the whole of it; for "all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose." How sweet and how precious, poor sinner, that He healeth all manner of diseases.

Well, He not only sits on His throne, but He will rise up once

more, and then eternity will swallow up time, and the Church be for ever with the Lord. Daniel had a view of it. I think it refers more particularly to what took place after the day of Pentecost, and the casting off of the Jews, although I know people say it refers to the millenium. In our Bibles it reads, "I saw the thrones cast down;" but it is no such thing in the original; for it reads: "I saw the thrones set up." Now our precious Lord told the Apostles about twelve thrones, and they were to sit there judging the people and angels too. Saith Daniel, "I saw them set up," and he saw the Ancient of days, the completion of our salvation by Jesus Christ, reconciliation made, death abolished by His death and burial, and we redeemed from the grave by His resurrection. Our glorious Lord in our nature came up, and they brought Him before Him in all the ministry, both of the prophets, apostles, evangelists, and seers; and they brought Him near before Him. Now look to the opening of the book, as recorded in Rev. iv. v, and it's accomplishment. "The Lamb in the midst of the throne, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven spirits of God." Here is Jerusalem destroyed, here is the book opened, here is the glorious ministry gone forth into the world, and salvation by Jesus Christ preached unto you. In Psalms xix. it is said, "In them hath He set a tabernacle for the sun; His going forth is from the end of heaven," &c. All glory and excellency issue forth from Him that sits upon the throne of God. I like to drop these hints, as perhaps some of you may be suffering as I did in my younger days, from speculation, making calculations when the visions of Daniel will be revealed. God said to Daniel, "Seal up the book, until the mysteries of godliness and the mysteries of God were to be opened." And the Lamb took the book, He loosed the seals, turned open the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and brought life and immortality to light by the gospel; and here we have the fulness of it in flowing streams of real blessedness, and "Christ is all and in all." Amen.

A BEE WITHOUT A STING.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Some few months ago a wandering bee, possessing honey from the Rock, was guided, by the unerring hand of God, into a Chemist's shop in Chesterfield, in which, besides the shopman, there was a stranger, who, by some peculiar attraction over which he had no control, had his attention drawn to the bee on its first entrance; and, as like begets like, the interest thus shown

seemed to attract the bee, which quickly made [towards him, and spoke as follows :—

“Adverse circumstances have compelled me to be a wanderer from home for a short time, and as I have been a gatherer of a peculiar kind of honey, I have brought a small store of it out with me to dispose of; and if you know anything of its virtue, you will not regret purchasing a little.”

The stranger, with a smile, took a sample of it into his hand, and, struck with surprise at what he beheld, again cast his eyes upon the bee, when, for a small coin, he purchased some of the honey.

“What is it you have to sell?” enquired the shopman.

“An article called ‘the honey of grace,’” replied the bee.

“Oh, I want no grace,” answered the shopman, with a laugh!

No, I dare say not,” quickly replied the bee. “But if ever you are made to feel your need of it, you will be glad of some then: for grace alone can make the heart willing to partake of it.”

“It will have a tough job with me then,” rejoined the shopman, with an extra laugh.

“True, most true,” was the response of the bee, when the stranger, shopman, and bee separated.

To drop the allegory, you were the Bee, I was the stranger, and your sheet called “The Root of the Matter” was the honey from the Rock. Much did I ponder over the odd circumstance of our strange meeting, and often since then have I wondered *why* we did thus meet; for although my own soul was sweetly refreshed and blest by reading your sheet, yet I could not divest myself of the thought that there was something still to be made known as the principle reason why two King’s sons, perfect strangers to each other, should thus meet in the centre of a town in which neither of them resided; and a town too where a precious Christ is only held up to be despised, and the glorious work of God the Spirit set aside for the dead works of the creature.

We will now trace the matter a little further. A few weeks after our meeting, a gracious man, whose name is Joseph Fletcher, came to my house to spend a few hours with me, bringing with him his wife, and a young lady whose home lay many miles distant. After tea I related to him and the said young person my singular meeting with you, read over to them your sheet, and, while reading your precious letter, which defines the work of the spirit and its effects in a quickened soul, the young lady burst into a flood of tears, hid her face, and wept only as broken hearts can weep where the mighty grace of God has been beforehand.

Up to this moment I was not aware that the finger of God had

been working godly sorrow for sin there; but now a new light broke in upon me, and I began to see another link in the chain, verifying the words of the great Shepherd—"Other sheep I have which are not of this [Jewish] fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice."

Soon afterwards they left by the train; but as I parted with the young person I mentally exclaimed, "I shall hear further of this."

Led by the gracious hand of the covenant God of Israel I went with my friend F. to Bedworth last week, in which place our young friend resided. I again saw her, and as soon as opportunity offered she said, "Oh, Mr. Robinson, I shall never forget your reading that paper over to me as long as I live. When I got back to Mr. Fletcher's I borrowed the copy that you kindly gave to him, and transcribed it without his knowledge." She was then led on to lisp out one of the sweetest tales of love that my dull ears ever listened to. This confirmed my previous impression that "the root of the matter" had struck deep into her soul, and that I beheld in her another trophy of almighty love and grace, another brand plucked from the burning, a priceless pearl to bedeck the dear Redeemer's crown. Yes, she was one made sweetly willing in God's own time and way to sip of that honey which was despised and rejected by the shopman, when the wandering Bee rested in its flight for a moment in his shop at Chesterfield.

Here at once, and without seeking for, I had a solution of the grace problem that I had in vain sought to understand; and feeling sure that you are a fellow pilgrim to Zion, I doubt not but the news will set the joy-bells of your soul to ring a new peal of praise to your God for having blessed the work of your hand to the comforting of one of the little ones of His flock.

Oh, how wondrous are the ways and doings of our most precious and glorious Christ! His Word never returns unto Him void, but ever accomplishes the end whereunto He sends it, seeking out and saving His own, and gathering them in here and there by means sometimes the most unlikely: but, nevertheless, *the very means*, because designed for that very purpose.

I write this in confidence, and as I love not prayers in the market place, or pearls being cast before swine,¹ you will please to look upon it as belonging only to *the family*, the *ones* and *twos* of God's loved people.

The blessing of the Eternal rest upon you and yours prays your stranger brother,

THOMAS ROBINSON.

CHRIST ALONE EXALTED.

Sixty-seventh Letter.

THE REAPER TO THE GLEANER.

TO MY BELOVED RUTH,—All health be unto you, and peace and love be multiplied, that you may live and walk in singleness of heart, with a single eye, looking unto Jesus, with your mind stayed upon Him, trusting in Him at all times, kept by Him in perfect peace: then you will find and experience the fulness of the words, “Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.” I confess to you that after 30 years talking and writing of our most glorious Christ, I seem to have said nothing fully of Him who is exalted above all blessing and praise; but the desire is enlarged, that I may know Him, and speak of the glory of His kingdom and talk of His power, to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and be filled with all the fulness of God; but to this I have not fully attained, nor yet am I perfect in the knowledge of the same; but I follow on to apprehend that for which I am apprehended of Christ. This I call a dear way of going on: for Christ is my only object and subject, and because of this I forget myself, and all that appertaineth to me as a creature, and the language of my heart is, “Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth I desire beside thee.” This is the living experience I love, because there is no death, sin, or filthiness can unite with it: and to His honor I speak it, that He hath not left me in total ignorance of the foregoing truths; but by communication and His blessed teachings He hath given me to understand, that as all the fulness of the Godhead bodily dwells in Christ, He also Himself dwells in my heart by faith, and thus we are filled with all the fulness of God. This is very dear to “know and believe the love God hath to us: God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in Him.” I cannot say “How can these things be?” nor attempt an explanation of them, but thus saith the Lord: “for ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.” “I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty:” and as we believe the Word, so we find it true, and set to His seal that God is true, knowing He hath confirmed His Word by His own oath; so that heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not pass away, saith our most glorious

Christ. It is from not believing the Word, and not taking God at His Word, that professors are murmuring against God, and grumbling about themselves, and nothing satisfies them but what is sensual and fleshly.

In the high standing of resurrection blessedness and pure relationship with Jesus, I again meet and greet you, of whom it is written, "Both He that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified are all of one; for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren." "O the depth of the riches!" I spent a long time in exercise of mind about sanctification, looking for it where it never was; that is, in myself: but now I am happy concerning the truth; for it is me personally sanctified in Christ, who hath sanctified me with His own blood, and the will of God is our sanctification, by the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once: and by His one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified: and Himself is made of God to us sanctification; so that I believe I am as perfectly and completely sanctified as I am justified from all things; for "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." What a mercy to have Christ our all and in all: to know Christ, and be fully satisfied with Jesus only; for what can we have more than we have, only to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: and it is in the knowledge of Him that we live and walk contrary to our own selves, and all that we are the subjects of; and this is living and walking by faith, and not by sight, looking at the things that are not seen, and enlure as seeing Him who is invisible. I am aware these things are to reason contradictory; but they are plain to them that have understanding; and thus it is written, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the knowledge of the Holy Ones is understanding." This is the secret of the Lord that is with the righteous, and He will show them His covenant, of whom the Father saith, "I have given Him for a covenant of the people;" therefore what ever may be cherished or hoped for, if it be in abstract from Christ, death and disappointment will be found written upon it; and I speak free, saying, this we have learned by experience, when we spent our time in looking after our own ease, pleasure, enlargements, and comforts. Many a time have I wondered how it was that death appeared on and in all; but, blessed be the Lord, I have learned however good these things are, and please for a time, yet they are not my life nor daily bread; for Christ is always that. It is the most simple and blessed way of living, to have nothing but Christ for our portion; and had we two, our hearts would appear divided, and our mind wandering from one to another: but how blessed

is Jesus only, our everlasting light, our God, and our glory. Thus we live, and walk Christ, in peace with God through Him; for the life is more than meat.

I drop a hint for consideration. Our precious Lord Jesus did not live for Himself on earth, neither is He living for Himself in heaven; but for us: then we do not live for ourselves, but for Him. What a dear reciprocity this is! I say, with Paul, "This is a great mystery; but I speak concerning Christ and the Church." Surely as we recognize these truths, and believe them, we shall find it blessed in all things we pass through, however crossing to the flesh, that we are living and walking through them for Jesus, that He might or may present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy: and that we should be to Him a glorious Church, and to the praise of the glory of God the Father, who first trusted in Christ.

My Ruth will ponder over these truths. I write them in holy freedom, believing she hath the mind of Christ that cannot wallow in corruption, nor bow to the devil: for as nothing can separate us from the love of Christ, we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us; and we say with David, "We will rejoice in thy salvation; and in the name of our God we will set up our banners, and say continually, 'The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted;'" "and of His fulness we all receive and grace for grace." I add, how blessed it is to be led on daily knowing we are not of the world even as He is not of the world. We had our origin in and of God, and nothing earthly, sensual, or devilish is ours by childship or heirship; so that the things that trouble and vex us, are no more related to us than the furniture is to the house or the inhabitant; they are for different uses; "and the earth helped the woman;" and "it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me;" and even temptations have their use, and we the benefit; for with the temptation the Lord maketh a way for our escape. By these things we learn a little of the depth of the temptations of our Lord Jesus, who was "tempted in all points like His brethren, and knoweth how to succour them that are tempted;" and our flesh and blood in union with Him hath passed through all sin, suffering, death, curse, temptation, and wrath; and we are raised up, exalted, and glorified in Jesus, and crowned with glory and honour; and as our nature is holy and pure, without sin, so even now sin is no part of our nature: it dwelleth in us, but "there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." It is the strangers that pay tribute; but the children are free; yea, made free indeed by the Son. This is our blessedness, whatever may be going on within or without: so I find it blessed to know and believe that as

I belong to Christ, there is nothing a real evil to me, nor can any thing do me a final injury, because I am in Christ a new creature, and cannot sin, because I am born of God; and so I know that all things work together for good, &c.

Beloved, I trust this will find you in the sweet employ of sucking honey from the rock, masticating the hidden manna, and pondering over that peculiar gift, the white stone, and reading every letter in the new name written thereon. How dear also to trace out the beauty, glory, excellencies, perfections, and erradiating radiancy of the rose of Sharon, and to inhale His odours, fragrance, and perfumes, until constrained to say, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love:" and thus sit down under His shadow with great delight, and find His fruit sweet to our taste. What a sweet mystery to eat His flesh and drink His blood, dwell in Him and have eternal life in Him; yea, salvation with eternal glory. This truth also still stands unalterable, "all are yours, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Through the tender mercy of our gracious God, I passed my 53rd birthday on Thursday last, the 23rd. A few words I can only say on the subject. "What hath God wrought?" and "He that wrought us for the selfsame thing is God;" "by the grace of God I am what I am;" and "having obtained help of Him I continue," "saying none other things than Moses and the prophets did write, that Christ should suffer, and be the first that should rise from the dead," &c. As usual, I send my salutations to the few sheep; you know them by name; and may grace and peace be multiplied unto them through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord. To the afflicted member Mary a double salutation, with peace and love; double for all her sins; a heart full of love to yourself, and dear mother. I hope the elect lady is going forth in the dances of them that make merry, and the peace of God shall keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,
A. TRIGGS.

Sixty-eighth Letter.

THE GLEANER TO THE REAPER.

BELoved IN THE LORD, COMPANION IN TRIBULATION, AND IN THE KINGDOM AND PATIENCE OF JESUS CHRIST,—Grace and peace be with you from God our Father, and Jesus Christ our Lord. "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy Husband? Is

it well with the child? and she said, it is well." Nothing shall be wanting to make it well, that patience may have perfect work and be entire, wanting nothing to prove the love, faithfulness, and wisdom of your covenant God, who having begun will make an end, and yet never end in doing you good with all His heart and with all His soul. While we are in this lower house it pleaseth Him to work mostly by contraries which are very trying to flesh and blood, puzzling to carnal reason, and confounding to the wisdom of the flesh, yet all exceedingly good for us and glorifying to Himself; that no flesh should glory in His presence; but he that glorieth let him glory in the Lord who worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will, and nothing slippeth out contrary to His purpose which fasteneth all at both ends, however small and unimportant they may appear. Witness the numbered hairs, the alighting sparrows, the fed ravens, the clothed lilies, and the firstling of the ass redeemed with a lamb, typing out such a poor creature as me, redeemed by precious blood of the unblemished Lamb "to the praise of the glory of His grace who hath made us accepted in the Beloved;" and "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" Both faith and the trial of faith—the need and the supply of the need—the promise and a death upon it, that the fulfilment may be a resurrection blessing; and many creature comforts, and a thorn in the flesh with them all, that we may nestle nowhere but in that rest and refreshing wherewith He causeth His weary ones to rest, even that dear Son whom He spared not for our sakes, that we being spared from the sword of justice, might find grace in the wilderness and rest to our souls in the good Shepherd who was smitten of that sword till it was filled and satisfied; yea, fat with fatness.

"In His deep wounds we healing find,
And live while we behold Him die;"

for our sin and death die with Him.

"Here fixes all my hope,
Here rests my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In brighter scenes above."

Thither we are hastening, and my earthly tabernacle being of frail tenure, I do not look for any great length of journey yet to come any more than yourself. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for an helmet the hope of salvation:" "For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we

wake or sleep we should live together with Him." This is very sweet, being raised up together, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. In death Christ and His Church were not divided; in resurrection life they are lovely and pleasant for ever and ever: in the wilderness journey they have endeared companionship, and she travels on leaning upon her Beloved, The Bow of the Covenant is set in the Cloud of our mortal condition, ensuring us from being destroyed by the flood of tribulation or temptation, and it is our token of peace in the day of rain. Soon winter and rain will be over and gone; we shall have a morning without clouds, and clear shining for ever and ever; but whether here or there our Christ is all and in all, we live together with Him. Oh! it seems to me that our Father loved us so, He could not find sufficient vent for that love but in such a gift as Jesus: our Beloved loved us so, that He could not sufficiently manifest it but by having His dear heart laid right open to discover it: the dear Comforter loves us so, that He will bring Christ and us together to part no more: the love of the Holy Three far surpasses my finite mind, but though I cannot fathom that ocean, I may swim in it with delight and thanksgiving, rejoicing that it can never be passed over.

"O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee,
Covered is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation I am free."

I want a more expanded soul to take in the wonders of love, having the witness of the Spirit that I am one of its objects. "Ye are not straitened in Him, but ye are straitened in your own bowels." How true I feel it! When having some view of the glories of my Lord, which are so far beyond all I have, I desire enlargement in Him, and desire to rejoice ever in Himself, and not in any enlargements or sensible enjoyments. He is faith's object, and trust and triumph; nor will the storm or the trial prevent it, because they are only to keep flesh down, and bring out more of His wonders; yea, also, they prove to us in how much our confidence is in creatures and circumstances, and where we are really trusting in the Lord alone. In the latter case, we shall bless Him at all times, and His praise be continually in our mouths. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;" and it is in real love He lets so many of His people be poor in this world, just to draw out their faith upon Him, show forth to them and upon them His marvellous works, and because this world is neither their home nor their portion. Bless Him, O my soul, and forget not these His benefits! The Lord is my blessed, happy portion; therefore will I hope in Him till faith and hope give place to sight and full fruition.

The legacy you expect is amongst the sure mercies of David, and will come in love from the good Shepherd who careth for His sheep and lambs, and will still say, "let all thy wants lie upon me," "I have written with mine own hand, I will repay:" "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." Surely I am His witness. A weak timid one left continually alone, I can joyfully testify that He has not left me an orphan, He has come unto me, comforted me, and in Him is abundant fulness to supply each poor widow and fatherless child who rest in Him, or are trusted with Him. I do not write these things because you know them not; but according to ancient custom, speaking one to another in the fear of the Lord for strengthening and refreshment, that He in all things may be glorified.

Have heard of you by several friends; glad you are better. Thanks for the sermons. I am glad to have faith encouraged. You have heard of my long journey to Scotland; cannot say much of my bodily health; but can say, He blessed me there.

And whether my body be weak or strong, my dear and precious Lord is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. It is a love-union and a life-union, which nothing can dis sever, and when we pass through Jordan's flood, He will be with us: the Ark has gone before, and no harm shall happen us there; the bitterness of death is past, our Surety paid that penalty, and all will be well. Though my creature feelings sometimes shrink from the dissolving, yet doth my spirit long to be "absent from the body and present with the Lord." Adieu. My love be with you in Christ Jesus.

In Him, yours affectionately,

HIS GLEANER.

NONE BUT JESUS.

Dearest Jesus, what a store

In thy fulness I can find,

Let me now and evermore

Fix on thee my heart and mind:

Thou the centre of my thought,

Thou the garment love hath wrought;

Come with majesty and power,

Breathe upon me from above,

Wet thy land with special shower,

Shed abroad thy matchless love;

Dearest Lord, thou knowest full well

Without thee this earth is hell.

What can yield true peace of mind?

What to me can comfort give?

What in nature can I find,

If in thee I cannot live!

Thou art precious to my soul,

From thee all my pleasures roll.

Raise me, Jesus, by thy power,

Bid me sing in heavenly place;

Let me spend a happy hour

In thy love and special grace:

Then I'll leave time-things behind,

Glorify in thy presence find.

Round my heart thy Spirit 'twine,

Fill my soul with holy fire,

Witness now that I am thine,

Raise me, precious Jesus, higher:

Let thy love within me flow,

Give me more of thee to know.

Thou my Banquet and my Feast,

Thou my true and living Bread,

Let, in love, the very least,

With the children's food be fed:

None can satisfy but thee,

Thou art all in all to me.

A. W.

THE PATHWAY OF TRUE LIGHT.

(Continued from page 7.)

I CAN remember nothing further until I reached the age of 12 or 13 years, except in my younger days I sometimes heard the name of Jesus Christ, and without knowing anything of the Bible I had a sort of love and reverence for, and saw something solemn in, the name of Jesus Christ. I had even exalted thoughts of His person, and something seemed to impress upon me the certainty of His being more than man. Nay, the very name itself bespoke to me His divinity, though at that time I knew not the meaning of the term divinity. I viewed Him as the Almighty, and everything connected with Him seemed solemn, sacred, and awful; and yet there was, at the same time, something about Him sweet and precious. I believe that all the arguments, even then, of Infidel and Atheists could not have made me an Arian, Socinian, or Arminian, though, like the rest of Adam's sons and daughters, I was born a free-willer and free-grace hater, and should have lived and died one too, had it not been for electing love and sovereign grace. Bless the Lord, O my soul! But notwithstanding these views of the Saviour, there was something which made me ashamed in company whenever the name of Christ or religion was the subject of conversation. I would go out, get out of the way, or do anything rather than listen to religious matters. Whatever it was that made me ashamed, I believe that in these my childish days I saw more in Jesus Christ than do many of the Arminians now; and I never was either Arminian or Arian in principle.

About this time we were very poor, and flour being very high in price, we were obliged to succumb to barley bread, which did not suit my weak constitution; and books being expensive, I had no means and less relish for instruction. I believe at this time we had no spiritual teachers in the town; but a nest full of blind guides, dumb dogs, wolves, and devils transformed. I do not pretend to say that the Lord had not His two or three hidden ones among them; but if He had, I knew nothing of them and cared less. I have said that I never was an Arminian in sentiment, but I had as much Arminianism in my heart and feelings as the devil could stuff me with; and now mark what I am about to say, as I believe it is the experience of many of the Lord's people. When I was able to understand and contend for the truth in the letter, I was for years an enemy to, and with all my heart fighting against, the truth in its spirit and power. For many years I have known it to be the privilege of the believer to leave off working, and rest

in the finished work of the Lord Jesus, and yet found my heart such a devil's workshop, filled with all sorts of lumber and fleshly tools, that it has been hard work to do so; and notwithstanding all the flogging, buffeting, and chastisement for this my folly or foolishness, which is bound up in the heart of the rickety child, the rod of correction has not yet driven it out. No sooner do I come out of the stocks, out of prison, or out of the ditch (Job ix. 31, 32), by an act of lovingkindness, than I am cross-legged again, and as foolish as ever with my patching and mending, until I get another plunge into the ditch: and this has been the way the poor fool has been brayed in a mortar, with a pestle among wheat for more than 30 years, yet his foolishness has not departed from him (Prov. xxvii, 32). It is one thing for me to hold the truth, but it is another for the truth to hold me; one thing to love the truth in the letter, another to fall under its divine power and spirit. My soul knows and feels something of this. Dear reader, how do matters stand with you? Arminians, Arians, and Socinians I consider the worst enemies to the truth out of hell; and that solemn sentence of the Lord has rested with great weight upon my mind; "If ye believe not THAT I AM, ye shall die in your sins." Oh, ye Socinians and Arians, tremble if you can at the awful words of "the only wise God our Saviour," whose person and work you despise; but, mind, the words do not say that you can believe if you will, or blame you for not believing with "the faith of God's elect," which is His sovereign gift. The plain meaning of the portion is, *If you do not believe by the effectual working of God the Spirit; if your self-will, your carnal reason, your love of sin, is not overturned by sovereign, irresistible grace, and a cry put into your heart, "What must I do to be saved?" and you are compelled to fly for refuge to the Omnipotent Saviour, whose eternal person, sovereign grace, and Almighty power you despise, you must die in your sins.* This is the plain, unsophisticated meaning of the words; and, if grace prevent not, you will, when you reach the bottomless pit, have a better faith than you now possess; for the devil believes in the eternal power and Godhead of Christ; but instead of his faith causing him to rejoice, it makes him tremble (James ii. 19). Satan being the father of lies, he finds it easy to produce a plentiful crop in the hearts of his children here; but he cannot make one lie take root in the lower regions. Oh, what a mercy to be delivered from "the power of darkness!" Mark, reader, "the power of darkness!" O then there is a power in darkness! Yes, and a power too that all the workings, missionary meetings, platform orations, fleshly strivings, and creature wooings and cooings can never overturn: such a power that blinds the eyes, hardens the heart, and holds fast

by the chains of sin all those who are led captive by the devil at his will. It is such a power as the child alone groans, cries, and sighs under the galling yoke of. I write this from painful experience. My soul has groaned, sighed, and bled under the power of sin, uncleanness, and temptation, nor can anything break, subdue, or deliver from this power but a mightier power from the Lord. He with a word of sweetness, look of love, manifestation of mercy, can break down every barrier, break through every cloud, and break away every impediment; for "where the Word of a King is, there is power."

But I was going to say what a mercy it is to be delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son: to feel the workings of sin, to see the nakedness of all creature righteousness, the end of all perfection in the flesh, and to feel sick of self; the world, and everything short of Jesus and the resurrection. Indeed it is no small mercy to feel our need of Jesus, and to see in Him all-sufficient fulness of grace, righteousness, and peace: and it is still more precious to feel our hearts run after Him, look unto Him, and rest upon Him for time and eternity. A choice mercy indeed it is to be enabled to relish and love the ever-precious, all-glorious Gospel of the blessed God. How choice a favor it is to feel our hearts warmed, souls comforted, faith strengthened, hope revived, and our peace to flow as a river, through the unctuous teaching, leading, and enlightening of the blessed Spirit; and then O how precious to see and feel our lovely Jesus to be the sum and substance, marrow and fatness of all! These are a few of the blessings and choice privileges peculiar to the people of God, who are called "a peculiar people:" and, my dear brethren, when we are sweetly led into the mine of hidden treasure, what riches in poverty, comfort in sorrow, peace in war, joy in tribulation; and what sweets in the world's bitters! It is upon Christ our everlasting Rock we stand, in Christ our High Tower we refuge, under Christ our Tree of Life we sit, and with Christ we enjoy spiritual blessings in heavenly places. When by grace I can think of these things, I forget my poverty, and remember my misery no more. It is then I fly aloft, soar on high, run without weariness, walk without fainting, sing without sighing, and rejoice without crying; because the Gospel wine cheers my heart, oils my joints, sets my feet in a large room, puts a new song into my mouth, and establishes my goings. But I must return.

(To be Continued.)

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1865.

No. 87

TO EACH AND TO ALL.

READER, whoever you are, whatever you may be, whether noble or ignoble, rich or poor, young or old, male or female, the following lines are written for your careful perusal. Do not hastily cast them on one side or consign them to the flames, but give them an impartial reading; for they contain the truth, and nothing but the truth, which we are determined to declare, both from the pulpit and the press, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. Do not let men deceive you by saying that it matters but little what you hear or read concerning eternal things, that so as you are but religious, belong to a christian Church, and lead a moral and consistent life, you need not fear the consequences of entering a future state. Let us invite your attention to a portion of God's Word which says, "Take heed *how* you hear and *what* you hear;" "for there are many false prophets gone out into the world:" and if it were possible they would deceive the very elect; but that is not possible, and why? "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord;" so that all who were given into the hands of Christ by the Father in eternity, were undertook for by Christ to save in Himself with an everlasting salvation in time, when He cried with a loud voice, saying, "It is finished:" and all who were redeemed by Christ are called with an high and holy calling by the Holy Ghost at the very time and on the very spot fixed upon by God before all worlds. These and these only know the truth as it is in Jesus, and why? Because none others were loved with an everlasting love (Deut. xxxiii. 3), redeemed by the blood of Christ, made willing in the day of God's power (Psa. cx. 3), and are taught to love the truth that makes them free. The sons and daughters of

the Lord Almighty alone worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh; and these exclusively are enabled to cry, "Abba, Father" (Rom. viii. 14-16). All beside the loved and chosen of God, redeemed of the Son, and quickened by the Spirit, are bastards and not sons. These bastards never had any right or memorial in God's spiritual Israel, and never will, though they live a hundred years twice told. "The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded;" "therefore they COULD NOT believe; for Esaias said again, He hath blinded their eyes, and hardened their hearts." But though the Prophet declared that certain men COULD NOT believe, and the Apostle John repeated it (Jno. xii. 38, 40), yet men have the effrontery in our day to give eternal truth the lie and say, "All men may believe if they like." This truly is a bold stroke; but it is no more bold than truthful; for no matter what free-will Church or Chapel you enter, you may hear the statement repeated again and again in a few minutes. Who are we to believe? that's the question. The eternal God or man? Which, reader, we repeat, are we to listen to? Come, out with it. Shall we give ear to Satan's lie or God's truth? Decide, now, which shall it be? Satan says, in his agents, free-will parsons, that man has the power to come to God, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and be saved if he likes, when the Lord says, "It is NOT of him who willeth or him who runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy;" which are we to believe? Free-will parsons say, and free-will hearers believe it, that all may obtain mercy if they have a mind for it, and will repent, be very good, &c.; but God says in His blessed Word, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy; and whom I will I harden." Who are we to believe? Proud fleshly religionists tell us that salvation is for all Adam's sons and daughters, and it is their own fault if they are not saved; while His sacred Majesty says, "The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." Which are we to believe? Wesleyans, Ranters, Independents, Free-will Baptists, Churchmen, with the whole host of Baal's worshippers, say that Christ died for the whole human race, goats as well as sheep, bastards as well as sons (Gal. iv. 30), Esau as well as Jacob (Rom. ix. 13), Cain as well as Abel, Judas as well as Peter, Simon Magus as well as Paul, &c.; whereas Christ Himself declared, "I lay down my life for the sheep." The Word of God says, "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated; and "as many as were ordained to eternal life believed:" also, "The Lord added to the Church daily such as (would be saved? No!) SHOULD be saved." Which, we again repeat, are to be believed? "Let God be true, and every man," whether pious or profane, "a liar" who dares to oppose the Word of God with his free-will rubbish.

The devil's lies are believed, but the truth as it is in Jesus is set at naught and despised. The free-grace doctrines of the Bible are hated, rejected, and spurned by the whole host of fleshly professors. How is this? Because none but those who are born again have the spiritual ear, spiritual eye, and spiritual heart; and as so few new births take place in the world, professors are left in nature's darkness, not being partakers of the Divine nature. The remnant according to the election of grace can hear God's truth, and all besides are given up to believe a lie. Natural persons like natural religion, but spiritual persons are fond of vital godliness. Free-will is the religion of nature, free-grace is the religion of Jesus Christ. Every man is born a free-grace hater, and none can be free-grace lovers but those who are born again. Reader, are you a partaker of the new birth?

BENJAMIN.

CHRIST ALONE EXALTED.

Sixty-ninth Letter.

THE REAPER TO THE GLEANER.

MY VERY DEAR RUTH, MY OWN DAUGHTER IN THE FAITH,—Thou art my joy and crown of rejoicing, the dearly beloved of and in the Lord; yea, the dearly beloved of His soul, who is ever delighting in and rejoicing over you, to do you good, with His whole heart and soul. The thought of this delights my soul, and in this secret of the Lord I rise above myself, and all created things, to gaze upon His unsullied glories, with open face behold Him on His throne, the King of kings and Lord of lords, with our own flesh, the body of His flesh, exalted above all heavens, enthroned in glory with Him, who is Himself the eternal God, our Jesus, Mediator, the Prince of Life, the Prince of Peace, the Child born, the Son given; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, in whom all fulness dwells. All the treasures of wisdom and knowledge dwell in Him; yea, all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and the Spirit declares to us, "And ye are complete in Him, who is the Head of all principality and power;" and as we apprehend this by faith, and our souls are confirmed in the divine properties of the same, so we live and walk by faith, and consult nothing or no one on matters which are eternal, but Jesus only; and it is in this way that we honour the Father: and it is to be observed that faith having but one object and

subject, which is Jesus the glorious Mediator, it never recedes therefrom, nor endeavours to rest in or on a created being or thing. Ah, no; but only in and on its own author and finisher, "Emmanuel, God with us." It is true that our senses rove to seek rest where it is not to be found, and in this way we have been disappointed; but now we find faith and sense are opposites. Sense sinks us into the creature, faith rises high above such things, centres and stands in the Creator, the Redeemer; and thus by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. This is most blessedly set forth by the Holy Ghost in His account of the noble army of martyrs (Heb. xi.). All was achieved in the strength of the Lord by faith. There was no seeking their own ease and pleasure, but by faith they saw and embraced the promises, confessed they were strangers and pilgrims, and they sought a city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God. There is one truth given to testify to us that faith never goes back from its author and object; "and truly if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned; but now they desire a better country: that is, an heavenly, wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city" [As it was then, so it is now; faith is always onward and upward; never mixes with creature things, nor shrinks from the highest mountains, the greatest difficulties, and creature impossibilities; but pleads the promise, lays hold of the strength of God, and overcomes all things by the blood of the Lamb. Faith always recognizes the Forerunner, before whom armies of aliens melt away, mountains and hills dissolve into plains, crooked things to straightness, the rivers turn to dry land, islands into pools, and devils fly before Him, and we walk on and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth; and are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. Faith will never turn back, and we by faith shall come out of every trial as Daniel, because he believed in his God. If we calmly ponder over these things we plainly see there are no impossibilities that faith heeds, but passeth through all to the subduing of kingdoms, and quenching the violence of fire, &c., &c. The words of our most glorious Christ carry this out in full detail, saying, "All things are possible to him that believeth:" and I add in love, as this is our daily privilege, because we belong to Christ, so it would be great folly to consult flesh and blood, or look at sensible objects, and say, "There is a lion in the way;" for true faith worketh by love, and proceeds with saying and singing, according to the word, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom; neither shall be fruit in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat: the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

The Lord God is my strength, and He will make my feet like hind's feet; and he will make me to walk upon my high places." This is above creature things, earthly things, or time things, and faith will not admit of contingencies, nor doth it generate fleshly doubts, and slavish fears; for these things spring from the dust, and not from faith. There is another thing I desire you to notice, that faith goes before the Word and promise, nor is faith separate from the Word, nor the Word in abstractedness from faith. The Word given or spoken is faith's warrant, and with it faith lays hold of the promises, saying, "Thou hast said, I will surely do thee good:" and so with all the yea and amen promises, as we are brought by the Lord in love and wisdom into certain positions, that faith might be tried: so the believer by faith takes the promise and pleads with the Lord, being fully assured that what the Lord hath promised He is able also to perform; and of this David speaks blessedly, "Plead thou my cause," &c. "My soul, wait thou only upon God," &c.: "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." Jesus sums all up in two words, saying, "Only believe." By these things we plainly see the simplicity and blessedness of living and walking by faith, with God in peace and equity, as Enoch and others.

I drop another hint to my child; namely, faith is said to be what it really is, the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; and it never varies from, nor acts contrary to, its nature, whether it be little or great; therefore the Holy Ghost by Solomon gives us a sacred injunction with promise, saying, "Honour the Lord with thy substance." "Without faith it is impossible to please Him;" consequently, without faith we cannot honour Him; for "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." This is worthy of pondering over; and we have it recorded how the Old Testament saints honoured the Lord, in their greatest straits, trials, and exercises; and in the New Testament concerning the Apostles, the ministers, and the Church in the wilderness. When Satan issued his flood to inundate the whole, they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; for they loved not their lives unto the death. Thus the words of Jesus shone forth, and faith honouring Him is manifested: "He that loseth his life for my sake shall keep it unto life eternal." This is one of the mysteries of faith. There is another thing in which we honour the Lord by faith: that is, loathe ourselves, hate our own life, renounce all relation to our first father which sinned, with all his children in earthly relation, and everything we inherited from that relation, leaving the whole, as it is written, "And I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." In conjunction with this we

honour the Lord by casting all our care upon Him; for He careth for us, and by faith we say, "Let the Lord be magnified, whether it be by life or death." Ah, beloved, how simple, plain, and precious it is to live and walk by faith; as it is written, "Let your moderation be known unto all men; the Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your request be made known unto God." We are not only told to honour the Lord with our substance, but with the first fruits of our increase: and I would simply say, increase began with life from the dead, created in Christ Jesus, quickened of God, and born of God; and our bodies being made the temples of the Holy Ghost. From hence arises the first fruits of the Spirit, the Spirit of life, love, and a sound mind; and Jesus saith, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit;" "And the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth." Surely then, as these things are in us and abound, we are neither barren nor unfruitful; and Jesus saith, "From me is thy fruit found." These things must be to His praise, and honour, and glory. As the Spirit dwells in us, so we live and walk in the Spirit, and the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law. Therefore a man not to possess and be possessed of these things, he cannot honour God; for himself is vanity, and all he possesses is the same. Then what sovereign mercy there is displayed, free love manifested, and the exceeding riches of the grace of our God shown us, in that we are made to differ, and have faith the substance, with the first fruits, to honour the Lord at all times: and the Lord saith, "Those that honour me, I will honour." Now follows the promise, "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty." A barn is a repository for corn, and Jesus is the bread corn bruised, and the corn of wheat cast into the ground which died, and in His resurrection glorious brought forth much fruit, and the presses are to burst forth with new wine, that cheereth God and man. You can enlarge on these things, as I desire to drop another hint in love; that is, there are two scriptures of many that seem to be little known, and greatly perverted. The first is in connection with the noble army that died as they lived; and that is, in faith. I refer you to it, Heb. xii. 1-3. Therein we have stated how those that live and walk by faith are to act; that is, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us. The way men act without faith in this business is quite opposite to the truth; for creature acts, &c., are predominant with them; but, blessed be the Lord, I have learned the secret by experience, and not a movement or act of the creature is required, and to the believer it is quite easy, and by faith it is done—"Looking unto Jesus," and considering Him, &c. Every weight and sin is gone,

and I rejoice in the Lord. Look also at Jude 20-5. The same blessedness is set before us, and the nature of living by faith: "Building up yourselves in your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." The words of our Lord Jesus set it forth most blessedly: "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love;" and the Holy Ghost saith, "ye shall abide in Him," 1 John ii. 27: and this is the way we live by faith, believing in God as Abraham; and to such Jesus is precious.

Thanks for your sweet epistle. "O come, let us magnify the Lord together!" The subject is endless: but my paper is done. Love to dear mother, Mary; &c. The peace of God rule in your hearts, Amen.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,
A. TRIGGS.

Seventieth Letter.

THE GLEANER TO THE REAPER.

DEARLY BELOVED IN JESUS,—“There is no enchantment against Jacob, neither any divination against Israel: for according to this time it shall be said, what hath God wrought? His purpose shall stand, and He will do all His pleasure: the wrath of man shall praise Him, and the remainder thereof He will restrain. He doth in many ways bring deep things out of darkness, and turn the shadow of death into the morning: and as the evening and morning were the first day, so many blessed dispensations open in the shade and brighten as they go on; but however that be, darkness and light are both alike to Him; and if He “set darkness in our paths,” He is with us in it: for He hath said He will dwell in the thick darkness, and faith, like Moses, draws near to God even in the thick darkness, and communes with Him there, while sense and reason are all at a puzzle. “He is light, and in Him is no darkness at all:” and though walking in darkness, and having no bright shining, faith walks through it by His light and His sight, knowing that all is safe and well since He sees everything and can do everything, though we cannot see an inch before us, or see our tokens, or do anything to clear our road, or make straight paths for our feet. Thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, though never in self or creatures. There the enterprize must fail, and the works be broken, that the Lord’s arm may be revealed, and His wondrous works known towards His servants. “Marvellous are thy works, O Lord God of

truth, and that my soul knoweth right well." All thy works praise thee, and thy saints shall bless thee; for though thou bringest them through fire and through water, and through straits, and through poverty, Christ is their wealthy place in whom they have no lack of anything. There all things meet and tie; there the violence of fire is quenched from any real harm; there the waters do not overwhelm us, though they may swell to a flood; yea, come in even unto the soul, in there both the trial and the deliverance are "holiness unto the Lord," and work together for good; "for of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

I feel much in the storm and tempest which seem to surround you, when by reason of age you rather need a quiet harbour: but is there not a cause? a needs for it all? Oh! yes, there is, and all are known to Him who sitteth King upon all the floods, and ruleth the raging of the waters, and holdeth all winds in His fists, and controlleth the strong elements of the human mind, saying to them at the appointed season, "Peace, be still." You have often said to Him, "Father, glorify thy name;" and by these very changes He answers, "I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." The voice is like thunder to the flesh (John xii. 29), but the Spirit replies, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." I can only say, "Peace be with thee, and with thine helpers." "Thy God, whom thou servest continually, He will deliver thee," and guide thee with His eye, to teach and instruct thee in the way thou shouldest go. I know not when you leave, but shall hope for a line when you get fixed at ———. I marvel in looking at the past. You have indeed been led about to be instructed. I am thinking it will perhaps be like Jacob, when God said, "Arise, go to Bethel, and dwell there;" and Jacob said, "Let us go up to Bethel, and I will make there an altar unto God, who answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way that I went." May the issue be, "and He will do better unto thee at thy latter end than at thy beginning."

Was much pleased to have another line from you. I thought for my barrenness you had given it up, saying, "Can that which is unsavoury be eaten without salt; or, is there any taste in the white of an egg?" But, however, the Lord has sent you again. I much enjoyed your letter. It had many gems of those unsearchable riches of Christ, which only the Spirit can reveal. "He shall glorify me; He shall take of mine and show it unto you."

I am in much bodily weakness, and have a sentence of death in this tabernacle. When I first knew you I hoped to be soon going home, and now I think again that before very long I shall see Him face to face; but, however, my times are in His hands. I much

long to be with Him, but desire to dissolve into His will. He gives me sweet counsels and foretastes of the joys of the presence-chamber. Many wilderness things have been crooked, and I have often been careful and anxious, but He shows me the folly of it, and I am truly ashamed. "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" Consider the lilies, which neither toil nor spin, and the ravens, which have neither storehouse nor barn; and consider Him who had not where to lay His head, and yet had all things at command, and who says, "Let all thy wants lie upon me; with me thou shalt be in safeguard." Precious Saviour,

"Since thine own blood for me was spilt,
Naught good wilt thou withhold."

and since our Father spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things? Well may our dear Lord say to such a poor thing as me, "How is it that you do not understand? Do ye not remember the five loaves and fishes, which fed so many, and how many baskets of fragments ye took up?" Ah! indeed, He has sweetly made me remember His wonderful works in my behalf, and shown me afresh the privilege of living as a King's daughter, without carefreeness, because He careth for me, and we are just passing through these time-changes for His glory, who has redeemed us from all evil, and stood Surety to His Father for our persons as well as our debts, saying, "Trust them with me, to go through the mortal state; if I bring them not back and set them before thee, I will bear the blame for ever." So the responsibility for us, and government of all things concerning us, is upon His shoulders, who loved us and gave Himself for us. Let us sit still, then: for He will not be in rest till He has finished that which concerneth us. What concerns us concerns Him also; for we are no more twain, but one flesh. It is precious to know this, and so to live and walk, having fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ, to whom be praise for ever and ever.

I know dear Mrs Triggs feels affectionately towards unworthy me. I feel she does. My love to you both, and the Lord preserve and bless your going out and going in.

Love from dear Mary and Miss Adams, who have you in good remembrance.

In our precious and loving Lord Jesus, yours ever affectionately,

RUTH

~~Non-remembrance~~—The "Washerwoman's" address is, Mrs Butler, Skidby, near Beverly; and the other, New Whittington, near Chesterfield.

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(Continued from page 48.)

In these my young days I took a fancy to drawing, in which art I spent much of my time, and often made myself poorly by too close application; and my father would often urge me to get out into the air; but nothing would entice me away from my pencil and brush; so that my father thought of apprenticing me to a painter; but that was not to be. I sometimes made a penny of my drawings: for in February young people came to me to draw them valentines, on which I would write a few lines of rhyme. I also, to my shame be it spoken, would write some obscene pieces of poetry, and sing them in the streets. Indeed those were my golden days, and I was determined to enjoy them. The Lord only knows to what lengths of sinful pleasure I ran, and how full my heart was of filthy thoughts, but those days are gone by. They were full of foolery, vanity, and wickedness. I went on from bad to worse, with no more thought of God or care for my soul than the beasts of the field.

I now got a little schooling at a private house, which went far to keep me out of mischief; but to my shame I did not altogether relish it. There were but two places of worship in Southwell at this time; namely, the Church and a small Methodist chapel; and I believe both of my parents were members of the holy band. In the course of time I had to attend the Sunday school, which deprived me of my Sunday's pleasure. This I did not like, and I would sometimes keep away, for which I had to taste the cane. When the school was over, we had to stay for the preaching, which is generally called divine service, though I do not believe there was a particle of divine service in the town. I sat under the word of man only to wile away the time, and was only glad when the meeting was over. In religious matters at this time I was dark as night, dead as a stone, blind as a bat, and wicked as a devil, though I did not feel it, and the reason was, the set-time to deliver the captive, call Lazarus from the grave, and to comfort Zion, had not yet come.

When I was 13 years of age, my parents being very poor, and often needing the things of this life, I was put, according to divine purpose, into a brickyard, to make clots, and fill and empty the kiln when required. For this laborious work I was remunerated with the handsome sum of 18 or 20 pence per week. I often had to work beyond my strength, and I believe this is generally the lot of the poor, who have to earn their bread by the sweat of

their brow. while the rich, to whom God has given the good things of this life, are determined to make the most of them: and many are very skilful in the art of "grinding the faces of the poor" (Isaiah iii, 15). I have had a little to do with them, and well know that the Apostle James put the cap on the right head (James ii. 6, 7). Well,

"Let them enjoy their portion still,
Which here delights them so:
'Tis all the heaven they ever will
Here or hereafter know."

One morning in carrying too heavy a load of bricks, I very much injured myself; so that while partaking of my breakfast on the steps of the kiln, I suddenly fell, and found myself unable to rise. I was taken home, and a doctor was sent for, when it was discovered that I had ruptured myself very severely. I was now again laid up for many weeks, which was another sore damper put upon all my carnal joy. I cannot now recollect my feelings under that affliction; but I was ever after unfit for manual labor. However, this trouble, like all others, did not spring from the dust, but was another link in that chain of circumstances which was fixed upon in the eternity of His purpose who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will. Indeed I have since proved that this so-called misfortune is a choice mercy or blessing in disguise; and I can truly say of this and all other afflictions,

They have all come exactly when
They most were needed, here and then!

My deafness debarred me from all conversation with the people of God, and the enjoyment of what is called the means of grace; while my other affliction rendered me not only unfit for labor, but a burden to myself. My poor, proud, and peevish nature has kicked, grumbled, fretted, and rebelled against the Lord for this until my wicked heart has been full of the fury and madness of the damned. So overcome have I been with Satanical pride, that I have wished I could get over the Almighty, that I might curse Him down to the bottom of hell. He who is "rich in grace" and "plenteous in mercy" knows well what I am guilty of and capable of doing. But since I have realized the grace of the Gospel, I have traced the hand of my God through all, and am necessitated to say, **How very great are His mercies, His goodness, and lovingkindness, and that my soul knoweth right well.** Yea, since He has in sovereign love blessed me with the knowledge of Himself, and shown me the vanity of everything else, I bless, I praise, I love, I thank Him for all the way He has graciously led me; and must acknowledge it to be the best and safest way that I could possibly come. The Lord will and does, for wise purposes,

Send troubles, and they often bring
Sore pain upon the mind,
Yet cannot err in no one thing,
Of prove Himself unkind.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered I was apprenticed at Newark to my father to learn the trade of stocking making, at which I became a ready hand. I did very well at this trade while I was single; but, like my life, it has undergone many changes, and generally for the worse. It is now rapidly declining; so much so, that at the time of writing this I am completely thrown out of work. I am now through declining age, weakness, and infirmity, too old to learn, must not steal, cannot dig, and am ashamed to beg; so that I must either go to the big house or tramp the country, and depend upon a particular Providence. The devil and old carnal self often tell me that I shall never pull through, but will be compelled to go into the union, and there fall into hands that will handle me roughly; but the devil told me this twenty years ago; and many of my pretended friends have been watching for a long time my fall, that they might have a sweet malicious feast; but here I am, and here I am likely to be; for I do firmly believe that my God will always appear at the needed moment. What a precious blessing is Gospel faith! My friends, rejoice with me, for I shall not fall, because the Lord is able to make me stand. My past experience of His goodness, many Ebenezers, and daily mercies, forbid my fears. A faith's view of the walls of fire, eternal bulwarks, and munition of rocks, round about Jerusalem, makes the righteous as bold as a lion. Ever have I proved strength in weakness, riches in poverty, life in death, plenty in times of famine, clothing in nakedness, salvation in bondage, and honey in the carcase of every dead lion; and I bless the Lord for ever giving me to understand such paradoxes. This is the experience that arms me with holy boldness and blessed confidence, enabling me to say, "I will trust, and not be afraid." "O taste and see that the Lord is gracious." I was too much ashamed to let it be known that I was ruptured, and endured many hardships on that account. My father was often very severe with me, and kept me so hard at work, that once or twice I broke down, and was again laid up. After this I wore a truss, which causes me no small share of trouble. I well remember that we had to work in the hop-yard, when we had to rise at 4 o'clock in the morning, and having to stand all day, it tried me severely. The Lord alone knows the extent of my sufferings; but much of it was occasioned on account of not acquainting my father of my rupture. The Lord, however, even then was very good to me, and often smoothened my path by ways and means I little thought of. I am now sure that He had a

hand, and a gracious hand too, in every movement respecting me.

Another circumstance that occurred about two years previous to this I must here relate. A younger brother with myself went one Sunday into the brickyard; and, being full of mischief, we walked over the new laid bricks, and spoilt some hundreds of them, for which my father had to pay five shillings. The next day we were fetched from school, when, from the looks of my mistress, I saw that evil was determined against us. Our father met us with a new ash plant, the sight of which turned me as pale as death. With this he beat us most unmercifully, so that the blood stuck to our shirts. The street was raised, and my mother was much frightened on account of my father's undue severity. Upon the whole he was, after all, a good father to us: but he was determined to carry out the wise man's injunction—"He that spareth the rod, hateth his son." Whether he was familiar with the portion or not I cannot say; but in this he was deceived; for instead of knocking out a devil, he succeeded in knocking another in; for my heart rose up against him at such times in such awful indignation and devilish hatred, that I secretly wished the flames of hell were around his head; but, of course, I dare not give vent to my cursed thoughts. The Lord alone can see the depths of corruption and the fountain of nature's wickedness. I will now relate a deep device which the devil put into my heart in order to escape such severe floggings. It is not often that the devil befriends me; so that it is as well to give him his due when he does. I said that rather than undergo such severe treatment again I would take a razor and cut my throat. This reached my father's ears, and had the desired effect; for he feared that I should put my threat into execution. It was good to see by his countenance that I had touched the right string; so from that time he left off much of his severity, and ultimately I became his favorite. So you see that by trying to knock a devil out of me he knocked one in, and thus the devil knocked in, knocked the devil out of him. This knocking out devils has nothing to do with casting out devils, for that belongs to King Jesus, whose Word is powerful. Where the Word of a King is, there is power; and with authority He commands the unclean spirits, and they obey Him. Power alone belongeth unto God, and all beside is show and noise. All the preaching of the frenzied parsons in the modern mad-houses will never cast out one devil, while one word of Him who speaks with authority will cast out a legion. This power I know some little of by blessed experience; for many an inbred devil has been compelled to give way before the almighty voice of Christ. I have been possessed with dumb devils, sleepy devils, lazy devils,

and unclean devils, when a sweet, precious, powerful, and cheering word from the lips of my dear Saviour has cast them all out: and then my soul could speak in prayer and praise, awake from the dust, run, walk, and leap for joy; yea, could plunge into the "fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness," and find myself without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing, when not a devil could be seen throughout the land of Beulah.

I hope the reader will forgive me for running away from my narrative; but I hardly know how to help it; for when a live coal from the altar touches my lips, and kindles the fire in my heart, I must out with it, let my wanderings be short or long. Therefore do allow me to make a remark or two upon the following portion: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." These words used to bother me much, and I believe that many of the tried children of God are puzzled with them also. I am sure that no learning of man would have ever brought me in the way that I ought to go; and I have known some, and read of others, of the best ministers of the Gospel, who have brought up their children in the strictest manner, and they have turned out a pest to society, living and dying like brutes. 'These things do not square with the wise man's counsel.' I shall neither refer to comentators nor talented preachers to explain such a portion of God's Word, but simply speak of it as I have experienced its truthfulness in my own soul, and I think I shall secure the testimony of the Spirit taught in Gospel Zion.

When our heavenly Father, by the engrafted Word and Spirit, trains up a vessel of mercy, or child of grace, in the true and living Way (Christ) which he should go, it is impossible for him to depart from it. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord," though it may take long and much teaching and guiding through many severe temptations, trials, afflictions, and heart-rending sorrows: and also through the painful workings and bitter feelings of sin, lust, uncleanness, blasphemous thoughts, boiling up of corruption, and hardness of heart. These are a few of the many things that the real child of God has to experience before he is weaned from the milk and drawn from the breast, rooted out of every hole, broke off from every human prop, chased out of every false hiding-place, and manifestly in the way Christ. At least, this is my experience: and I am sure that when the child of grace has found peace, rest, quietness, and salvation in Christ the Way: and has seen and felt much of the goodness of the Lord; after which through temptation is again led into bondage, darkness, and distress; and then is again made to taste that the Lord is gracious; becomes old and experienced in the school of grace, walks in Christ the Way, and will not, cannot depart from it. This Way is so precious,

so lovely, and so suitable, that the language of the heart is, "Lead me in the way (Christ) everlasting." "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." And the old fowler will find his net set in vain in the sight of such an old bird; and I am bold to affirm, that no Arminian lie, no Fuller's earth, no Baxterian mud, no Wesleyan soft soap, or Episcopalian bird-lime, furnished from the pit, will ever be able to hold such an one fast or draw him from the Way which was cast up from everlasting. It is not possible to deceive the very elect. He may entice them at times into their dens, but they are sure to be starved out again; for they cannot feed with swine. Husks and chaff are not their food: with these they cannot do. They must have pure and unadulterated Gospel food, that which has been winnowed with the shovel and fan. In a word. They are trained up by the Holy Ghost in the Way (Christ), and cannot depart from it.

(To be Continued.)

LOVE THROUGH AND OVER ALL.

"Lov'd when a wretch defiled with sin,
At peace with hell, with God at war."

Yes, child of my God, it is perfectly true; you were "loved when a wretch defiled with sin," or you never had realised His love shed abroad in your heart. Your sin was neither barrier nor hindrance to the free flowings of this love; for where sin abounded, grace much more abounded; and you know that sin abounded on Christ when the Father laid upon Him the iniquity of us all, and you are well aware that grace superabounds in His loving heart alone. He was viewed by the great Jehovah your sin, and you were seen by the same Omniscient eye His holiness. He was dealt with, not only as the sinner, but as the sin itself, while you are dealt with as though you were worthy of all honor. But you cannot see worthiness in yourself no more than you can see unworthiness in your blessed Lord. You cannot see purity and perfection in yourself any more than you can discover impurity or imperfection in your precious Christ. How is this? In your flesh dwelleth no good thing. What the poet says is perfectly true:

"There was nothing in you to merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight:
'Twas even so, Father, you ever must sing,
Because it seemed good in thy sight."

He loved you because He would love you: but He never loved

you in distinctiveness from Christ. You were loved in your membership in Christ: for He hath set the members in the body as it pleased Him; and the whole were loved and blessed in union-oneness with their gracious and eternal Head. Christ told His Father and our Father, His God and our God, that He had loved the members even as He had loved the Head, and that He had loved the Head before the foundation of the world; so that love is of God, and he that loveth dwelleth in God, and God in Him: herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as He is so are we in this world. How wonderful it seems! or, rather, how wonderful it really is! Is Christ blessed? We are blessed in oneness with Him. Can it be possible? It is gloriously true; it is preciouslly real. Child of God, is it not enough to fire your heart? Loved as Christ is loved, blessed as Christ is blest! Surely you can sing,

"O love, how high thy glories swell,
How great, immutable, and free:
Ten thousand sins, as black as hell,
Are swallowed up, O love, in thee!"

You are not only loved in Christ and blest in Christ, but you are loved as Christ, and blessed as Christ; and why? Because there is no Christ without a body, and no body without members, and we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones; and he that is joined to the Lord, is one Spirit; and, "we are the body of Christ, and members in particular." So you see that as Christ was set up from everlasting, all His members were set up in Him and with Him: and He says to His Father, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made: in thy book all my members were written." Child of God, think it over. Your name is written in God's book; and says Jesus, "Rejoice that your name is written in heaven." This is good and solid ground for rejoicing; for if once written, never erased: once enrolled in heaven's register, never blotted out. The names written in eternity are never interfered with through time. The Lord has put down all His Church members, and the number will neither be augmented nor diminished. This is eternal Church membership. How many there are who get their name enrolled in a church book, and for bad behaviour they are erased; so that they no longer stand church members. But, blessed be God, it is not so with Christ's members. Were the Lord to scratch out our names for bad behaviour, they would not stand long upon His book; but we believe in the truthfulness of this dear portion, "They shall never perish!" No, these Church members can never perish; neither can any pluck them out of His hands.

"Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus th' eternal covenant stands:
None shall pluck thee
From the Strength of Israel's hands."

At all times the sons and daughters of the Lord are safe. No weapon formed against them shall prosper, and every tongue that riseth against them in judgment they shall condemn. This is an unalterable and eternal promise of our faithful God, and He will see to it that what He says shall be fully carried out; therefore, ye living children, leave all your enemies in the hands of your beloved Lord: He well knows how to manage them; but they are too many, great, and strong for you, but not for your Almighty Jesus, your blessed Christ.

"Therefore to Him commit thy way,
Thy whole concerns before Him lay,
And He will guide thee right."

For He that keepeth Israel is Israel's God and Israel's King. Well might Moses the man of God say, "Happy art thou, O Israel!" for

"I am with thee,
Israel, passing through the fire."

Yes, beloved, He is with you, and He is a wall of fire round about you: He is your shield and shade, your staff and rod, your friend and brother, your Lord and God. What more can you want? Surely you can join the poet in singing,

"I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
Since thou, O God, art mine!"

The Lord says, and He means it, "All are yours:" so that you can say, "The Lord is my portion:" and He is not only your portion, but you are His: for "the Lord's portion is His people, Jacob is the lot of His inheritance." Will He not take care of His portion? Will He ever turn His back upon His inheritance? Can He possibly forsake His bride?

"O how can Jesus turn away?
How can He leave His Church, I say?
And though He leaves all worlds beside,
His never will forsake His bride."

Why not? He is dearer to Him than angels, dearer to Him than worlds. How dear and how dear human language fails to express. Indeed she is one with Him, blessed in Him, and cannot be seen in any distinctiveness from Him. It is her delight and joy to say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His: I am my Beloved's, and

His desire is toward me:" and the promise most blessedly stands, "Thy desire shall be to thy Husband, and He shall reign over thee." So that she is His desire and He is her desire: and surely we can say that He is the desire of nations, the desire of our soul is to the remembrance of His name: and "He is all my salvation and all my desire;" and the Lord says, "The desire of the righteous shall be granted." Christ says to His Queen, His Hephzibah, "What is thy petition, and what is thy request? It shall be given thee." Yes, bless His name, He has given Himself to His Church and given Himself for His bride, and will not withhold one good thing that shall secure Him glory and do her heart some good. Her request is, "That I may know Him!" and there is another wish expressed by her which He willingly responds to; and that is, "Let my Beloved come into His garden, and taste His precious fruits," He answers, "I am come into my garden, my sister spouse!" How cheerfully He answers her petition, how joyfully He consents to her request. Why should He?

"Tis His own, He dearly bought her,
What she cost no mortal knew:
Through the pains of hell He sought her,
Paid in blood her ransom too!"

He will take care of His own; He will see to it that none shall harm or molest her. Does He not say, "I the Lord do keep it?" Is He not a wall of fire round about her, and the glory in the midst of her? He is, therefore, her present help in every time of trouble; and declares that "she shall not be moved" from His heart of love. He will help her, and that right early. No storm or tempest shall hide her from His view, no furnace shall keep Him from her side.

"Though oft with tempest toss'd,
Ne'er from her anchor drove:
This chosen vessel can't be lost,
Secured by covenant love."

She must outlive every storm, outlive every tempest, for her life is hid with Christ in God. The enemy may often reproach her, her foes may frequently be allowed to disturb her peace of mind, and all hell at times may be prompted to rise in arms against her: but what of all this? Has He not said, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee?"

With such a God, with such a Guide,
She must be safe, whate'er betide.

But "fear thou not" must be spoken home and spoken in ere her fears are quelled. The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life. The Lord Himself must whisper "fear thou not," and then she

will joyfully exclaim, "It is the voice of my Beloved." "Yes, my Beloved?" He is your Beloved, whether you believe it or not. Surely you can join dear Kent in singing:

" 'Tis the voice of my Beloved,
His dear face methinks I see,
Fraught with blessings, peace, and pardon,
Skipping o'er the hills to me.
Sweet the accents,
Whispering peace, and sins forgiven.
Now the shades of night dispersing,
On me dawned the welcome day:
Love divine, beyond rehearsing,
Chas'd the mist of sin away,
Whilst my spirit
Bask'd in His meridian beam.
Thus with heavenly fare He fed me,
Fill'd my soul with love divine,
And to living fountains led me;
Drink, said He, this blood of mine;
This will cheer thee
When with sin and sorrow press'd.

Though thy sins are red like scarlet,
White as snow I'll make them be:
Though thou oft hast play'd the harlot,
Fond of others more than me,
Yet I love thee;
Thou art still my undefiled.
I have raiment to attire thee,
I have blood to make thee clean,
Without blemish I admire thee,
Fair without and fair within;
Now I'll give thee
One sure pledge of heaven below.
When thy warfare is completed,
And thy times of sorrow's o'er,
All the love that I've related
Thou shalt prove: yea, ten times more,
When I feast thee
With the fulness of my joy."

Beloved, we could not withhold one verse out of the above sweet hymn; for they were so blessedly linked together. Yes, "thou art still my undefiled." "Blessed are the undefiled in the way." He says, "My love, my undefiled is but one, she is the only one of her mother:" and He also adds, "Thou art all fair, my love: there is no spot in thee;" for He has presented her to Himself a glorious Church.

"Thus in His eyes she ever stood,
From wrinkle and from blemish free,
Loved with the highest love of God,
And blessed by the sacred Three."

Child of God, this honor have all the saints. Why not you? There is no cause in heaven, earth, or hell. Doubtings and fearings, tremblings and sinkings, you may often have; but ever remember that "He who keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps:" and He says, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." So that,

"Did Jesus once upon thee shine?
Then Jesus is for ever thine."

Therefore,

"Rest, doubting saint, assur'd of this,
For God has pledg'd His holiness."

Farewell, beloved, for the present; and may the Mighty God of Jacob endear Himself more and more to your heart; so that the peace of Christ may rule and reign in your soul, by the Almighty power of the blessed Spirit.

THE EDITOR.

FROM OUR DAUGHTER IN THE FAITH.

THE CHILD TO HER MUCH LOVED FATHER IN ISRAEL SENDETH GREETING,—I hail thee, my very dear friend, in the name of our precious Ishi with, "O man, greatly beloved, fear not; peace be unto thee; be strong;" yea, "be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus;" for

"Though deep distress thy steps attend,
Thy warfare shall in triumph end,
With thee it shall go well."

So the —— people begin to murmur and show discontent, saying with those in days of old, "There is nothing but this manna before our eyes." A good sign this, beloved! I need no greater evidence that the steward is faithful to his charge, places before the multitude that food which has been winnowed with the shovel and fan. Though but a babe in grace, I must and will say, I rejoice greatly on your behalf, having confidence in you in all things pertaining to life and godliness. May love, blood, and salvation continue to comfort your heart, "Jesus only" be your object and subject; and as the gospel pole has been committed to your trust, do not fear to lift it very high, though you may feel that you are in the midst of a stiff-necked people. Depend upon it there will be a few who will look and wonder, look and adore, look and live; therefore take courage, beloved; for "in due time ye shall reap, if ye faint not." "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for ye know not which shall prosper, this or that." What encouragement! Again. Hear what our dear Lord said to His disciples, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Precious promise! Faithful Promiser! It has been given to you, look out for its fulfilment. Did He not tell thee that He had much people in that city? Can you doubt it? Our dear Lord has many hidden ones, and it is only when we come in close contact with them that we inhale the rich fragrance of the Rose of Sharon.

My dear father, how gladly would I have remained one of these hidden ones. For this, day and night have I besought the Lord my God; but He answered me with, "What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." In writing to a very dear friend yesterday morning these words flowed in with light, love, and power, "Freely ye have received, freely give." What saith my friend to such language? Indeed it did me good to write: for I found it to be sweet rest instead of hard labor.

Go forward, my beloved pastor and the Lord's under shepherd,

the good of the land is before thee. Encourage the feeble, "speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." "Freely ye have received, freely give."

"Buckle on thy heavenly armour,
Patch up no inglorious peace,
Let thy courage wax the warmer,
As thy foes and fears increase.

Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
Truth to keep thee firm and tight,
Never shall the foe confound thee,
While the truth maintains the fight.

Your silence, my dear friend, was profitable, though it troubled me. I had some thoughts of sending a telegram to enquire if love and care, nurture and admonition, had ceased. I feel that I am a sorry correspondent, a spoilt child for this world. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Let all that is within me bless, praise, adore and crown Him King of kings, Lord of lords, God over all, blessed for evermore. Amen. Hallelujah. "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.

Precious truth—"His paths drop fatness."

Yours has just reached me. You ask, "Where are you?" Still in the lowlands of sin, travelling through the valley of Baca, and a wonder unto many: but a far greater wonder unto myself; being a miracle of grace, a monument of mercy, and an object of love.

Your silence was very oppressive. Surely it was for the father to break the stillness of the walk. Truly I heard of you, though not *from* you. I am told that you are threading your way in the path traced by blood, along which runs the scarlet thread, and yet I heard not the sound of your voice, though walking in the same direction. Well, well, beloved, I follow on, and "press toward the mark for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus." "I therefore so run, not as uncertainly: so fight I, not as one that beateth the air."

"O what wonders love hath done!"

Sit still! This is the very desire of my soul: therefore may it be so; for "the desire of the righteous shall be granted." Bless His name; I know that His desire is toward me, and that He will never forsake the work of His own hands.

I must now for a while say farewell to one that I am longing to see and hear once more; neither do I think the time far distant when I shall, with others, be thus privileged. For this, I feel and find it in my heart to wait only upon Him; neither do I fear that He will disappoint me: for all things are possible with our faithful God.

It is now twelve months this day since I returned home, and

have lacked nothing. Not one thing has failed me. True, fiery trials, fierce temptations, withering disappointments, and stunning perplexities, have been my righteous lot since the eventful day of my leaving my earthly father's house, not knowing whither I went. The pathway was *then* and is *now* rough, but my Jesus is precious, and when heart and flesh have failed, He has ever been the strength of my heart, and will be my portion for ever. By His help I will still declare that "there is nothing too hard for the Lord." Indeed I am a living witness that "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength:" and I can also join Paul in saying, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Blessed be His adorable, lovely, and all-glorious name, in six troubles He doth deliver, and, fear not, beloved, in the seventh He will appear; for He is thy life, and the length of thy days.

I do feel very low and ill in body, and have done no work this week; but do you take no thought of this, unless it be at the throne of grace; there meet me, and let each plead for the other. My side is very painful, and seems to say, "Watch, therefore: for ye know not at what hour your Lord doth come." My soul is in perfect health; for I know Him in whom I have believed, and ere long I shall see Him as He is. Amen and Amen.

I want for nothing in things temporal; for the dear Lord has most mercifully turned my captivity in that respect. All praise and glory be to Him who holds all men's hearts in the hollow of His righteous hand.

To the love and ever watchful eye of a loving Jehovah Jesus the babe in grace would commend her father in the faith, desiring on his behalf more than feeble words or language can portray. The God of peace be with you. I bless you in the name of the Lord, and rest in the all-absorbing love of our sweet Lord Jesus, your ever loving child in the faith,

RECLUSE.

COMMUNINGS BY THE WAY.

MY MUCH ESTEEMED AND DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—I am sure I have very great pleasure in writing you, knowing and believing you will accept it for Christ's sake, being fellow travellers to Zion, meeting together to tell of the work of God in us. When a few words are spoken, we can spy into one another's hearts, by the looking glass of the Word, and read what is within; and being

of one heart and one mind, we love one another. I am far, far behind you in the school of Christ.

I sometimes wonder I dare send my Book for your inspection. It must be love that casts out fear; for I write very freely, and am so ready to open my mind to you. No one ever saw the inward part of me so much as you have done; and it would not be wise to let every one look into our heart, and see the inside work between God and the soul; for it is consecrated ground, too sacred to be exposed to every eye. The exterior of us may be, and is, very easily read, both by the Church and by the world: for the world can read you, they can take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.

I am one of the Lord's feeble ones. I live upon His love, and trust to His grace, to His cleansing blood and justifying robe, watching His hand, waiting His will, and His direction in all my concerns; looking, learning, loving, fearing, blessing, and praising with the simplicity of a child. I am very soon cast down, but kept up by His lovingkindness and tender mercy, and my Lord knows all these things. He knows my weakness and my worthlessness. I am little faith, little light. I will not say little love, but little in knowledge, little in strength, and very little indeed in my own eyes; but my Lord is great, and often telling me to fear not; for He is able to do abundantly above all that I can ask or think. Oh, my soul, praise the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him for ever. What a fund of matter there is in the Word! What a storehouse we have! We can never exhaust it; there is plenty of provision; no want to them that fear Him. I often look with wonder at the abundance of earthly blessings the Lord is pleased to send. What a supply He daily gives! The angel of the covenant supplies His people out of His fulness; "for it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." He is full of mercy, full of love, full of grace, full of truth, and full of salvation: He is everything we need, and when He illuminates His Word, and lights it up in our souls, we walk in His light. It is blessed to have light within—the Light of life—then we can say. "The Lord is my light and my salvation;" and with joy we draw water from the Well of salvation. We have the well within us, and our souls become like a well watered garden, and we bless and praise His holy name. He is perpetually blessing us; may we be perpetually praising Him: draw near and converse with our blessed Lord, who always stands by us.

As I am drawing near my home, He is pleased to bring me up from the wilderness, leaning upon His arm, enjoying something of that peace which passeth all human understanding.

And now, my dear mother in Israel, I must tell you what an

illumination we had at Bethesda on Sunday morning, October 1st, from the 33rd chapter of Deuteronomy. The light in the pulpit shone so bright, my soul was lit up; it was indeed the "house of God and gate of heaven;" such a feast of fat things! You know how Mr. W. flies about the Bible. We had corn and wine, and oil and honey, and righteousness and blood, and savoury meat and manna, wine both new and old, and everything that could be named, and the goodwill of Him that dwelt in the Bush. I ate and drank, and wept and rejoiced, and I think I never had so much at one time in all my life. We were in the Sun, the woman clothed with the Sun, and at the mountain of spices, and the King drew near, and that made it a blessed time. Oh, what rich provision we had! and music and dancing! I was overcome with an abundance of good things. And now I must tell you, I have a verse fastened on my mind red hot. I keep repeating it daily in my heart, and never tire:

"Oh that with yonder, sacred throng,
I at His feet may fall,
And join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all."

It seems to me a foretaste of heaven. I sing it, and say it, and almost feel myself there; and I am there in anticipation.

And now, my dear, accept this 'from a loving heart; you know I must have some love in, or else I should think it a very cold letter; and my love to Lady Mary, and all the ladies in our little company. Though absent in body, I am very much with you in spirit.

Ever yours in loving bonds,

MARY LEVETT.

SWEETNESS OF UNION.

How sweet to dwell in Christ our God,
Our Brother near allied,
To drink full draughts of precious blood,
Drawn from His pierced side.

'Tis sweet to rest in Love's embrace,
Recline on Jesu's arm,
To sit and sing in heavenly place,
Above all hell's alarm.

'Tis sweet indeed to feel His heart
With holy warmth to burn,
To know He cannot from us part,
Or from His presence spurn.

'Tis sweet to rest assured of this,
That He and I are one;
That He is mine and I am His,
By love, and blood, and bone.

Extremely sweet it is to find
His bowels melt for me,
And be assur'd this Friend so kind,
No fault can ever see.

Ah! more than sweet, I must confess,
It is, though I am vile,
He finds it in His heart to bless,
And loves on me to smile.

A. W.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY, 1866.

No. 88

A SERMON.

The Twelfth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

SWEET language, beloved, and an unspeakable mercy to know it, by the demonstration and power of God the eternal Spirit in the heart.

“Hath lov’d, and liv’d, and died for me.”

And here is something very particular in another sentence.

“I other priests disclaim,
And laws and offerings too.”

This is most blessed, and, in the knowledge of it, we are brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God, to have nothing to do with the law. Many will say, “Don’t you hear, he denies the law, and sets it aside; he certainly is not a fit person to keep company with.” But, beloved, I tell you it is a glorious mercy to know no law, but the law of liberty, the law of love; and love in the person, fulness, work, blood, and righteousness of our most glorious Christ. You may have the eye attracted, and the attention taken up, with the decalogue, the ten commandments, day by day, until you are as old as Methusaleh, in meditation of that law, and yet at the end of time, you will be as far from God as you were when you began. For mark down that sweet expression of the Holy Ghost in Heb. vii. : “For the law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did.” Here is the grand distinction, not by the works of the law, but the bringing in of a better hope,

"by which we draw nigh unto God." Then the priesthood and the law were changed, and there was a necessity for it; for if it had not been changed, we must have lived and died under it: but it is changed by the priesthood and personal obedience of our most glorious Christ; so the penal punishment of that law that we were under Christ suffered; so that now there is not an iota of anything in God's law that hath anything to do with you or me, as members of Christ, because we are lawful captives delivered by the obedience of Christ. It appears to me, beloved, that there is such an amalgamation going on in this our day, but I believe it is an old fashioned sort of thing, that if a man does not keep the law and its precepts, he is a bad man, and if the parson does not hold up its commands, and set forth its denunciations and its terrible thunder, that man certainly is not fit to preach. But, beloved, if ever you have felt the preciousness of the blood of Christ in your conscience, it removed the guilt from your conscience, and you know what it is to be delivered from the law, "being dead to it, wherein you were held, that you might serve God in newness of Spirit and not in the oldness of the letter." "Ah," say some, "that is the old testament."

Indeed, then I am mistaken.

"But I think the apostle had his eye on the first testament, which is now made old."

What, do you mean to call the testament, the gospel of the prophets, the old letter; if you do, I cannot.

"Well, what do you say is the oldness of the letter?"

The law that God gave on mount Sinai, it is now old and dead to me; for being a new creature in Christ, "old things are passed away, and behold all things are become new." I must talk a little on the subject; for I have suffered much from it in bye gone days, concluding that the work of God was not begun, and so I could not be a new creature, and that I was altogether wrong; and, depend upon it, it is all wrong if you feel the guilt of sin and the motion of sin in your body, with working of corruption; for then you know yourself a sinner. Satan then hath something to work upon, and because you cannot find in yourself things that are good, you grieve, you groan, and write such a long catalogue against yourself; but, beloved, you may as well spare yourself the labour, and sit down and bless God that the old things are gone, by the personal obedience, suffering, death, burial, resurrection, and ascension of our most glorious Christ. May God the Spirit preach it into your hearts, then you will live something like new creatures, out of your supposed old things, and old thoughts, connected with old Adam, and you will go on with Paul, saying, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of

God; but with the flesh the law of sin." "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

Now for our text: "He shall sit and rule upon His throne," &c., Zech. vi. 15.; and if God is pleased, we shall walk on a little in the unity of the Spirit, and in the bond of peace, by the gracious leading and dear demonstration and personal ministry of the Holy Ghost in testifying of Christ in this text. I find it is an endless subject, and I see much preciousness and beauty in it, and it is just what it ought to be. "Yes," say some, "I often think the parson has not said half enough about it, for there is something so precious, that you ought to have spoken of. Well, I am very glad you observe things, that you hear things, and that you remark things; for if you did not, I should think you were like the seats you sit on, and that you were quite stoics in religion, with a notion in your heads, and nothing but death in your hearts."

"He shall sit and rule upon His throne." It is something blessed, He sits to rule, and herein He opens His suitability in that precious and glorious way. He does not stand in a royal and austere manner, to keep His people at a distance; but every action of His as He sits on His throne is to indulge us with familiarity in coming to Him. How precious, how glorious, and how excellent! Now mark me, the more you are brought into an acquaintance with Him the more you will find a constant drawing to Him. Now, were we to be introduced into the presence of Her Majesty, we should not feel that familiarity or liberty as do those who are accustomed to her company, and before we should get familiar, we must be inured to the movements, manners, and words of Her Majesty. Just so it is with the children of God. They are brought into the presence-chamber where He sits, with breathings and longings, like the dear woman, with "Lord, help me," and in the communication of feeling it opens heart to heart: Christ comes into ours and we go into His; and from that time sweet familiarity begins, and so will continue; for the more familiar we are with and know of a precious Christ, the more we shall experience of rest and peace in Him. Let it be remarked by the children, because it is so precious, however the Lord Jesus Christ may rule by His power, even at times by His naked power, as we read of in God's Bible in many places where His naked power was manifested in His ruling, yet He does not rule by His naked power over His Church. I would have you ponder this over, and mark that the rule of our glorious Christ by His naked power is sung of in the sweet-song of the Israelites, and we will join with them (Exodus xv.), for there we see the naked Omnipotent power displayed; but there was not a grain of love in it, nor connected with it, to the Egyptians. "Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them, they sank

as lead in the mighty waters." Now go to the prophet Isaiah, and to the book of Kings: there we see the naked power of God. Sennacherib declares, "I am come up against Jerusalem, according to God's commandment." He was not the first liar that was sent to hell: for all liars are turned into hell. Well, he began with all his ingenuity and with all his enmity against God and His dear children, saying, "We will give you horses to ride upon;" but God's power was manifested; for, saith God, "I will put my hook in his nose." Mark, if you have got numerous enemies, God will put His hook in their noses, you may depend upon it; and when God puts an hook in a man's nose, the devil cannot take it out. "I will turn him back by the way he came;" and it came to pass, when they awoke the next morning, they were all dead corpses." Mark another display of the power of Him that sitteth on the throne. Pharaoh will not let you go; but, says God, "my power shall be manifested." "Ah," saith he, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey Him?" but God's purpose must be accomplished. He sent a destroying angel into every house of the Egyptians, who executed, by God's power, God's purpose; for there was not an house in all Egypt, where there was not one dead. Well did dear old Micah say, "Who is a God like unto thee!" and well may God's children every day triumph; "for if God be for us, who can be against us?" "And we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

"He ruleth by His power." Now mark down another thing. I suppose you frequently talk about temptations, because you feel them. Well, Satan can have no more power over you than Pilate had over our precious Lord Jesus, unless that power is given to him from above. The power given to Pilate was to execute God's purpose, and thus Satan was permitted to act in concert with Pilate, that God's purpose might be fulfilled in their destruction and the Church's deliverance. The Lord rules and reigns, and the Lord saith, "Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further." Some of you may have been driven to your wit's end; some may have been ready to give all up for lost from the fiery darts of the devil; but you mind, there is a purpose to answer, and there is a promise to be fulfilled; there is a precious Christ to be known, and there is something to be felt and experienced. For having been tempted in all points like His brethren, He knoweth how to succour them that are tempted. I shall dwell a little longer on this glorious mercy. He ruleth for you, over all that you have ever heard of or have ever seen; He sees everything that hath any existence; whatever it may be, it is all subservient to our most glorious Christ. Since He has been graciously pleased to open this secret to my mind, it is not for me to be troubling about what may take place to-morrow. I do not trouble myself about the increase of Popery, nor the opposition to

God's Christ. Why? He ruleth by His power; all things are subservient to Him; and our mercy is, as we belong to Christ, "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose." Just ponder over these things: for I think you will not find it needful to set up a prayer meeting every Monday morning to pray down the Pope and his people: but in the sweet exercise of your mind you will be constrained to call upon your precious Lord, who hath said, "I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." This is the way God's children go on, and I can assure you, beloved, it does not trouble me what may be going on outside my door. I like to drop these hints to the children: for it appears to me that many terrify themselves about what may take place: but let us sing and rejoice in what is done, in what is accomplished, and what we have in anticipation; for, bless God, nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

"He shall rule on His throne." We must have one remark more, and look at it in a natural way. What destruction has lately taken place, and that by only one thing, even the stormy wind; thus fulfilling His Word: and although we may recoil in feeling, and even the blood run chill, to hear of things that have taken place concerning our fellow creatures, with their distresses, yet, He sits and rules upon His throne, and there our noble mind centres. The stormy wind fulfils His purpose: so that everything, beloved, is going on, in providence and in nature, in a mysterious way. What is the sun, moon, and stars; but they are all subservient to Him, all ordered and all moving on according to divine wisdom, till by and by the scene will end, and the Church raised up into glory for ever.

I must have you look at another especial mercy connected with His rule; for it is a thing that is very near home; namely, "thou hast given Him power over all flesh." Now the flesh is our nearest neighbour. Sometimes we think of things at a distance; that is, outside our doors: but when it comes to flesh and blood, depend upon it, it is not without our feeling it; for many times flesh and blood so works, that it gets like a rampant lion; but He hath power over all flesh; but it is often very trying, and if a man or woman is not tried with flesh and blood, there is certainly something rotten in their religion, and if they have nothing to look to but what they find in themselves, depend upon it, there is something sadly out of the way with them. But He hath power over all flesh. How many times have you been brought to know the secret respecting one member of the flesh, and only Jesus hath power over that. "Ah," saith James, "The tongue is an unruly member." All manner of beasts hath been tamed, but no one can tame the tongue; "it is a world of iniquity." God saith so by His servant, and if you know

anything of the truths of God, you have found it is not only a world of iniquity, but it sets on fire the whole course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell. Have you not stood astonished at times, when no eye hath seen you but God, how you have been kept from breaking out in rage, to blaspheme God : "for therewith," saith James, "we bless God, and therewith we curse men ; these things ought not to be so." Have you not felt sometimes, when a little restriction has been put on, as it were by a fellow creature, that you could curse him ; the mind and feelings boiling like a pot ? and would it not have gratified you, even since you have known the Lord ? yea, would have been delighted could you have called down fire from heaven upon such an one ? "What," say you, "do you say such things about human nature, and can they be true ?" You must know it before you will believe it. "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him ?" Beloved, what a mercy it is, Jesus Christ hath power over all flesh. I can assure you, beloved of the Lord, this one thing endears my Jesus to me, because I have no more command over my tongue than I have over the wind. "Ah," say some, "I am like David, I keep my mouth as with a bridle." You may go on with your keeping, and I will go on with the rule of my precious Christ. I know where the glory will be, and blessedness too—"Kept by the power of God." He hath power over all things ; and if it were lawful to speak what I could on this point, some of God's children would wonder ; but it is a dear mercy to those that know it, and they will praise Him and cleave to Him with full purpose of heart, and the language will be, "His strength is made perfect in weakness ;" so that Christ must have the management of everything, not only of the tongue, but of the feet also.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(Continued from page 48.)

SOME time after this we had a small Baptist chapel in the Town, and my father and mother were both members, and I had to attend the Sunday school. A few of the old members were baptized at Newark on Trent. The first minister we had was a Mr. W. Musson ; but he soon left his flock to shift for themselves. This man was pretty sound in the letter of truth, and that may be all. I have heard some of the old members say that he was a self constituted preacher ; and this may be said of many more. I am told that my mother was the first person baptized in Southwell for two

hundred years. She was immersed in a small dyke; but I knew and cared nothing about these matters at that time. I believe that there was a little sound gospel in the place, and a good deal of that sort of gospel which suits 5 or 6 parties. After the shepherd had left the flock, they were for some time without a minister, but had supplies from various places; and we had much company at our house on account of its being near the chapel and where the key was kept. These had been golden days for me to get information could I have heard and understood their conversation. These preachers were of 3 or 4 sorts. Some were called Tip-tops; others, Arminians: a few, Milk-and-water; and the rest, Neutrals, not knowing what else to designate them. As might be expected, with such a medley, there was much wrangling and disputing among the hearers as to the qualifications of the different ministers, with many old wives tales; so that it did not require very deep penetration or quick discernment to discover a lack of the "unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace." A preacher by the name of Streets suited the high-sentiment hearers very well, they would have liked him for their Pastor; but he was not a Baptist. I believe he was a good man, both sound and experimental in his preaching. I wish we had a few more such men. He was soon carried to his long home. About this time a Mr. Bryan from Nottingham came on a visit, and was much esteemed by one party. He was the father of Ruth Bryan, *alias* "The Gleaner," that sweet and blessed writer in the "Witness," whose writings are so full of gracious dew and holy fire, and which have often comforted the disconsolate, strengthened the weak, and enriched the poor in spirit. Her tongue was indeed as the pen of a ready writer. How sweetly she treats of things touching the King! How blessedly she enters into the experience of Zion in her bitters and sweets! How lovely, savoury, and sound was she in her views of divine truth! May the Lord bless us all with a larger portion of her spirit.

Now I am speaking of the writings of Ruth Bryan, I must be allowed to indulge in a few words more while it is warm upon the mind; for my memory is like the money bag with holes (Micah i. 6); therefore I may not trust it until another day.

There are a few whose writings I could not at one time relish as I do now. I never saw to my knowledge any of the writings of this daughter of Abraham until I met with them in "Zion's Witness." It is nearly forty years since I heard her father preach, and the Lord alone knows the dark side of my experience from that time to this, my path being one of great tribulation. I could feel no union of heart with any, until I saw the "Witness," unless they were in the same path as myself, and whose preaching, conversation, or writing described the conflict of the two natures; but I must

now acknowledge that although I had my feelings described, with the devilish workings of sin, in all its filthiness and pollution, so that I thought myself in the footsteps of the flock, they did not warm my heart. It is true they described my case, but the remedy was wanting. They could work at the dung-gate, but could not take me to the palace of the King. They could give a description of my malady, wretchedness, and misery, but failed to introduce me to my Beloved at the house of banquet. Had I in those days seen and understood the writings of the "Reaper" and the "Gleaner" my pathway, however thorny, had been smoothened, my comforts more lasting, my joy more solid, my heart more established, and my peace in Jesus more permanent. Though I could not *then* appreciate the ministry of Mr. Triggs, for the want of understanding it, yet *now* I can bless and praise the Lord for ever raising up and sending forth so able a minister of the New Testament. It is true I have known something of these blessed things in the letter for many years, but never so many passages of Scripture bearing upon them in spiritual blessedness and glory until I read the correspondence between the "Reaper" and the "Gleaner." I love the writers and readers of the "Gospel Standard," but that periodical does not contain the consolation which my soul now seeks after. This is more clearly opened up in the "Witness;" and now, in my declining age, after many years of painful experience, I am come to the following conclusion: That it is the one design of Scripture and teaching of the blessed Spirit to exalt Christ in His covenant character, offices, and relations for the consolation of the Church: that the blessed Spirit never leads a man into self—the conflict of the mind, the workings of sin—for an evidence of sonship or state of grace; that our receiving comfort and feeling happy is not the ground of consolation, but simply Christ in His person, blood, and righteousness; that that ministry whose chief aim is to treat of the evils of the heart, is acting in direct opposition to the design of the spirit of the gospel; that the rest, peace, and consolation of the Word remain the same under all circumstances and conditions; and that all the blessings of the covenant flow to the living family exclusively upon the solid and sure ground of indissoluble relationship to Christ. These points are not sufficiently insisted upon in many of our so-called Gospel churches. Now, while I am writing this feeble testimony to God's truth, something seems to whisper, "You are doing yourself no good, will never get it printed, and if you do, no one will ever purchase it." I am growing old in years, and may not live to see my life and experience published; and I am afraid that it would feed my pride too much if I should. But it may fall into the hands of some one, after I am silent in the grave, who may wish to have

it printed; and, therefore, in hopes of meeting the cases of some poor outcasts, whose experience and sentiments make them a burden to the good pastor and his pious flock, I shall go on with it, and leave it in the hands of Him who often makes use of the most unlikely means to comfort His afflicted poor. But before I go on with my pathway, I wish to be distinctly understood that although I shall have to relate many dark spots, and much that is considered a disgrace to the cause of truth, I do not set up my experience as a standard for others. My sins and backslidings are my own, and I have had to smart for them. "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways;" and so have I found it; for there is so much Arminianism rooted in my heart, and there have been so many pharasaical attempts to wash, mend, and patch up the old Adam nature, that the Lord has in mercy plunged me again and again in the ditch, so that my hands, my feet, my heart, and my head, have been as filthy and loathsome as hell. I did not come into the purity of the Gospel until I was compelled to lay aside all my Arminian working tools, and cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils; and this was not until my life, my strength, and the best part of my days were thrown away to the world, the flesh, and the devil.

We sometimes had Joshua Brown to preach to us. This man I much liked in after days. His preaching was simple, sound, and savoury. He was a poor stockinger, with very little human learning; he had neither been at Oxford nor Cambridge, and yet I could sit under his ministry with pleasure and profit; and I do verily believe that as the Lord's children are generally poor in pocket, and straitened in circumstances, He seldom sends them a minister among the rich or great of this world; and what indeed do the fat bunglers of this world know of the trials of the sin-distressed, world-hated, and devil-hunted children of God? Just nothing; for their religion and brazen-face ecclesiastical impertinence are all stuffed in and brought forth by the satanical inspiration of the father of lies, which mostly consists of dry doctrines and pleasing anecdotes of some wonderful displays of missionary exploits, which are as useless, light, and empty as the wind and the dust, the serpent's meat. The living children of the living God must have the Bread of God and the blood of the covenant ministered to them by those who are appointed of God and anointed by His Spirit to dispense the Word of life. I would rather hear a plain, honest-hearted man, however uncultivated, who can speak of what he has tasted, handled, and felt of the Word of life, than all the flowery eloquence in the world. I am well aware that what I am saying will not be relished by Mr. Smooth-path, Mr. Sound-skin, and their religious lady Mrs Love-

ease; but this I do not mind; for the people of God know it is true, and that's enough for me.

After a deal of wrangling between disciples who loved to have the pre-eminence, with Alexander the coppersmith, and the rest of the motley tribe, one George Alvey from Nottingham was ordained over us as our minister; but he brought upon himself and the church much trouble.

A circumstance, I had almost forgotten, I must here relate. In the month of February I had the misfortune to break a window by snow-balling, which must be paid for by Saturday night, or I must put up with the consequences. When Saturday came I saw no likelihood of meeting the payment, and it came into my head in the afternoon about 3 o'clock that I would slip off; so that, without saying a word to any one, I set off for Mansfield, a distance of eleven miles, the snow being deep on the ground, without one penny in my pocket, an empty belly, and a hardened conscience. At Farmsfield I met a member of the Southwell Baptist Chapel who knew me. This man's name was Davinson. On I went as fast as the snow would allow, but it was dark ere I had accomplished half of my journey, and the snow came down thicker and faster.

In the mean time my relatives and friends were busily engaged in seeking for me. They searched the brickyard ponds, thinking that I might, whilst sliding on the ice, have dropped in.

When I reached Rainworth it was quite dark, and never having travelled the road before, I felt very lonely; added to which I was cold and hungry. Before I got much further I began to feel very tired, and how I should reach Mansfield I knew not. Where I should go and what I should do when I reached there were now serious questions with me; and though I believe that I had no real cause to run away, yet a kind and merciful providence watched over me. As I trudged onward I was overtaken by a man, with whom I entered into conversation. We reached Mansfield about 8 o'clock, and I was tired, cold, wet, and hungry. The man kindly took me to his house, gave me coffee and dried my clothes; but he could not accomodate me for the night, therefore I turned out into the streets. While going toward the market place, I was met by some lads, who told me that a man wanted me at Thomas Shipman's in the market place. I therefore went with them, wondering what was coming. I had not proceeded far ere I met my father. "Well," says he, "how do you do?" I told him how I was. He then asked where I was going. I told him that I did not know. I looked very hard at his walking stick, expecting to have what I richly deserved; but no, he told me to come along with him. He took me to Thomas Shipman's, where I got a hearty good supper of

bread, meat, cheese, and beer, with a good night's lodging. The next morning, after a good breakfast, my father took me over the town. We then proceeded on our way home, and while crossing the forest, he told me that I could take which course I liked, as he could do very well without me. He pointed the way to Nottingham ; but no, I had had enough, and returned with him with far different feelings to those I had the previous day.

Not long after this I overheard my father and elder brother conversing about religion, as we sat at work, when I got to hear that such an one was a Calvinist, and such another an Arminian. This excited a desire to know what a Calvinist was. We possessed a few old books of the right stamp, such as the "Pilgrim's Progress," "Hawker's Tracts," &c. which I for the first time looked into. In reading Hawker's Tracts my mind began to open, and I had a growing desire to read all that I came in contact with. I soon discovered that my mother was a Calvinist ; but my father did not seem to be established on either side. After reading the "Pilgrim's Progress," tracts, &c., I looked into the Bible, and took a special interest in reading the histories of noted men, particularly that of Joseph. But I knew nothing of its spiritual meaning. No, I saw nothing of our adorable, lovely, spiritual Joseph, who was sent by His Father into this lower world to see how His poor brethren did ; nothing of the treatment He met with, what hardships He endured, what mockings He suffered, and contradiction He bore. I was far too blind to see our spiritual Joseph in this our Egypt, sent to prison and to death : had no spiritual eyes to see our persecuted, but Beloved, Joseph coming from prison and from death and the grave, to be exalted at the right hand of power, for ever to reign King of Zion, King of Righteousness, and King of glory. Indeed I knew nothing of the great plenty, the unsearchable riches, the everlasting fulness of pardon, peace, salvation, sanctification, redemption, and glory treasured up in our Jesus, who is both Storehouse and Treasury for His blood-bought family. O the riches, glory, and eternal plenty treasured up in our Brother Joseph ! I felt not the awful famine, the plague of sin, the nakedness and shame of the land of destruction, so as to drive me into spiritual Egypt to our Joseph for bread of life, and water of life. No, these precious blessings were then hid from my eyes and heart.

(To be Continued.)

Cast down, dear Lord, indeed I am,
But not destroyed, I know ;
World, sin, and Satan cannot damn,
Or cause thy wrath to flow.

Thy love to me in Jesus is
An ocean broad and deep :
The path of blood I cannot miss :
For thou my soul wilt keep.

A DREAM, YET NOT A DREAM.

MY DEAR SISTER,—According to your request I now write the particulars of how the Lord was pleased to manifest Himself to me in a dream. I dreamed that I found myself coiled up, as it were, on a dry, dusty road-side, feeling myself to be the most loathsome, vile, filthy, and depraved creature in existence, and as I lay in this wretched state, I heard footsteps approaching, and a voice, saying, “Christ is passing by.” These words had such an effect upon me that I cannot describe. I felt that if He passed by without blessing me I should be lost for ever. Then a cry was put into my heart, and I called out earnestly, “Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.” He immediately came and looked upon me, and He held in His left hand a small white basin. He dipped the fingers of His right hand into it, and sprinkled me with the contents, when these words came with power into my mind: “I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean” (Ezekiel xxxvi. 25). He then walked on with the crowd, and in an instant I appeared to spring up from the ground, and felt as if scales were taken from my eyes. Everything around me looked so light and beautiful! I was full of enjoyment, and called out, “*I’m accepted in Christ! I’m accepted in Christ! Oh, I’m accepted in Christ!*” I then awoke and found it was a dream; but the blessedness of it has not left me to this day. In fact, sometimes it is fresh upon the mind as though it had but just occurred; and I am firmly persuaded that it was the Lord’s doings, and marvellous in my eyes. “Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift” to me the unworthiest of all His children.

Ah! my dear sister, we have much to thank Him for. “He spoke and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast.” Oh, what a mercy for us that we have the hearing ear and the understanding heart! These are special favors bestowed upon the living family. When we were dead in trespasses and sins, He said unto us “Live;” and He also says, “Because I live, ye shall live also.” I will say with the Psalmist, “Come and hear, all ye that fear God; and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.” “Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

With best love to yourself and Mr. W., believe me to remain yours in that bond which cannot be broken,

MARY FOSTER.

A DIALOGUE ON CRETANISM.

THOMAS.—I want to ask you, John, what a Cretan is?

JOHN.—Well, Thomas, I will tell you. A Cretan is a native of Crete, an island of Greece; the original name of Greece being *Javan*, which means *he that deceives*.

T.—Well, now I know that Paul gives them a very bad character: he says they are “liars, evil beasts, and slow bellies;” but what does he mean by a “slow belly?”

J.—A slow belly is one who is slow of heart to receive the truth.

T.—And what is an “evil beast?”

J.—An evil beast is a false minister who gets into the Church, perplexing, troubling, and deceiving the people.

T.—Can you give me an example of Cretan teaching?

J.—Yes. Here is a poor thing just quickened into spiritual life; sin and condemnation are rankling in his conscience, and withering every hope and every pleasure; the tears of repentance flow freely; he would fain escape from the wrath to come; but he sees not the way, and is well nigh overwhelmed with sorrow; but Cretan tells him he has already got the blessing; for, says he, “the spirit of adoption comes in with sorrow.” Now the poor thing, having but little judgment of his own, cannot contradict Cretan, neither dare he presume, and thus sorrow is added to sorrow,

T.—Can you tell, John, how a true minister would deal with a case like this?

J.—A true minister would not speculate, but would teach as he had seen, heard, and handled of the good Word of life. He would say to the poor thing, “The spirit of legal bondage now holds thee fast; therefore thou hast fear, torment, and sorrow; but when the spirit of adoption comes in, all sorrow, fear, and torment will fly away; and thy heavenly Father will draw thee to His loving arms, and rejoice over thee as a fond parent over a long lost but restored child. I can trace the marks of a child on thee now, though thou canst not thyself: therefore the spirit of adoption is in store for thee, and thou shalt have it in God’s own good time.” Then he would point him to the glorious person, cleansing blood, and justifying righteousness of the Redeemer, and by favour of the Holy Spirit this would produce a gleam of light from between the clouds, a little loosening of the bonds, some small buddings of faith, hope, and love, with many anxious cries, longings, and desires for Christ and His great salvation; but, presently, the clouds again close in, the bonds become tighter than ever, and the little faith he seemed to have appears to be all gone, and he is ready to give all up in

despair; but Cretan again tells him he has got the blessing; for, says he, "When faith is heavily tried and oppressed, that is the assurance of faith;" and the poor thing catches at it: for he would fain be lifted out of his troubles, but conscience smites him down again; and thus burden is added to burden.

T.—So then, John, according to your account of Cretanism, Mr. Hart had good cause to write that judicious verse in one of his hymns:

"Let no false comfort lift them up
To confidence that's vain,
Nor let their faith and courage droop,
For whom the Lamb was slain."

But, John, I want you to tell me how you got your knowledge of this true minister and his truthful teaching?

J.—Ay, that's right, Thomas, bring me to the test; for such is the great natural light of the present day, that the mere human intellect dabbles in experimental as well as doctrinal religion: but I will answer your question. Many years ago I met with a very poor man, and so ignorant, that he could not read a chapter correctly, and yet he was a minister. He knew nothing about Blackstone's commentaries or hydrogen gas; acromancy or pyromancy; and yet he was crafty.

T.—Why, John, the Word of God says a minister must not walk in craftiness, nor handle the Word deceitfully.

J.—Have patience, my friend, and you shall hear. When I was young, the working of sin and wrath in my conscience made me miserable by day and terrified me with sin-avenging dreams by night; and as I thought no one else was in the same plight, I kept my tongue still, and could open my mind to nobody, yet some how or other this poor ignorant man contrived to get a word out of me, and then he made it a handle to get more; so you see he caught me with guile, and when he had satisfied himself about the state of my mind, then he instructed me without reversing God's order of teaching; he removed the stumblingblocks, and showed me a plain path, without turning things upside down, and when—

T.—Why, John, I should say he was a learned man, after all.

J.—Yes, that poor ignorant man had more true learning than the wisest minister in all the kingdom of Javan, and when we last parted, he gave me two words of prophecy as he said for my faith to rest on, and which words have been long since happily verified in my own experience; and the memory of that poor man is still dear to me.

T.—I should like to hear those two words, John, if you can remember them.

J.—The first word is, "Hope deferred, maketh the heart sick;

but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life;" and the second word is, "For the vision is yet for an appointed time; but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

PROFESSION AND POSSESSION.

"But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
Almighty love, arrest that man!
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place."

How few in our professing world know anything about the arrows of distress. Most religionists glide softly into a profession, take up a name to live while they are dead in trespasses and in sins. Some profess free-grace and some free-will, but are both alike in condemnation. It matters not what a man's religious sentiments are, whether he contends for Calvinism or Arminianism, if he is only in nature; for he is deluded by the prince of the power of the air. It is true that there are more to uphold Arminianism than Calvinism; but we consider that the person who believes in Calvinistic doctrines, and who has not realized the grace of them in their heart, is more to be dreaded than those who believe in the contrary doctrines. A man or woman who tells us that God loved all mankind, that Christ died for the whole human race, and that the Holy Ghost strives, sooner or later, more or less, with every child of Adam, we perfectly understand him or her to be deceived by the father of lies, and to be perfectly ignorant of that covenant which is ordered in all things and sure to all the seed elect; but the person who tells us that the great Jehovah loved His Church in Christ, blest it in Christ with spiritual blessings, saved it in Christ with an everlasting salvation, and will bring every member of that Church safe home to eternal glory, we are apt, without the least hesitation, to consider taught of God; and yet how likely we are to be woefully deceived. Reader, who is most likely to take you in? Do you not think the latter Calvinist is more to be avoided than the latter Arminian? We do, and we have come in contact with no small number of them; and we have learnt a little by heartfelt experience from these clear-headed and whole-hearted professors. Do we by this countenance Arminianism? By no means; for we believe that no person can live and die an Arminian and go to heaven. Why? "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace

of thy children:" and, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." We have no doubt, at the same time, that many of the Lord's people have lived nearly the whole of their lives with a lie in their right hand, but God will see to it that they shall not depart hence without being better taught. We know that there are many, even of the Lord's family, who are very charitably disposed towards those who come pretty near to the letter of truth, and are angry with God's servants when they boldly in their Master's name reprobate such profession. They say, Why do you not preach the truth and let all denominations alone? Why should you interfere with other sections of christians because they cannot see eye to eye with you? To such we would say, Why do you interfere with us for meddling with them? If God sends a prophet, he has to withstand all false prophets sent by the devil: if God sends a man to preach His truth, he has to boldly set his face like a flint against the men who are sent of the devil to preach his lies. "Let God be true, and every man a liar" who dares to oppose His truth. We know that it is a common saying among go-between professors, "There are some good christians among all classes of religionists." Indeed, how very charitable. We believe that it matters not what a person professes, if they are only in nature; for their religion is only in the flesh, and their sacrifices are an abomination to the Lord. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Christ told Nicodemus that he must be born again, and all religion that does not commence from the new birth, whether the religious party be Calvinist or Arminian, must be exclusively in the old creature or Adam earthy. The religion of Jesus Christ is entirely spiritual, while the religion of the flesh is wholly natural; therefore whoever speaks, writes, or preaches against natural religion or fleshly professors will neither get guilt on his conscience nor a frown from his God. The Lord says, "He that hath my Word let him speak my Word faithfully; for what is she chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord?" But now the mouth of the Gospel ox must be muzzled. The servant must do all that in him lies to avoid giving offence. He must not say one word against the different *isms* of the day: for if he does, he is at once a man of a bad spirit; and many hearers are so wondrously wise and discerning that they can almost tell you to a word what belongs to the preacher's flesh, and what is the result of the Spirit's teaching. It would be as well for these criticising professors to hold their peace, and not speak a word against him who reproveth in the gate. The Word of God recommends persons to be "swift to hear and slow to speak." When the Lord sends a man to preach His truth, He graciously equips and qualifies that man for his work, and we do not envy those who are ready to make him an offender for a word. If a man

is faithful in preaching or in writing the truth, he sure to give offence; and we have but a poor opinion of that man who can preach without it. Whoever commissioned him, God has not; whoever taught him, God did not; whoever are pleased with his preaching, God's children are not. The Lord says that those who separate the precious from the vile are as His mouth; but we do not think that those who call evil good and good evil, darkness light, and light darkness are as God's mouth. No, they are more like Satan's mouth a great deal; for he is a liar, and father of lies. The offence of the Cross has not, will not, cannot cease; and they that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution, both outward and inward. Christ says, "Woe be to you when all men speak well of you;" and, "Ye shall be hated of all men, for my name sake." "Think not," says the man of sorrows, "that I came to send peace on earth, but a sword;" and true enough it is, that wherever the sword of the Spirit enters, there is division. The seed of the serpent at once rises in opposition to the seed of the woman. The one is from beneath, the other is from above; the one is of this world, the other is not of this world. Christ and Belial are not allied; flesh and spirit are not in harmony. Adam the first and the second Adam are not in agreement. Christ says that offences *must* come, and the children daily prove that offences *do* come. "Marvel not," said Jesus, "if the world hate you," and yet how apt we are to marvel; for we forget that we are not of the world, even as He is not of the world. "In me ye shall have peace: but in the world tribulation; be of good cheer; for I have overcome the world."

Be content then, ye children of God, to take up your cross daily and follow Him through the evil report of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and the good report of Father, Word, and Holy Spirit.

We will now return to our starting place.

"But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
Almighty Love, arrest that man."

Reader, have you been arrested and put into prison for debt? But can you believe that Almighty Love has done it? Have you the least idea that your best and only Friend's hand is in this matter? Can you conceive for a moment that the best thing possible happened to you? Will you believe us if we tell you that you are a prisoner of hope? May we not, without the least peradventure, tell you that you are the Lord's captive? You are now in prison, and living on prison fare, but you long to get out. You are now tied and bound, but you groan to be freed. Who can do this for you? We anticipate your answer—the Lord. He can, but will

He? say you. To be sure He will. When? In His own blessed time: in His set time to favor Zion.

"The time of love will come,
When thou shalt plainly see,
Not only that He shed His blood,
But that He died for thee."

Yes, child of my God,

"The Lord whom thou seekest,
Will not tarry long,
For to Him the weakest
Is dear as the strong."

The same Almighty Love that has arrested you and given you to see to your sorrow that you have no hiding place,

"Will lead you on with placid pace
To Jesus as your Hiding Place."

You then will say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise His holy name!"

Many of our readers know Christ as their Hiding Place, and there is nothing in nature that they are more certain of. Have they natural life? They are not more sure of this than they are of possessing spiritual life. This may seem strange to some, but these are children of God who can say of Christ, "Who loved ME, and gave Himself for ME:" and they can also join their brother Paul in saying, "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Surely it may be said at this time, "What hath God wrought?" Child of God, there is no condemnation, there CAN be no separation. "Because I live, ye shall live also."

"Did Jesus once upon thee shine?
Then Jesus is for ever thine."

He is unchanged and unchangeable. He cannot deny Himself in you His bride, in you His member, in you His sheep, in you His son or daughter. "He that loveth His wife, loveth Himself." "Ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular;" "for He hath set the members in the body as it pleased Him;" and I am sure we have no reason to be displeased with Love's arrangement; but have an eternal cause to bless Him that

"Grace has plac'd us in the number
Of the Saviour's family."

To feel the arrows of distress, without realizing the balm of Gilead,

drinks up all the spirit of a child of God, dries up all his moisture; so that, with Christ, he is like the drought of summer. But none were ever wounded by the gracious hand of God without being healed by the precious blood of the Lamb. But to feel the arrow of conviction rankling in our mental veins drives us to our wit's end, and makes us to despair of life. Should our reader be suffering from God's arrow, may the Lord give him or her the consolation which is in Christ. May the blessed Spirit take of the things of Christ, and reveal to their distracted mind. May He say with Almighty power, with dew and unction, "Behold the Lamb of God!" May the blessed Jesus say, "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"Though thy sins are red like scarlet,
White as snow I'll make them be :
Though thou oft hast play'd the harlot,
Fond of others more than me,
Yet I love thee :
Thou art still my undefiled."

You will then say and sing from the bottom of your heart, with all your mind and strength, "Sing, O ye heavens! for the Lord hath done it: shout, ye lower parts of the earth, O forest, and every tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified Himself in Israel." Indeed you will be strong in the strength which is in Christ Jesus, and will be able exultingly to say, "God is my Refuge and Strength!" Yes, child of God, you will have all that heart can wish, all that soul can require. I am sure you will agree with Toplady in saying;

"I'm rich to all the intents of bliss
Since thou, O God, art mine."

Beloved, for the present, farewell !

THE EDITOR.

35, Trinity Street, Hull.

A RILL FROM THE RIVER.

DEARLY BELOVED,—“Grace be to you, and peace, from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.” Though afflictions seem to abound in

your mortal frame, our Jesus still doeth all things well; He will nourish and cherish His own flesh, and "though He cause grief, yet will have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies." We should not know His power as Jehovah Rophi if we did not feel afflictions; or need to prove Him Jehovah Jireh, if we could provide for ourselves. We only come into the trials of our wilderness condition, to learn what He can do for us, and that we can do nothing for ourselves; and to have His heart of love and sympathy laid open to us as I think we never could if we had not been sinners and sufferers. The miseries and maladies of the first Adam give a fine opening for the love, power, and glories of the Second, "who Himself took our infirmities, and bore our sicknesses," and was "made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." So while walking through this valley of the shadow of death we need fear no evil, for He is with us who had the substance and sting of death, and who is the resurrection and life: and though He wills that we suffer with Him,

"We do at most but taste the cup,
Tis He alone who drank it up:"

and we have the blissful prospect of being eternally glorified together. How this cheers us as we feel that shortly we must put off this tabernacle, as our Lord hath showed us. We are "willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord," knowing that "to depart and be with Christ will be far better." Therefore of the afflictions and sorrows of life, and of the article of death, we may safely say, "in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us." This I honestly believe, though my weak heart often says, "how shall I do in the swellings of Jordan?" I long to go to Court, and gaze with unceasing delight on the glories of the heavenly Bridegroom; but have latterly had some fear of the pangs of departing nature; perhaps partly from witnessing many lingering and painful departures. But may be herein I am conferring with flesh and blood, which are always evil counsellors. Surely, then, "what time I am afraid, I will trust in thee:" for thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell, and hast brought me up from the pit of corruption, hast made me (as a bird) let loose, and thou canst give me to possess the west as well as the south. All-lovely and ever loving Immanuel, I commit myself fully to thee afresh for life and death, for time and eternity: for thou art, and ever will be, my glorious all in all.

Beloved in the Lord, we may not pass many more greetings in the lower house, but shall not change our object or subject when we meet within the Vail, where the Forerunner is for us entered;

there we shall see and sing of Him. He has been the fragrance and sweetness of our communion below, He will be the full fruition of it above. No straitening in ourselves there, but eternal enlargement in Him; and an ever new song as His glories burst in fresh effulgence upon our ravished sight, and we endlessly learn the love of a Triune Jehovah in all the blissful heights and depths thereof as revealed in Him who is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person, in whom His soul delighteth, and who is to His Church an Ocean of Love without a bottom or a shore. "God is Love;" and Christ is the manifestation of it. He has been revealed in us here, and we believe the love God hath to us, He will be revealed to us there, and we shall know and enjoy it as now we cannot. Still it is the same love, and the same life. You may cross Jordan a little first; but there will be no separation.

"The Church above, and Church below,
But one communion make."

All receive of the fulness of Jesus grace for grace, and glory for glory: all join to sing, "Worthy is the Lamb, and crown Him Lord of all."

I know not the nature of your affliction; it has been said here that you were seized with blindness in the pulpit, which seems remarkable. However, by these frequent visitations, it looks that the outer man is perishing: may your consolation in Christ Jesus abound more and more, and while permitted to speak in His name your testifyings of Him be increasingly unctuous and savoury, by the anointing, that the children of Zion may be joyful in their King, and many a fleece wet with the Dew of heaven. Remember me when in the royal presence you are favoured to plead; my desire is more unfoldings of His glory, who is fairer than the children of men, and apprehensions of His watchfulness. I thank you for the sermon; and, with love in Jesus to Mrs. T. and yourself, remain in Him our glorious Head and Husband,

Yours affectionately,

RUTH.

SPARKS FROM THE FURNACE

TO MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—I know your path, like mine, is a rough one. Trouble, the stern warrior, will not cease to brandish his sword and spear over the old beaten path of our fore-fathers. "Through much tribulation, ye shall enter the kingdom." I seem, like Job, "born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." But I also read, "and the days of Job's captivity were ended." So

I take courage from the words. There is a bottom and an end to all mine, and every one I pass through diminishes the number, and must, like the Egyptians in the Red Sea, sink to rise no more. It is true we have thought sometimes the next that came was a twin, because of the striking resemblance. However, I find the flood, the flame, the den, through evil report and through good report, as a deceiver and yet true, is the way, and I cannot escape it. I have often chalked out my own path, but I cannot walk in it. But what a mercy there is a highway cast up for the scattered and peeled blood-bought inheritance, and none but the redeemed walk there. It is wonderful how the Lord, by the symbols of His presence, led His wandering hosts from Egypt to Canaan, in the days of old. Their path was a chequered one ; but all that were booked for Canaan into Canaan they went ; not a hoof was left behind. No, they would not leave so much as an old kneading trough for the Egyptians to chuckle over after their departure. Everything that bore the brand and superscription of Israel was carried along with them. So shall it be with the sons and daughters of Zion, who are comparable to fine gold, having passed through the furnace, refined and coined, and bearing the superscription and image of God, they shall be changed from glory to glory ; and as current coin shall pass through every hand decreed, until they return to the royal mint above. "The Spirit shall return unto God who gave it." The Bride-elect stood identified with Jesus, the heavenly Bridegroom, in the covenant council, and solemn engagements, suitable investments, and righteous enactments, all written and engraved upon the heart and immortal tablet of Zion's God and King, to be read aloud when the muster roll shall be called, on the resurrection morn, and the response will be from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake, "Here am I, and the children thou hast given me, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition (the seed of the serpent), that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." "It hath pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell !" yea, "the fulness of Him that filleth all in all. The fulness of love, blood, grace, and righteousness, is now the food, clothing, and the foretaste of that eternal blessedness laid up for the travail of His soul, which Jehovah saw in Jesus, in full perfection shine, and was satisfied as to the final results that should be accomplished at the set time to favour Zion. So I feel fully persuaded that there is not a trouble, trial, privation, temptation, persecution, through which we are called to pass, but what were laid out, determined, purposed, and decreed ; together with every false friend, bitter foe, cross, loss, and affliction, which have tended to cut the throat of credit, character, and reputation. Every piece of vile slander, and sarcastic reproach, that has been thrown like a pitiless thunder-bolt upon our

defenceless heads (to appearance), to crush us into the dust of death, have also been fixed : but " by the grace of God I am what I am," and where I am for the time being, though the enemies of God's truth (and some of them professors of a free-grace gospel, which are the worst of all when they put on the profession, to be called by His name), turn round, and, with open mouth, like Paul's beasts at Ephesus, devour the poor and needy, make the heart of the righteous sad, and turn the lame out of the way. The sons and daughters of Belial are always in the way to curse David. As they are of the cursed seed, they must, according to their seed, breed and generate, curse them whom God hath blessed, that God may fulfil His own word, " I will curse him (or her) that curses thee ;" and upon such " the curse causeless shall not come." If it pleases the Lord to afflict or chastise His children, He is bound by covenant oath in love to contend with those that contend with them, as they are the apple of His eye, the tenderly beloved of His heart. " I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him, until He plead my cause, and execute judgment for me ; He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold His righteousness : and she that is mine enemy shall see it, and shame shall cover her which said unto me, Where is the Lord thy God ?" My soul shall yet sing, " Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me." " Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy ! when I fall, I shall arise ; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." " Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered : let them also that hate Him flee before Him ; as smoke is driven away, so drive them away." When creature love is exhausted, thence cometh enmity and hatred—lies and treachery—as from a boiling caldron ; and their spleen makes them manifest. But we can afford to let them rise to the climax of their revenge, as " God shall shoot at them with an arrow : suddenly shall they be wounded." Although the heart be deep, and stored with all the deceptive art, craft, revenge and malice of hell, the Spirit of the eternal God shall discover their malicious and wicked designs, and bring their darkness to the light. " The foundation of the Lord standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are His." Thank God for this. It is oil and honey taken out of the Rock of Ages, to moisten our lips and cheer our hearts while travelling through this dreary desert.

Dear brother, more than once have I seen the naked bow of God reached down from His armoury, in the defence of a bruised reed, when the cry has broken forth from the rebel host, " God hath forsaken him, let us persecute him, and take him ; for there is none to deliver him." And those who created the gallows for Mordecai, had the unspeakable pleasure of having the first swing

upon it. Those that threw the three Hebrew worthies into the flames perished in the same fiery blast. And those that threw Daniel into the den of lions were afterwards thrown in themselves, and were speedily devoured; and to gratify those who in heart are haters of God's truth, they would, if possible, prevent the sent servants of God from either telling or writing the truth, as it is in Jesus. Ashamed? Shall the archangel be ashamed to blow the trumpet's last shivering blast (whose commission is from God) to light the combustibles of ignitable matter, raise the dead to judgment, and wake the flames of doom? Wherever the blood-stained banner of the cross is raised, it raises all up in arms to oppose it, and, if possible, would destroy all those who proclaim it. But the Lord reigneth.

(To be continued.)

THE LORD IS MY PORTION.

The Lord is my portion, what more can I need?
My God and my Saviour who for me did bleed:
My Kinsman, Redeemer, my Refuge, and Rock,
In whom I can shelter from tempest or shock.

The Lord is my portion, upon Him I lean,
Nor will He rebuke me, although I am mean;
But gladly receive me, with pleasing invite,
And say I am comely and fair in His sight.

The Lord is my portion when tempests arise,
When billows and blackness becloud the fair skies,
When th' long-look'd for haven is hid from my ken,
The Lord is my portion: aye, yes, even then.

The Lord is my portion when troubles abound,
When dark dispensations my pathway surround:
When all is most cheerless, most dismal and drear,
My heart nearly breaking, my mind fill'd with fear.

The Lord is my portion the same though I feel
The oil is all wasted and barrel of meal;
Yea, though I distrust Him, and think the road rough,
I know, notwithstanding, He'll grant me enough.

The Lord is my portion, in Him I abide,
Nor have I a shelter but His bleeding side:
'Tis there I can nestle, and feel His heart glow,
And sing in sweet rapture He loves me I know.

The Lord is my portion, His bosom my rest;
His heart is my dwelling, His love is my nest;
In Him safe abiding, I sing with delight,
The Lord is my portion, my glory and light.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

No. 89.

TRUTH VERSUS ERROR.

BILL.—Well, Jim, is it true that thou didst go and hear that Free-will parson by the name of —— last night?

JIM.—Indeed it is, lad, and a real treat I had and all?

B.—And wast thou converted, or did thee get thy soul saved?

J.—Eh, lad, sure I did: and now I gives up all my bad ways and wicked companions, goes to chapel, reads my Bible, says my prayers, serves God, and loves my neighbour as myself; and I think, that if thou hadst been there, thou hadst lost all thy Calvinism, and had thy soul saved too.

B.—Thou'lt never get me inside of such a madhouse all the time I have my senses, I assure thee, Jim; and I will in a few words tell thee what I think of that man. Like Simon Magus, he is “in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity:” and has no more power to save a soul, or convert a fellow creature, than has a country bumpkin to general an army in the field of battle, or a mad brain fanatic to rule a State.

J.—Then thou dost not think ought to my conversion, lad, dost thou?

B.—Like the mirage in the desert, it is wholly delusive. Both thee and thy parson are deceived by the devil, and know no more of the work of grace in the heart than did Nicodemus of the new birth. All thy religion is of the creature, therefore in the flesh, and will end in death and damnation, if the grace of God prevent not.

J.—Stay, lad, thou art too hasty in thy judgment, how dost thou know there's nought in our religion? It is thyself and thy party that are wrong, and I can soon prove it and all. Thou well

knows that there is but ONE chapel in this large town where thy uncharitable doctrines are preached, and but few attend it, whereas our charitable doctrines of free-will, or a chance for everybody, are preached in every other place of worship. This is quite proof enough, lad, that thou art wrong.

B.—Sorry proof indeed! Suppose we reverse it and say it proves the contrary. Legion is your name; for ye are many; but the Lord calls His people a *little flock*, and He says, “*strail* is the gate, and *narrow* is the way that leadeth into life, and FEW there be that find it; and yet your party of free-will lovers and free-grace haters find it (?) by shoals. This is quite proof enough that thou and the whole host of Baal’s worshippers are wrong. Free-will religionists of all denominations boast of their numbers, whereas the very fact proves them *not* to be the FEW who find life. Did Christ mean what He said, think ye?

J.—No doubt the Lord did; for He could make no mistake. But dost thou not think it is people’s own fault if more are not saved?

B.—What dost thou mean, Jim, by the word saved? May I understand thee to mean experimentally saved?

J.—Eh, Ben, that’s my meaning.

B.—Let me give thee the Word of God upon the point, and I think it will take ten thousand Methodist parsons to overturn it. “But though He had done so many miracles among them, yet they believed not on Him.” Why not? Let wisdom answer and folly blush to dictate. “That the saying of Esaias might be fulfilled which he spake, Lord, who hath believed our report? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed? Therefore they could NOT believe, because that Esaias said again, He hath blinded their eyes [“The election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded,”] and hardened their hearts; that they should NOT see with their eyes, nor understand with their heart, and be converted, and I should heal them. These things said Esaias when he saw His glory, and spake of Him.” And these things will every man speak if he is favoured to behold His glory: and, like Moses when on the mount, will hear the Lord say, “I will have mercy on whom I WILL have mercy, and whom I WILL I harden.” This is holy sovereignty, and

“The spirit that would this truth withstand,
Would pull God’s temple down,
Wrest Jesu’s sceptre from His hand,
And spoil Him of His crown.”

Strange that men should be wiser than God and teach Him knowledge in this day of red-hot profession, and give eternal Truth the lie, and say that man can be saved if he likes, believe if he will,

come to God if he pleases, and all such fleshly nonsense, when the Lord declares, "It is not of him that *willeth*, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy."

J.—Stop, lad, and get thy breath, for thou art going on at such a rate I can hardly keep up with thee; and if thou dost not cool down a bit, I'm afraid thy zeal will get the better of thy judgment. But after all, Ben, I can say nothing to thy argument; for thou dost preach like a parson, and I begin to feel that we're up to nought in religion after all. Thou hast the scripture on thy side, and such texts as our ministers never speak about.

B.—It would not answer their purpose, and the portions which they do quote they wrest to their own destruction. They are doing their father the devil's work, and when the measure of their iniquity is full, like their brother Judas, they will go to their own place; and though they tell the Lord how they have preached in His name, cast out devils, and done many other wonderful works, they will find that instead of taking them to the heaven that they vainly think they have purchased, He will say, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire."

J.—No more, lad; for thou makes me tremble; and that portion flashes like lightning across my mind which says, "The great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"

B.—Ah! Jim, none will be able to stand but the remnant according to the election of grace; and though the whole race of free-grace haters despise God's little flock of slaughter, they shall stand upon Christ the glorious Rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against them; when the fleshly parsons will have to answer for their blasphemy in saying that they have power to offer salvation, convert their hearers, and save souls. The whole election of grace, whether called Antinomians or Hyper-Calvinists, shall see His face, walk with Him in white, sing His high Hallelujah, and crown Him Lord of all.

A. W.

[The above dialogue is printed separately for gratuitous distribution, and can be had of Mr Hannath, Scale Lane, Hull, at 1s. per 100, post-free.

Our readers will understand that there is a little bit of Yorkshire provincialism in this dialogue, which they must kindly overlook.

"THE WAY HE HATH LED ME" will be resumed next month, and continued monthly until ended.

"The Pathway of True Light" is unavoidably held over for next month, as are also two other articles.—ED.

"COMPLETE IN HIM."

*"Clad in His virtue, bright and fair,
She's like the Holy One."*

What a gracious truth ! What a glorious mercy ! "Complete in Him," when ? Before time. "Complete in Him," when ? Through time. "Complete in Him," when ? When time shall be no longer. For ever and for ever "Complete in Him !" And who is "complete in Him ?" Not fleshly professors, for they vainly think themselves complete in the flesh, although the Holy Ghost led Paul to say, "In me ; that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." The Church, the Lamb's wife, is complete in Him, and she alone. "The King's daughter is all-glorious within ;" and, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee," and why, "Ye are complete in Him." The Lord never intended His people to be complete in the flesh ; never wished them to be pure in the first Adam. They were loved in Christ, blessed in Christ, saved in Christ, called in Christ, justified in Christ, and glorified in Christ. Paul knew a man in Christ, when he came to visions and revelations : but he knew no man after the flesh ; because in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Not a motley creature. Not a mixed creature. Not part old man and part new. Not partly sanctified and partly corrupt. No, no ; but a new creature. Born not of the will of man, of flesh, of blood, but born of God. Love is the begetter, love is the begotten. Life is the begetter, life is the begotten. Light is the begetter, light is the begotten. Holy is the begetter, holy is the begotten. Thus the spiritual child is a partaker of the divine nature. It is not the old man remodelled, the first Adam renovated ; but it is the incorruptible seed that liveth and abideth for ever. If incorruptible seed, what is to contaminate it ? If pure, what can deface it ? If beautiful, who can mar it ? If immortal, how can death make an inroad ? "Because I live," is the cause, "ye shall live also," is the effect. In fact, the life of one is the life of the other, and yet there is not another ; "for they are no more twain, but one flesh." Christ is the light, life, love, and hope of His Church, His people are His possession ; His bride is His portion ; His members are His jewels ; and His body is the fulness of Him who filleth all in all. "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and His Church." This Church He has presented to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, and why ?



"Ye are complete in Him," who is the Head of all principality and power, and who is God over all blessed for evermore: and "this God is our God for ever and ever." Hence we can and do sing, as inhabitants of the Rock, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

"Ye are complete in Him." Not in yourself, not in the flesh, and not in one thing in distinctiveness from Him. We are complete in Him, and why? Because He is complete, including His body, not excluding the most feeble member. Were one member missing, Christ were not complete. Cheer up, trembling saint: for

"The feeblest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way ;"

because "complete in Him," "accepted in the Beloved." There never was a time when you were not complete in Him. When you were immersed in sin and thrall: when there was no eye to pity you, no hand to help you, even then you were complete in Him. Had it not been so, you had remained in that sad state till now; but as the poet expresses it,

"He saw thee ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd thee notwithstanding all;
He rais'd thee from thy lost estate,
His lovingkindness, O how great !"

How consoling the thought that whatever we are as creatures, wherever we go as creatures, whatever we do as creatures, it never interferes with our completeness in Him, our beauty in Him, our spotless purity in Him, our acceptance in Him. Call it Antinomianism if you like, Hyper-Calvinism if you please, it is nevertheless an incontrovertible truth, an undeniable fact, a God-glorifying, Christ-exalting, and creature-debasing reality.

"These are truths, and happy he
Who can well receive them ;
Brethren, though we cannot see,
Still we should believe them."

Nothing whatever can interfere with relationship. Pious hypocrites may be shocked, empty professors may turn up their eyes, but we heed them not. We write for the sons of God: we labor for the daughters of Zion. For their encouragement we use both mouth and pen, and take up the language of the immortal Toplady:

"Careless myself, a dying man,
Of dying men's esteem,
Happy, O Lord, if thou but smile,
Though all beside condemn."

We seek not to please man: if we did, how could we be the servant

of Christ, for all love their own, and not the things of Jesus Christ. Flesh and blood religion we put down at a very low estimate, we simply value it as worthless. Vital Godliness we prize. This is God's own image; this is the Lord's own work.

Though the fleshly children mock,
Jesus is our solid Rock."

"But Christ is all in all," while flesh and blood are just nothing at all. In Him we stand complete, on Him we stand secure, with Him we stand accepted. Without Him we are as a thing of naught. Therefore

"Let others after earth aspire,
Christ is the treasure we desire."

We need none to tell us that we are as black as hell in ourselves, as vile as the devil in union with Adam; but, bless our God, we also know that,

"Clad in His vesture, bright and fair,
We're like the Holy One."

There is no sin too abominable for us to commit, for we are all as an unclean thing; but it is our privilege to shout "victory through the blood of the Lamb." In Him we have conquest; with Him we have victory. Indeed we can sing, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy!" And all our enemies are found liars unto us, and we can and do in Him tread upon their high places; and then we sit and sing in heavenly places, "The Lord is a Man of war: the Lord hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider He hath cast into the depths of the sea." So that

"The Lord's the battle is,
Give Him the glory due,
To crush thine enemies,
He'll His salvation show;
Will save from sin, death, hell and woe,
Then fearless on let Israel go."

"The Lord shall fight for you," child of God. He can aim a blow in the right direction: He can shoot His arrow with the utmost precision; and He hath said, "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;" and why? "The battle is the Lord's." Leave, O leave, child of God, all with Him your best Friend, your only Beloved. He will manage everything well for you, and says, "The cause which is too hard for thee, bring it to me." While you can get on without Him you will, but when He in love puts darkness in your path, and hedges up your way as with hewn stone, then, and not till then, do you look away from self and circumstances; then, and not a moment before, are your eyes up

unto Him. "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me," is then the cry of your heart, the breathing of your soul; and you have ever proved that

"When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near your soul has always stood,
His lovingkindness, O how good!"

The Lord is determined to keep His children dependent upon Himself. He will see to it that fleshly arms and creature prop^s give way, that they may come up out of the wilderness leaning on their Beloved. "And it came to pass after awhile that the brook dried up." Yes, beloved, and you have had many brooks dry up, and many creature sources cut off. Astonished at it you may have been, kick against it no doubt you have; rebel, pine, and fret concerning it, you must acknowledge that you have been wicked enough to do. But how has it ever proved? Why this: "Not one thing hath failed," though everything has appeared to fail. How is this? "There is nothing too hard for the Lord." He turned the curse into a blessing. Surely then you can sing,

"My Jesus hath done all things well."

Beloved, we have run away from our subject, may the Lord make it fit.

"Ye are complete in Him," who is your life; so that with Paul, you can say, "I live, yet not I, Christ liveth in me." Christ says, "He that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die:" and "He that eateth me shall live by me;" "for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." This is a hard saying to fleshly disciples who have a name to live, and yet are dead. They do not know the spiritual food that a child of God partakes of; they are not familiar with the spiritual drink with which a child of God slakes his thirst. They know nothing of Jacob's well and Jacob's God, and why do we? Ah! child of God, why do we? "Because ye belong to Christ:" because "unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom, but to them it is not given." Why? "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight."

"'Tis all of sov'reign grace that ye
Do not as others do."

To have Christ our life, and Christ our food: Christ our health, and Christ our wealth; Christ our Rock, and Christ our refuge; and Christ our Lord, and Christ our God; are mercies new every morning. It is in Him we spiritually live, move, and have our being. We have no plea before our God but Christ. We have no oblation, no sacrifice to offer save Christ. We dare not open our

mouth in our own name and for our own sake. We cannot lift up our unworthy head only upon the ground of relationship. His person is our object, His love, blood, and salvation our subject. Were we not favoured with these, we were for ever undone. Kent sings, referring to our petitions,

"Let each to the Father go up in His name,
For the blessing comes always in Him :"

and these very prayers are indited in our hearts by His own Spirit; or they would never be heard, never be answered. How truthfully dear Hart wrote when he said :

"All our prayers and all our praises,
Rightly offered in His name,
He who dictates them is Jesus,
He who answers is the same."

This is most scriptural, blessedly truthful, precious spiritual. We believe it. It lays the axe to the root of all fleshly trees, and exalts the tree of life which grows in the midst of the paradise of God. Under His shadow we sit, with His fruit we are satisfied. Our springs are in Him. Well might Peter say, and well may the children join him, "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." He is precious in His person, precious in His love, precious in His righteousness, and precious in every fresh manifestation of His beauties and excellencies. His works praise Him, His saints bless Him. All His dealings are right, His ways just. Whatever He does is good, very good.

"Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies ;
E'en crosses, in His sov'reign hand,
Are blessings in disguise."

Our old nature will not say Amen to this. It has neither right nor memorial in God's spiritual Jerusalem. He giveth no account of His matters to flesh, but He makes known His mind and will to faith. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him ;" and these dwell in the secret place of the Most High, and for ever abide under the shadow of their Almighty Ishi, their glorious Beloved. "This honor have all the saints : praise ye the Lord." There is no lack to them that fear the Lord ; but they can say with Paul, "I have all and abound ;" for, "All are your's, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Beloved, and what can we more say ? For the time would fail us to speak out His praise, tell of His glories, describe His excellencies, and testify of His preciousness. We will say this. "He is the chiefest among ten thousand : yea, the altogether lovely : " and O, wonder of wonders, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend !"

THE EDITOR.

A LIVING CHILD'S LOVING EPISTLE.

MY KIND FRIEND AND FATHER IN THE FAITH,—You know I love good living, and do not like barley bread, nor oil and water, yet I have had little else placed before me since you left Town. I have gone where the truth is professedly preached, and have generally found barley bread on hand: but it was a rare thing to see good wheaten bread. I wandered to and fro in search of a place where I might pitch my tent, but sought in vain till I heard Mr. S. at Castle Street; and, from my last, your are aware that I can say, “I will go with him; for I have heard that God is with him.”

What a Rock is our Jesus! What a Stronghold is our best Beloved! And though we are called to take the battle field, our mercy is to know Him as our Shield, and our faith—His gift—is the pivot on which it turns to face the foe and ward off every poisoned arrow and fiery dart of our cruel and relentless enemy. He schemes, but our Lord mercifully frustrates his wicked designs, and brings us through with a high hand, however fierce his temptations may be; “for He knoweth our frame; He remembers we are but dust:” and,

“He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.”

As regards your home-flock, I rejoice to hear that the golden oil runs, has a free course, and Jesus is glorified. Bless His holy name, He will not let it pass a Lazarus by. May you be made increasingly useful as a laborer in thy Master's vineyard. The desire and prayer of thy child is, that you may indeed be made the same rich blessing to many that you have been to her. Go on, thou valiant champion of truth, and continue to speak well of Him who thinks well of you. Let the creature be laid low, but exalt, extol, and lift our Jesus high—the Man made strong for God's work; and whether men will hear or forbear, proclaim far and near that “His work is perfect.”

“Lift Him on high as God the Son,
With all His blood-stained garments on.”

Thy bold free speech pleased me well, and I cannot help bearing thee in remembrance; and daily have I cause to bless my God for the light, life, love, and power which accompanied the preached Word from your lips when sitting under your ministry at the never-to-be-forgotten “Beulah.” Whilst I love you for your work's sake, to God be all the glory, who remembered me in my low estate, because His mercy endureth for ever.

Go on, beloved brother, and though some do say that you "go too far," heed them not; for they are lying spirits, and know not what they say, nor whereof they affirm. Depend upon it, you will never go too far; and if length of years are added to your life, and you preach Christ all the time, you will then be constrained to say that the half has never been told. Pardon my freedom: for I forget that I am but a babe, thyself a father in Israel. My heart is warm, you will, I know, forgive.

To day, in returning home, with work unexpectedly received, I was lost to self in silent love and adoration at the manifest indulgent care of my best and only Beloved: pondering over His love acts, the Word ran like lightning, like honey, like oil, through my soul — "Oh, Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me!" Sweet, precious, ever-glorious truth, to live and grow in the knowledge of! The enemy tried hard to rob me of its felt sweetness by telling me that as I had received the same portion before it was not fresh; but I have proved him a liar; for it was fresh and sweet to my taste. Indeed his witty invention could not deprive me of that which I had received.

As to temporal things, I have enough for the day; and, bless the Lord, He hath made me careful for nothing, yet diligent in all things. A contradiction, some would say. Well, it is true, and plain to him who understands. How sweetly the dear Lord times His mercies! Yours was indeed a sweet savor of Christ to my soul. If I marvel much at thy love and mindful care, how much more may I marvel at the love and care of my adorable, ever-blessed Keeper. Well may the heavens wonder, and the earth be astonished at love so surprisingly great, so amazingly deep, so gloriously high, that angels cannot attain unto it.

Down with thy harp, my tried brother, while love divine attunes it afresh; for

"None but burden'd sinners prove,
Blood-bought pardon, dying love."

The covenant characters of Christ named in yours are indeed very precious to my soul, having been made to know Him as such for myself. He the nourisher and the {nourishment; the altar and the sacrifice; the servant and the provision; and, what more? Ah! you cannot tell it out more blessedly than by acknowledging Him to be "all and in all," "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." The crowning point of your remark is, "I am perfectly satisfied with Jesus only." I should think so, beloved; for,

"In having Him you all possess."

In having Him you possess untold wealth, and broad acres which will take you an eternity to traverse.

I must say no more, but just this. Troubles abound for the trial of your faith and mine; but be of good cheer, my dear father :

"The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
Let's smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song."

Precious soul-comforting, spirit-cheering, heart-warming, and mind-animating truth—our Jesus stands pledged to see us safe through every trial, every storm, every sorrow, which we are called to pass through. Bless His name, I do not think it presumptuous to live in the full belief and sweet assurance that He will, according to His Word, see us

"Safe landed on that peaceful shore
Where death shall die, and sin's no more."

Has He not undertaken to do so? And is He not faithful to His promise? When we reach that delightful arbor of rest, won't we, my brother, make the jasper walls resound with loud hosannahs and high hallelujahs to God and the Lamb?

"Say, dear Conqueror, say, how long
Ere we shall join the blood-bought throng?"

Farewell, my dear, kind friend and father in gospel truth and love. Thy little child commends thee to "Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

Gratefully and affectionately thy child in the faith,

RECLUSE.

A REVIEW.

A Monument of Mercy; or, Divine favors in Providence and Grace, from a Covenant God, manifested in the Life and Experience of Thomas Russell, Minister of the Gospel, Rotherfield, Sussex. London: Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

THOSE of our readers who have this book will be somewhat surprised to find us reviewing it a twelvemonth after its publication. To them we would repeat the old adage, "Better late than never."

We had no idea till now that such a work had been published, or, depend upon it, we should have been very pleased to have noticed it: for it is, to say the least, a very blessed work. We heartily congratulate our brother Russell upon the honor put upon him by our blessed Lord, in enabling him to bear so truthful, so spiritual, and so able a testimony to the love and faithfulness of his covenant God; and we hesitate not to say that it is our firm opinion that our brother will live in the heart and affections of every child of God who is favoured to read and understand his well-written book.

The work before us is one of the most straightforward, lucid, and descriptive accounts of a pathway that we have ever read. Our brother, after giving a brief statement of his youthful days of sin and folly, tells us *when* and *where* and *how* the Lord commenced His work, His strange work, in his soul; he goes on to show his knowledge of himself as a sinner, the effect of the powerful and varied temptations of Satan upon his mind; the timely lifts and sips by the way; the bondage of the prison house and the poorness of prison fare; the wretchedness and misery of soul under a feeling sense of wrath and condemnation; and, eventually, the glorious liberty occasioned by the Almighty voice of our precious Beloved speaking peace by the blood of His cross. We must say that it is the most blessed account of a deliverance that we ever saw. We do not mean to infer that the deliverance of our brother exceeds that of others of the Lord's servants; but we must be allowed to acknowledge that the description of it is superlative. Others have enjoyed the like favor, realized the same blessedness, and experienced equal joys; but few, very few, have been favored so highly in giving their testimony to the love and faithfulness of their best Beloved. We have not a doubt upon our mind that our brother when writing of his deliverance had a renewed taste of the blessedness. This much we can say; our soul had a rich treat, a real feast, in perusing it; and had the whole world stood before us, joined by the host of hell, and told us that Thomas Russell was not a child of God, we could have withstood them all and declared him to be our Father's own child. We have no more doubt about his safety than our own; and, bless God, He has given us repeated proofs of our union-oneness with our precious Christ. We hardly know how to speak in high terms enough of this book; for it is so rare a thing to meet with a volume half so precious.

Not only has our brother been enabled to give a clear account of himself as a son of God; but, as a servant of God, none ever had a plainer call. If every man who occupies a pulpit was compelled to give as clear a proof of his call to the ministry ere he dare preach again we are inclined to think that one pulpit in a thousand would

not be filled next Sunday. Even all the Lord's servants have not such striking proofs of their call to the work as had our brother Russell. Few indeed among the shoals of ministers can show their credentials, and why? Simply because they have none to show.

" If they speak of God's anointing,
Tell you of the *where* and *when*,
It then is of God's appointing,
They, of course, are real sent men."

A man is not qualified to preach God's truth unless he has received the truth by revelation; and not only is it necessary that he receive it from the Lord to his own soul's comfort, but he must be specially anointed to dispense the Word of life to others. If the Lord sends a man with a message, he must deliver it with the ability that the Lord gives. Often he looks into himself for what he considers necessary qualifications, but can see nothing there to render him a fit servant of the Lord, forgetting that all his springs are in His blessed Lord and Master, that there is not the least qualification in himself considered, that all his usefulness is fixed in weight and measure, and that it is only when he feels and finds himself unqualified and unequal to the task that the Lord takes advantage of his weakness, emptiness, and nothingness, and manifests the greatness of His love, the riches of His grace, and the almightiness of His power in blessing the Word to the blood-redeemed family of heaven. As with Paul, so with God's servants now, "When I am weak, then am I strong."

Our brother Russell was much tried about the ministerial office, fearing he should run before being sent of the Lord, well knowing that *prating* was not *preaching*: but the Lord was very good to him in making it thoroughly manifest that he was a servant in the Church. As is the case with nearly all of God's ministers, our brother's education was next to nothing. This in the eyes of natural religionists is considered a sad drawback, if not an entire disqualification for the ministerial office. In fact, education is considered almost the "one thing needful." Strange, then, that the Lord should pass it when He seeks a servant, which is usually the case. Indeed, what the poet says will well apply in this case:

" He takes the fool, and makes him know
The mysteries of His grace;
To lay aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase."

When the Lord sends a man to preach, it is not to display his talent, amuse the people with visions out of His own heart; but to feed His children with knowledge and understanding. As a

rule, God's servants go before the Church with aching heart and trembling step, and are often much afraid that they shall be confounded before the people. Like Jeremiah, they often tell the Lord that they are but a child; or Moses, that they are of a slow speech and not eloquent. But the Lord condescendingly and graciously overcomes these scruples by perfecting His strength in their weakness, His fulness in their emptiness, and His riches in their poverty. He shows them again and again that their planting and watering are futile unless He is pleased to grant an increase. Indeed, they feelingly know that "it is not by might, nor by power, but by" His Spirit alone.

Mr. Russell, in giving a brief account of his career during his youthhood, says:

But to return to my narrative. As I mentioned before, through the fall from the ladder; I was again laid by from work, and my parents, seeing I was continually meeting with some accidents while working with the bricklayers, were anxious to seek for some different employment for me, and were desirous of putting me apprentice to some trade. For this purpose my father went to Cranbrook, to see a man of the name of Elliot, to know if he would take me, when it was agreed that I should go for a month on trial. Accordingly I went, and was sent to a shop at Bittenden that my master used. Here I had to lodge at a beershop, and was exposed much to temptation; and one thing in particular must have been a snare to me, had not the Lord mercifully interposed, and brought my plans again to nought, for I had not been there but a little while before I was taken ill with a bad hand, and, much against my inclination, was obliged to leave my work and go home again. With this I was kept at home for some time, but in the meanwhile my master failed in business, and through that I was prevented from ever going there again. This was a grief to me; but since I have been led to see the goodness and mercy of the dear Lord in frustrating my plans and bringing them to nought, in preventing my going back to Bittenden. Surely it was goodness and mercy that followed me all the days of my vanity, to prevent me from ruining myself, which I was madly set upon doing; but the Lord had purposed it otherwise, and therefore the thoughts of my heart could not stand. "There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless, the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand" (Prov. xix. 21); for He says, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure" (Isa. xlvi. 10). The Lord often works, and none can let or hinder, to preserve His people in the days of their unregeneracy.

To be sure He does, and hedges up their way as with hewn stone, and will not let them overtake their lovers. He dealeth with them as with sons, though they for the time being know it not. While He sovereignly allows the wicked to go on in his mad career, He is graciously pleased to now and again put the curb on His own child, and not allow him to carry out his enterprise. What love and compassion! What cause have living children to bless the Lord for His guardian care manifested toward them when living without hope and without God in the world. Indeed it is a joy of heart to them when their eyes are open to bless and praise Him for repeated acts of preventing mercy. Many things they are enabled to see that the Lord has spared them from which would have witnessed their shame to their dying day had they been allowed to

"Indulge their lust, and still go."

Being now without employment again, my parents had to seek another place for me; accordingly I was apprenticed to a man of the name of Bearsby, at Goudhurst, as an out-door apprentice. Now my parents thought I was fixed, and soon should get on in the world, and I thought so too; but the Lord had purposed it otherwise. In this place I had an opportunity in the evening, after work, of mixing again with my companions, so that I still grew up hardened in sin, though I often thought I would alter my life, and not live in such a course of sinning; but I still continued in my evil course, for I drank iniquity with a greedy heart, and gloried in my shame, and found that in nature there is no inclination, will, or desire after godliness. How absurd to say that man can change his heart, or turn to God, when he is destitute of both will and power, and nothing but enmity against God reigns within him: "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God" (Rom. viii, 7, 8). But those that assert that man has power to forsake his sins, and turn to God, and lay hold of eternal life, are strangers to God, the fall of man, and their own hearts, and know not what they say, nor whereof they affirm; but it is the pride of man's heart to say he is rich, and increasing with goods, when he is miserable, poor, and naked. But how vain to talk of life when dead, of strength when helpless, of health when sick, of love when at war in the heart against the sovereignty of the eternal God! and yet there are many whose souls have never been quickened into spiritual life by the power of God, who are in a profession of religion, boasting of creature merit and strength, that will assert such things. I once heard one of this stamp, when preaching, tell his audience that if they had attended chapel, read, and prayed as he had done, they might have been in the road to heaven as he was; but God declares that publicans and harlots are nearer the kingdom of heaven than such Pharisees as these (Matt. xxi. 31). Such characters as these I have heard call the eternal and everlasting love of God towards His chosen blasphemy. Surely they must be hardened to a great degree, and wrapped up in strong delusions to believe a lie (2. Thess. ii. 11); and though they worship a god, it is one of their own devising; it is not the God of Israel, that changes not, "with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning" (James i. 17); for they hate the eternal Sovereign of heaven and earth, who is from everlasting to everlasting, of one mind, and none can turn Him. Poor, proud nature does not like to bow down to the sovereignty of Jehovah, for Him to work all things as He pleaseth, and to have mercy upon whom He will have mercy; but those that the Lord saves are brought to see and feel they deserve no place but hell, no portion but devouring fire, and feel their utter unworthiness of heaven, and are brought to acquiesce in the justice of God towards them as deserving His wrath and everlasting displeasure; for plead guilty before God they must, and own that it would be justice in God to banish them for ever from His presence. But they do not rest here for mercy; they crave as condemned criminals, and know that if they are saved it must be by sovereign mercy indeed, and nothing will strengthen their weak hands, confirm their feeble knees, and make their fearful hearts strong, but the manifestation of electing, everlasting love, that endureth for ever.

How true! It is not enough for the Lord's children to know that God loved His people in Christ, blessed them in Christ, saved them in Christ; for they want to know for themselves these blessed truths, these glorious realities; and they are well aware that the Lord alone can persuade them that they are among these favored subjects. They must know it as Paul knew it; that is, by revelation. All other knowledge is in the flesh, and will end in death.

We pass over several pages and hasten to the time when the Lord was pleased

"Not to propose, but call by grace"

our brother with a high and holy calling, not according to his works,

but according to that covenant ordered in all things and sure to all the seed.

One word to those of our readers who are not able to give so minute a description of the first work upon the soul. We believe that there are many of the Lord's equally loved children who cannot tell you *where* and *when* and *how* the Lord commenced with them, and yet they are the living side of death, and living in resurrection oneness with their glorious Christ, finding His flesh to be meat indeed and His blood drink indeed. Our readers must remember that they are reading not only the pathway of a son of God, but of a servant; and these are led in a special way, for a special purpose.

Being at home one day alone, I was walking across the room, when a strange feeling seized me. My sins in a moment were brought to my view, and a heavy weight of guilt seized my conscience. My mind was filled with terror through the anger of a holy God, who I thought in strict justice was about to cut me down as a cumber of the ground, and send me to everlasting perdition. My knees smote together, and my heart quaked with fear, and I thought the cold shivers of death were upon me, and I was sinking into endless woe. The agony of my mind I never can describe. I saw God with the eye of my soul as a consuming fire, and it seemed as if He would consume me with the breath of His mouth, and that by a blow of His hand I should be consumed for ever (Psalm xxxix. 10). I had never before been the subject of such feelings, neither had my sins ever risen up to my view in such a light before, nor my conscience been so heavily laden with a sense of guilt and condemnation, neither did I ever before have such a view of the holiness and strict justice of the terrible majesty of a sin-avenging God, which like a flash of lightning darted into my soul. His word made my heart tremble, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Psalm ix. 17). Truly I was now brought to the light, and my deeds were made manifest to be deeds of darkness. I saw my sins in the light of the Lord's countenance to be exceeding sinful. The Lord appeared as a swift witness against me (Mal. iii. 5); His word entered my soul as quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and "a discernor of the thoughts, and intents of the heart" (Heb. iv. 12). Under these feelings I knew not how to contain myself, neither could I any longer refrain from bowing my knees before the Lord of heaven and earth to supplicate His gracious Majesty to have mercy upon me. In the agony of my mind I proceeded to my bedroom for that purpose, and fell down by the bedside upon my knees, my heart ready to break with grief, and my eyes filled with tears. My prayer was made up in a few words, for in the anguish of my soul I groaned out, "Lord, do have mercy upon me!" I wept and cried till my strength was nearly exhausted, and all I could say was, "Lord, do have mercy!" This was the first real prayer that I offered up to the Almighty, and truly it might have been said of me at that time, "Behold he prayeth!" Necessity drove me upon my knees, and having a sight of the perilous situation I was in, made me cry aloud for mercy; but mercy seemed to be far away, and the heavens appeared to gather blackness over me, while a dreadful suspense agitated my mind what the result of this would be; "for destruction from God was a terror to me, and by reason of His highness I could not endure" (Job xxxi. 23). By terrible things in righteousness I expected God would answer me. The arrows of God had entered my soul, and the terrors of God did set themselves in array against me. My heart meditated terror, and thought destruction would swallow me up; for while I suffered the terrors of the Lord I was distracted (Psalm lxxxviii. 16). About an hour my feelings were indescribable, when this terror abated a little, and the agony of my mind somewhat subsided; but my trouble was not gone. I now began to think what I must do to please God, in order to gain His favour; for I was entirely ignorant of the way of salvation, and knew nothing about religion, neither false nor true; therefore I thought my prayers must be such as were made ready by other men. I vainly thought that if I repeated such prayers upon my

knees, and broke off my evil deeds by self-righteousness, and became a constant reader of my Bible, I should find peace, little thinking the Lord would say, "Who hath required this at your hand?" (Isa. i. 12). Accordingly I set to work in real earnest. The terrors of the Lord drove me from my worldly companions, so that I was compelled to leave them; but how I was to pray that God would hear I knew not. I began to search the few books my father had, hoping to find some suitable prayers, when I found he was in possession of "The Whole Duty of Man;" which I thought was a precious book. This, with Fleetwood's "Life of Christ," that had at the end of it, as I thought then, some beautiful prayers, then became my prayer-books, and often in the day would I retire to my bed-room with them, and upon my knees would I repeat the prayers over and over again; and sometimes with tears would repeat them, which I thought was a good sign of repentance. Here I often spent a long time upon my knees, praying from these books, for I thought I knew not how to pray without a book; but repeating these prayers brought no relief to my soul, for I have often got up from my knees worse than I was before I bowed them, and have come out of my room full of trouble, groaning in the bitterness of my complaint, "Lord, help me! Oh that I knew how to pray! It is because I know not how to pray that the Lord will not hear me."

Next month we hope to resume our review, and in the mean time recommend our readers to secure a volume for themselves.

CHRIST ALONE EXALTED.

Seventy-first Letter.

THE REAPER TO THE GLEANER.

MY VERY DEAR RUTH,—Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God and Jesus our Lord: and I say unto you in love, that this knowledge is not one of theory, nor is it attainable by intellectuality, nor can it be received by the teaching of the plain letter of the Word; for it is a pure knowledge arising from union to the wisdom of God in a mystery, communicated by the operation, teachings, and demonstrations of the eternal Spirit, and the revelations which God has made in us. By this we are brought into a personal knowledge of God and of Christ, which is life eternal; and this is as unchangeable as the author of the knowledge; so that from hence arises that increasing desire expressed in the words of the Holy Ghost by Paul—"That I may know Him," &c.

I also would observe, that whoever is the subject of this divine knowledge, there are life and actions in pure unison with the same; that is, there will be but one object and subject—"I live, yet not I, Christ liveth in me." This is a free acknowledgment of one life only, and that is Christ. Then follows the act—"The life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." This is simple and

plain to those who know and understand. Paul discards everything but Christ, and treats of himself as a nonentity in the matter, and acknowledges what is most true: namely, "Christ is all and in all." We do not find that Paul deals in fits and starts in the matter, as is the general way of the supposed wise in our day. The subject was always the same with him, without any reference to himself or the chequered scenes which he had to pass through; and as it was thus with him, so it is to every believer in Jesus who knows Him and the power of His resurrection. It is therefore endeavouring to dishonour Jesus the Son of God every time there is a conference with flesh and blood, and the actions of the same, to draw inferences therefrom relative to eternal matters. Christ is the source and centre of faith; and He alone is its object and subject, and it always stands in Him the power of God. Therefore all its working, by love, is in its own centre, and recognizes nothing that is contrary to its own nature. It passes by or over all things which appear as hills and mountains, stops not to consult any contrivance of the flesh and blood system; and though Sarah's womb be barren, and she past age, and Abraham as good as dead, it accounts and judges God faithful that promised: and though death is pronounced on the promised seed, it matters not to faith; for it still proceeds in the way of truth; and thus Abraham believed God, that He was able to raise Isaac up from the dead, from whence he received Him in a figure: and this was accounted to him for righteousness. "If we are Christ's, then are we Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." Then, assuredly, the privilege to us is to be daily going forth in the footsteps of that faith of our father Abraham. And what is the fulness of it? Just this—Being fully persuaded that what our God has promised He is able to perform. Therefore doubts and slavish fear, unbelief and corruption, spring not from faith, nor have they any relation to it: and this I find most blessed, to be living and walking simply by faith, believing in the Lord, knowing that the promise is sure to all the seed. As faith is the gift of God, and of the operation of God, it is not faith without works; but is in union with charity in love, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity; but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, never performs a bad action, or doeth a wrong work. As we live by faith, we live out of ourselves in another, even in Jesus, eternal life, salvation, and all fulness. Thus we live "in peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord," in whom there is no darkness at all; and Himself being "the way, the truth, and the life," so we walk by faith in Him "the light as He is in the light, and have fellowship one with another: and if we say we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we do lie, and do not the truth." This last testimony

of the eternal Spirit strikes at the root and exposes the wordy religionist, and those who have only an experience in their own bowels, and who keep up a loud noise about what they are the subjects of; that is, corruptions, darkness, unbelief, and temptations. In such things there is neither life nor godliness; consequently, it is a religion of lies, having neither fellowship with the Father nor the Lord Jesus Christ; but we "have not so learned Christ, if so be we have heard Him, and have been taught by Him as the truth is in Jesus." As the Lord purifies the heart by faith, we have a pure heart, and shall see God; and the apostle states this dear truth in plain language, saying, "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our heart, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," who hath said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." As the Holy Ghost develops and reveals Christ the light of life, the sun of righteousness, so in His light we see light, and find that "the light of the eye rejoiceth the heart," and "a good report maketh the bones fat." As I believe these truths, so I write, having been indulged with an heart-felt experience of them. I confess to you that I do not understand what professors mean when they say, "O I am so dark! O I am so miserable!" for Jesus the light is the life, and the true light now shineth; and Himself Jehovah is our everlasting light, our God, and our glory. And as I am a man in Christ, God's workmanship, created in Him, the old things are passed away, and all things are become new; and I live and walk at all times, and through all things, in Him the true light that shineth: and though in myself as a creature I am all darkness, yet Christ is all light, and that to me. The Church is the woman clothed with the sun; therefore she is all light. These are truths everywhere spoken against; but we by faith know and believe them, and at all times freely acknowledge that Christ is all and in all; for He is "made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption; that as it is written, he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." It is herein that faith triumphs, and this is the dear position to live and stand in by faith; for herein can no flesh glory in His presence. Thus our God is glorified, Christ highly exalted, and self, with all its circumstances, sinks into nothing; and we rejoice in Jesus only, believe by faith the record God hath given, and set to His seal that God is true. Hence we find our faith and hope are in God, and not in ourselves and what is called experience.

I write freely to my child, because she knows the truth of the statement, "The flesh profiteth nothing." It is in this way of truth that I live happy, knowing that our God abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself; and Jesus is always the same unto me

and for me. Then what have I to murmur about? And as Jesus is mine, so am I also His in unchanging and dear relation.

Your last was very acceptable. The truths which it contained proved that Jesus was your only object and subject; and as the mind and heart are taken up with Him, there is neither death nor barren land, and all seeming contradictions vanish, and we "being rooted and grounded in love, comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth and length, and depth and height, and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that we might be filled with all the fulness of God."

My love to all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

Seventy-second Letter.

THE GLEANER TO THE REAPER.

DEARLY BELOVED IN JESUS,—My heart is much yearning toward you, to know how you are going on, and to hear again of our glorious Christ by your pen. He is indeed our Rock, Refuge, and Hiding-place, amid the constant storms of this dreary land, and He daily says to us, what Peter weakly said to Him, but did not stand to—"Though all should forsake thee, yet will not I." Ah! indeed, how can He forsake us when we are a part of Himself, "members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones;" "and no man ever yet hated His own flesh, but nourisheth it, and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church." He nourishes it for Himself; for His own delight, and for His own glory. "Thou shalt be for me, and not for man," and not for thyself; and in this dear union none of us liveth unto himself, and none dieth unto himself; but whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether, therefore, we live or die, we are the Lord's. Oh! what blessedness! No more twain but one flesh! and all that does befall us comes in union to the Lamb; and we are for Him in it all. "Take my yoke upon you, for it is easy; and my burden, for it is light." To think it our own burden and yoke makes it feel heavy indeed; but this is not the way of union-privilege; for it is "thou shalt be for me in it all, and so will I also be for thee." "My strength is made perfect in weakness;" "my grace is sufficient for thee." What want we more? Do we want to have less need of His grace and strength? Perhaps Paul did

when he besought Him to remove the thorn from his flesh, but not after his ear had been open to discipline, and instruction sealed upon his heart; for then he said, "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." Oh, it is blessed to live in childlike simplicity and dependence, knowing that all the direction and change of our journey through the wilderness lies upon Him who said, "I will be surety for him: if I bring him not back, and set him before thee, let me bear the blame for ever" He also says, "Let all thy wants lie upon me;" and, "He that seeketh my life seeketh thy life; but with me thou shalt be in safeguard." All the events of the journey, rough and smooth, He is just managing for the very best, and it is

"Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His:"

and not to seek our own things, but the things which are Jesus Christ's. In seeking His things, we shall not meet with disappointment, because all things are for Him, and all things were created by Him, and His kingdom ruleth over all. The realization of this often makes the storm a calm to the inner man, even while the flesh is still tossing on the waves of tribulation. "These things have I said unto you, that in me ye might have peace: in the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." His peace and His overcoming are to us the desired haven; then are we glad because we are quiet in His will, by the power of His Spirit; and thus we come up from the wilderness of sin, of self, of creatures, and of circumstances, leaning upon our Beloved, and "looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." "They looked unto Him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed." He bore our shame and reproach, and says to us, "For your shame, ye shall have double; and for confusion, ye shall rejoice in your portion." And a blessed double and portion we do possess; "for the Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him," who hath freely bestowed upon me the benefit of His law-fulfilling life, and justice-satisfying death; and His perfect righteousness and precious blood are a rich double indeed, instead of everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, which my sins most justly deserved. Bless the Lord, O our souls, and forget not all His benefits. This Man is the peace when the Assyrian comes into our land; and, being by the Spirit turned to this stronghold, we can say, "I will trust, and not be afraid." Though Ishmael be mocking, or Esau approaching with four hundred armed men, or all the people ready to stone us, or Saul hunting us like a partridge upon the mountains,

or Sanballat and Tobiah practising to terrify, yet from them all the Lord will deliver; for He hath commanded deliverance for Jacob, and for His seed for evermore; and those deliverances determined in eternal purpose, they must enjoy; therefore into the straits needing them they must come, that the Lord's hand may be known towards His people, as well as His vengeance towards His enemies and theirs.

Truly, beloved, I am a very feeble member, and in many things "fearing" is my name; but I have the greatest cause to speak well of my precious Lord; and to His praise I must say that each new trial from within or without ends in a new song of praise which Himself puts into my mouth, and then says, "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." You well know of old how prone I am to confer with flesh and blood, and yet through all the love of Christ does at times constrain me to speak of the things which I have seen and heard, tasted and handled of the good Word of life, as I do now to you in the unity of the Spirit, that we may have fellowship together with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. As Isaac came out into the field to meditate at eventide, so we in the evening of life would come out of that which is only of this time state, and walk in that field which the Lord hath blessed, where our meditation of Him shall be sweet, and we are glad in the Lord. While Isaac was walking he met with his bride; and you, by reason of age, as I also from bodily affliction, expect before long to meet with our Bridegroom in fulfilment of that promise of love, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, ye may be also." We are now walking in Him by faith, and soon He will take us up to walk with Him in the open vision of glory. Wherefore we may well walk to meditate and comfort our hearts; "for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus: for we are willing rather to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord."

I thank you much for the sermons. I got them from Mrs L. who has some to sell here. She is an old hearer of yours, and now attends Zion. She is a drooping plant; but "the holy seed is the substance thereof."

And now, how do you do? Are you both well in health? And do trials and afflictions from the people still attend you? I think of you with much sympathy; and also gladness of heart that your faith fails not; and that through all you are enabled to rejoice in the Lord, believing His promise, however dark His providence; and having confidence in His love, however hot the furnace. The faith He gives and the promise He makes will both stand the test of fire. The Hebrew children trusted in Him, and with Him walked, unhurt amidst the flames; and when Daniel was taken up

out of the lion's den, no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God. And thy God whom thou servest continually He will deliver thee. "He knoweth the way that I take, and when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." So said Job, and you can say so too.

We have a friend at Birmingham who kept some refined gold 50 weeks in the furnace to try if it would lose any weight: but it came out as heavy as it went in. Our precious Refiner has been in the hottest fire Himself, and is now sitting by each furnace with deepest sympathy, and of His own gold He never did and never will lose one grain. And O, methinks, what a shout of triumph there will be when all furnace work is ended, and all His gold formed into vessels for His own dear use. Then will He fully see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied; and then shall we be eternally satisfied too, and joyfully sound out, what we can only lisp now, His well deserved praises. With my best love in Jesus,

Yours very affectionately,

RUTH.

SPARKS FROM THE FURNACE.

(Continued from page 96.)

WELL, dear brother, the past year is now entombed among the slumbering thousands which have rolled into those which have gone before. I hear nothing booming from their graves but the old victorious shout, "room for more." Fifty winters have now blown their withering blasts over me, and silvered my locks with grey, which tells me of numerous approaching infirmities that flesh and blood is heir to. Various have been the scenes along the chequered path of life over which we have trod, and many have been the deliverances we have experienced in times of deep distress, both in temporal circumstances and spiritual experience. "Did I not know thee in the wilderness, in the land of great drought?" has proved a source of comfort and consolation to me when all human aid has proved but "a reed shaken with the wind." How truthful the saying of John Berridge, "Christ is the sinner's last shift." He has to be swept out of every false refuge before he makes for the "Hiding Place;" yea, driven out of every hole and corner, house and arbor. There are in a flesh and blood religion hundreds, like fat men overtaken by disease, live upon their fat for a long time, and when that is all exhausted, if the disease is not arrested,

they fall a prey to the devouring monsters. So do all who have to live upon their fleshly performances. Then woe to the man who sacrifices to his own drag, and burns incense upon his own altar. To be called by His name, to take away their reproach, is all thousands desire; but when a searching ministry is brought to bear upon a mere profession, and brings his flashing colors to the waters of life, he shrinks back, knowing that they will not wash.

The day in which we live is fraught with ten thousand errors, but the best thing out is the smooth, easy, go-between—as deceitful as its author—which tries to please everybody, and offend nobody. Those who hate the truth as it is in Jesus say “they want a parson that every one can hear, that knows how to cry, ‘Peace, peace, where there is no peace.’” The doctrines of election and predestination are hooted at, and hated by every screech owl, croaking raven, bat, and beetle, that fly or walk over this vast professing empire; and they express with their lips what they hate in their hearts, while they hold a lie in their right hand.

Hundreds of this class are met with on every side, and know how to give you the pious scowl, and serious grin, through the grating of a put on holy countenance; and, if possible, they would blow you up, and blow you down, like sere leaves in Autumn.

This appears to be the day of Jacob's trouble, but the decree has gone forth, he shall be delivered out of it, as God said by His prophet Jeremiah (xxx. 7). When God restores, it is not partially; when He heals, it is not slightly: “For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord; because they called thee an outcast, saying, This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after.” To all outward appearance she seems cast out again into the open field, the wild boar in the wood has whetted his tusks, and runs ready to devour the poor and needy; and woe unto the man that falls a prey to such an unmerciful ravager.

Now, let us take another route, and rise a little higher than the dunghill world into another atmosphere, which is clearer and brighter far, and one that is productive of spiritual health and wealth, where the soul can sit with Christ in heavenly places, hold converse with Him in whom the soul delighteth. Let us away to the hills of light, and in the bowers of love, tell and sing of battles fought, and victory won, on the gospel plains, where Zion's clarion gave certain sounds, that echoed in the hearts of the blood-bought tribes, each hastening to the mount of God to behold Zion's peerless glory.

(To be Continued.)

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

MARCH, 1866.

No. 90.

THE WAY HE HATH LED ME;

OR,

THE PATHWAY OF THE EDITOR FROM INFANCY, 1830, TO 1865.

(Continued from Vols. iii. iv. and v.)

[AGAIN and again have we been urged upon to continue our pathway; but for many reasons we have felt much reluctance in acceding to the wishes of our friends: But why should we withhold it, if conducive to the Lord's glory and the good of any of His children? We are well aware that many will find fault with whatever we may write. Had we left out of what has already been published the different things that different persons have said would have been better omitted, we had not written a line. But this will in no way bias our mind, and make us succumb to the caprice of either friend or foe in prosecuting the details of the Lord's leadings and dealings. No, we shall not consult flesh and blood in the nearest ties of nature, but just pursue our onward course as the blessed Spirit may see fit to bring to remembrance. If writing the simple truth secures us fresh enemies, so be it; for the offence of the cross has not, will not, cannot cease. We hope, therefore, to write in the fear of the Lord, and trust that the blessed Spirit of all grace will prompt us when and what to write, and what to leave out. May our covenant Jehovah—Father, Word, and Holy Ghost—warm our heart in writing, and warm the hearts of the readers in reading, then we will jointly ascribe all praise, glory, and honor to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever. Amen.—ED.]

The Lord having provided a chapel for me, and a people to both hear and support me, I thought I could not do better than take a house, furnish it in the best way I could, and be united to her whom the Lord had in His unerring Providence chosen for me (See page 253, Vol. iv). It is true I had but 40 pounds (£40) towards furnishing, and my intended wife had £30; but the Lord enabled me to comfortably make a start with £70. One very striking thing in laying out my money upon furnishing I feel I cannot pass over. I had spent all but ten pounds, which I intended to lay out upon two or three pieces of furniture yet wanting, but not feeling my mind free to part with the money at once, I waited a few days. One morning, feeling very wretched, and not being able to settle my mind in-doors with either reading, writing, or meditation, I walked out, and felt my mind drawn to a certain house, where a real friend of mine lived. I could not tell why I should call to see him, for I felt that I did not want to see any one. In this respect I differ much from many of the Lord's children; for they feel that in trouble they must go to some brother or sister in gospel bonds, in order to tell their tale of wretchedness; so that there may be a little comfortable interchange of feeling between them. Too often they have to prove to their sorrow that lover and friend are put far from them, and instead of getting healing, they increase their wounds; instead of losing their burden, they get an addition to its weight. Child of God, "to which of the saints wilt thou turn?" "Turn to the Lord, ye prisoners of hope;" for here you get both sympathy and succour. Indeed you have to feelingly prove that

Compassion rolls from Him alone
Who no compassion found.

When I get into the depths of trouble, I feel unfit to be with any one. I prefer shutting myself up in a room, or wandering into the fields, to sigh and cry to the Lord who alone can deliver, who only can sustain.

I saw my friend was much distressed in mind, and wanted to tell me his trouble, and after awhile out it came. What was it? Why this. He had a certain amount of money to pay at 12 o'clock, and it was then 11, and he did not know how to get it. I put my hand into my pocket, handed over the ten pounds, and asked him if that would be any use for a few days. He was too overcome to say much, the Lord had appeared in such an unthought of way. It turned out to be just the amount he wanted. Both he and his wife were much affected at the goodness of their God; for at the very moment the husband was receiving the money in the shop, the wife was upstairs pleading with the Lord to send

them the amount they needed. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." No doubt when their eyes see this, it will remind them of the kind interposition of their God.

But I have not done yet. Having lent my ten pounds, of course I could not purchase the pieces of furniture needed; but the Lord knew what He had in reserve: for the very articles I wanted, my intended wife's mother sent me up from the country. So you see how wisely the Lord kept me from spending that money which He well knew I should need for other purposes. My friends therefore were not more obliged than myself. How true it is that

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

How plain it is that a man's goings are of the Lord, and though "a man's own heart deviseth his way, the Lord directs his steps." This I have proved over and over again. These friends to me were real friends the whole of the time that I were in London, and have put many joints on my table without my being supposed to know where they came from. I think I may safely say that none exceeded them in liberality, although there were three others who were equally liberal. I should like to give names, but I do not think that they would approve; for what they did was done in secret, and now, though I am proclaiming their acts of kindness upon the housetop, I do not feel free to divulge their names. No doubt that many of my London friends will fix on the wrong parties, but this I cannot help.

Through the goodness of my God my house was ready to receive my wife in July, 1858, and we were married, not at Saint Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, Saint Pancras Church, but at the Register Office, Hampstead Road. The act and deed was witnessed by my friend Mr. Weston and his wife, and beyond these no one in London knew anything whatever of the event. Wedding breakfast we had none, wedding cards we sent out none, and wedding tour we took none. All was effectually done without the least outward show or expense. The fact was, the Lord had in unerring wisdom united us in heart, and the law had only to unite us in hand; and this we had no desire to make a fuss about.

My wife was now related to me in a threefold sense, which I will not call a wonder of the age; but I think I shall not be contradicted in saying that it was a very rare occurrence. In the first place, she was my *sister* in the Lord; in the second, she was my *daughter* in the faith; and in the third, she was my natural and lawful wife. Thus we were united according to the eternal

purpose of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will, at the right time, and in the right place; and I had good cause to bless and praise the Lord for the help-meet which He so wisely provided for me. I do not believe the Lord more united Adam to Eve than He united me to my wife. I found it to be an unspeakable favor bestowed upon me by my God in giving me a real child of His, especially when I look round upon my friends who have only the daughters of Adam earthy to their wives. And not only was I blessed with a child of God, a sister in the Lord, for my wife, but a true daughter in the faith, even a child that I had begotten and brought forth in the bonds of the gospel.

Say, reader, was not this an unspeakable favor? More than this. I feel I must write it in honor of my Lord, although I may be blamed by some. Flesh would suggest a covering, but cover it I cannot. No doubt I should, if the Word of the Lord was not concerned; but my conscience says write; and write it I will in His fear. If a man undertakes to write his pathway, why should he listen to the flesh, and gloss matters over? Why not give an ungarbled statement? We have never lost anything yet by being faithful, neither do we think we shall. Flesh and blood may suggest it to be best to spare the delicate Agag; but no, we must pursue that course which is marked out for us. Should we secure to ourselves more enemies in prosecuting our pathway, we cannot help it. Our object is to be useful to the children, and record a faithful testimony to the faithfulness of our God. We shall not write for the sake of writing, the readers may depend. In fact, our readers we think have had good proof of this, seeing we have refrained from continuing our pathway nearly three years. But may the Lord pardon us in this thing.

Those of our readers who have perused "The Way He Hath Led Me" will remember under what circumstances we were brought in contact with our wife [page 182, Vol. iv,]. After I had written to the object of my affections, telling her that I believed it was the Lord's will that she should become my wife, it came across my mind, as quick as the lightning flash, that the young person was an illegitimate child. No one but the Lord knows the effect this had upon my mind. The consequences of being united to a person born out of wedlock arose in quick succession in my troubled mind. But, blessed be my God, though Satan labored hard, and, Judas like, what he did he did quickly, He was pleased to settle the matter in the twinkling of an eye by saying, "WHAT GOD HATH CLEANSED, THAT CALL NOT THOU COMMON." This was enough, and I well knew, though no soul had ever breathed it, and I had never spoken to a person who knew it, that my intended

was what is commonly called an illegitimate child; but the blessedness which I realized at the hand of my God when he spoke the words, I cannot find words to describe. I could take my reader to the very spot within a foot where the Lord spoke home and spoke in the precious words; and I well knew that my future wife was a child of God, that the sin of her parents was not placed to her account, and that what ever she might be in the world's eye, she was near and dear to her God, washed in the blood of the Lamb, and was not to be called either common or unclean. Now, instead of thinking her in any way a disgrace to me, I could bless and praise the Lord for the mercy, that He was no respecter of persons; and O the love and mercy of my God which shone so brightly in my soul in taking advantage of the sins of the flesh in order to bring about His purpose! Now I had a repetition or renewal of that which I had experienced [page 96, Vol. iv.] when the Lord delivered my soul in tracing the line of Christ's descent, how He came through and over all the abominations of the flesh, in order to bring about His own incarnation. "Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath done it!" Yes, "it is the Lord's doings, and marvellous in our eyes."

Reader, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." Did the Lord speak this to Peter? He spoke it no less to me, and it is utterly impossible for me to read the words without the circumstances being called to the mind. Not more sure am I of holding this pen than of His having spoken those never-to-be-forgotten words in my heart: and not more certain was I of Cornelias the Gentile being in Peter's sheet, or God's covenant, than I was of my intended wife being there also. No, dear reader, for the Lord had spoken, and that was quite enough. God had cleansed her; therefore she was not common. Can you say that God has cleansed you? Are you one of those creeping things in the sheet knit at the four corners? If so, happy art thou, blest art thou, highly favoured art thou! Never shalt thou get out; for,

"Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus th' eternal covenant stands!"

Only think, God hath cleansed thee, God hath washed thee in the fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness: so that thou canst claim relationship with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob: and not only so, but thou canst number thyself with Rahab the harlot, David the murderer and adulterer, Ruth the Moabite, and Manassah the shedder of rivers of innocent blood. Yes, thou canst identify thyself with a cursing and lying Peter, the harlot Magdalene, the dying thief, and persecuting Saul of Tarsus; and O, wonder of wonders, mercy of mercies, remember also to thy soul's satisfaction

that thou, with these, art without stain before the throne of God and the Lamb. They are cleansed, so art thou; they are enrobed in the garment love and blood hath wrought, so art thou: they are spotless and pure in their blessed Lord, and so art thou; they shall see His face for ever, sing His praise, and crown Him Lord of all, so shalt thou. Therefore cheer up, beloved, their God is your God; their Friend, your friend; and their Jesus, your Jesus.

"A few more rolling suns at most
Will land you on fair Canaan's coast,
Where thou shalt sing the song of grace,
And see your glorious Hiding place."

Do you sometimes doubt this? Do you often fear that at last you shall be found wanting? Does the enemy cause you to fret on account of your barrenness, baseness, and perverseness? Do you often say, "If it were so, why am I thus?" Beloved, remember,

"The cause of love was in Himself;"

therefore sing,

"In Him I will rejoice."

Paul once said that there was no good thing in his flesh, and yet he was the chiefest apostle. Can you expect to find what he could not? The abundance of visions and revelations caused him to say, "I knew a man in Christ;" but not in himself: and the same blessed apostle said, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." Hence, child of God, it is in vain to seek the living Christ in your dead flesh. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit;" and "these are contrary the one to the other." Do not attempt to join what God hath separated; and do not try to disjoin what God hath tied together. You are one with Christ and cannot be separated, although you may be harassed with ten thousand doubts and fears concerning it.

"Soon shall your doubts and fears
Subside at His control;
His lovingkindness will break through
The midnight of your soul."

The Lord was with us at "Beulah" to bear testimony to the Word of His grace in the hearts of the blood-bought family. Both preacher and people had good cause to bless and praise His name. The congregation gradually increased, and "the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved." "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed," according to the effectual working of Him who performeth all things after the counsel of His own will. As is always the case, where God's truth is declared in the power of His Spirit, "some believed the things which were

spoken, and some believed them not." Not a few thought, and prophesied what they thought, that my mouth would soon be closed, that I should soon preach myself out, and that it would be made manifest that I was a mere letter preacher. "Through evil report and through good" I still went on "preaching peace by Jesus Christ—He is Lord of all." I could say with Paul, "For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." I could therefore join Paul also in saying, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me." I do not mean to infer here that I was never disturbed in my mind or cast down in soul on account of what I heard and met with: for the Lord knows that although He generally gave me sweet liberty in the pulpit I was often much depressed and cast down out of it. In fact, as a rule, I walked up the pulpit stairs with a trembling step and aching heart. The Lord alone knows the depression of spirit and heaviness of heart that I endured, especially just before preaching. Under the power of temptation I was often driven to my wit's end, and well knew the meaning in heart experience of Psalms cvii. 25-30. The portion given me by the Lord (page 283 Vol. iii.) I had to again and again prove the fulfilment of, but when the deliverance was realized, there was no more sorrow for the time being, because a child was born of God.

The spiritual children that the Lord gave me in London far exceed those given me in any other place. I might name many here who were blessed, but time and space forbid it.

(To be continued in our next.)

A SERMON.

The Twelfth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

(Continued from page 78.)

How many times some of you, from an impulse which is fleshly, and helped on by the devil, have determined that your feet should carry you to such a place, just to gratify your fleshly mind; but the Lord would not let you go. You have wondered and been amazed at it, and you have asked yourself again and again why it was so, until you were brought to the point to know that the thing was of the Lord, and then you have laid low before Him, and have confessed your own waywardness, and what you are the subjects

of. You will love Him and serve Him: aye, and you will take hold of Him, till your heart is filled with gratitude and praise; and you will begin to sing, "This God is our God for ever and ever, and He will be our guide over death."

Why I have been led into this intricate way I know not; I had no thought of speaking so, but I suppose there is a poor tempted child of God that needs comfort. And by way of closing up I will say, I have been brought many times to bless my God, when out in company, that I have not spoken what I felt; for if all was spoken out that passes in the mind of God's children, when they meet together, what a world of iniquity would be let loose by the tongue; but our mercy is, our precious Christ hath power over all flesh; He rules on His throne, and He is a Priest on His throne. You observe that there is not a throne for Him to sit and rule on, and another throne for Him to be a priest on; there is only one throne—and the only throne I can find in my Bible; for our most glorious Christ is what is recorded in Psa. xlv., and in Heb. i.: "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom; thou lovest righteousness and hatest wickedness," &c. Now, I will drop you this hint, because I have heard during thirty years experience many pulpit phrases, as if Christ had a throne as Mediator, a throne as Advocate, a throne as Priest, a throne as Surety, and so on. Now, beloved, God in the unity of the essence hath but one throne. What the throne is made of, I must leave you to find out; if you want an explanation, our precious Lord Jesus calls it His Father's throne; the Holy Ghost tells us that it is Christ's throne. And our dear Redeemer, in the commencement of His epistles to the Churches in the Revelations, saith, "He that overcometh shall sit down with me on my throne, even as also I overcame and am sat down with my Father on His throne." There is much beauty and preciousness: the Father's throne is called Christ's throne; then as we are to sit down with Christ on His Father's throne, there are not two thrones in heaven; one for Christ to sit on and another for the children. Then mark another thing, because it is very prevalent in the West, where the Lord brought me from; they say that Christ being now on the Father's throne, He is waiting till the Father puts Him in full power, and sends Him down on earth to accomplish the Millenium, and then He will sit on His own throne. I bless my God I am such a fool I do not know what they mean: but let us hear what Jesus says; and if He was not put in full power, what He said must be one side of the truth; but I cannot allow that. Well, we read in Matthew that He sent His disciples to preach the gospel to every creature, and to baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,

teaching them to observe all things, whatever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. For all power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Bless His dear and precious name, all power is His. Then, beloved of the Lord, let me beseech you to ponder this over, all power in heaven and earth is the Lord's, and if you belong to the Lord, you may well go on singing, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

We must now talk a little about Jesus Christ being the High Priest, and how particular the Holy Ghost is in bringing the subject before the Church. Not long since I was led to see much gospel blessedness in the nature of the Levitical dispensation as recorded in the book of Numbers, concerning the Levites. They were not to have an inheritance among the children of Israel; the Lord was to be their inheritance. Aaron, distinguished as the high priest, was washed, clothed and anointed; and our glorious Christ was baptized, clothed with our nature, and was anointed with the Holy Ghost; and in open manifestation He came forth the Great High Priest of our profession, God and Man, one Christ. Now, Aaron was chosen, and he was appointed to execute the priest's office, and also the Levites that were to officiate with him; but there is a secret most glorious, as it stands recorded in the original, and it reads thus: "They shall fill the hands of Aaron." And our glorious Christ is always with open hands for His children to fill, to fill them with our troubles, trials, exercises, doubts, cares, and temptations: yes, we are to offer all these, with praise and thanksgiving, at the altar where Jesus stands with a golden censor, with much incense, offering it up with the prayers of all saints (Rev. viii). Therefore put your prayers into the hands of our great High Priest; leave them in His hands; for the smoke of the incense with the prayers of the saints ascends up before God—a sweet perfume. And there is a glorious declaration to the children of God in Ezek. xx. 41: "I will accept you with your sweet savour." Here is both offering and acceptance before God. How very dear and precious is the tenderness of the heart of Christ to His children; it is always open, to take in what you tell Him, and it never returns back to you void; but in His own time He loads you with blessings, comforts you with goodness, cheers you with consolations: so that He becomes growingly precious to you.

But to return again to what is said concerning the high priest: and if you refer to your Bibles, you will never find that ever anything contaminated the high priest. He could go into the house of the leper, and could inspect the leper, but the priest was not defiled; no contagion could touch him; but let any one beside

go into the house of the leper, the leprosy was sure to cleave to him. Here we see our precious Christ, holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, yet made sin. There is something very blessed in the contemplation of this sweet subject, and as we stand in union with our High Priest, we are undefiled. He saith, "My dove, my undefiled, there is no spot in thee." And the very act of our glorious Christ becoming an High Priest was that He should offer Himself a sacrifice for our sins, that God the Father might be glorified thereby. In Hebrews ii. it is said—and may God the Spirit confirm your mind more and more in the blessedness of it—"In all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in all things pertaining to God? To make reconciliation for the sins of His people; for in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able also to succour them that are tempted."

"Unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. To the only wise God our Saviour be glory, and majesty, dominion, and power, both now and ever. Amen."

FAITHFUL IS HE WHO HATH PROMISED.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—Yours came to hand, and was to me a sweet token of the tender care and matchless love of my blessed Keeper and near Kinsman, who is "all my salvation and all my desire." So unspeakably great has been His loving-kindness to His little one, that if I had ten thousand tongues, every one should be employed to utter forth His goodness and mercy to unworthy me. Oh, that I could bless, praise, and adore Him my glorious Beloved more! He hath done such great things for me whereof I am glad!

I was very ill in body when yours reached me; much tried in providence; dark indeed seemed the dispensation of our covenant-keeping God: the flesh murmured, whilst the spirit acquiesced. From sheer inability I was constrained to sit still. Blessed position this, beloved; but, O, how painful the way! But once there, how perfectly helpless!

All may be with you as it was with me, too hard to manage, the way blocked up as with hewn stones. So much the better. The flesh may rebel: so let it. It is part and parcel of Adam earthy—worthless; but it shall serve the younger, the new-born child of grace. Sit still and see, watch the delivering mercies of our faith—

ful God. This has been my blest employ this last two months. Oh, that I could tell you one half the goodness which Jehovah-nisi has made to pass before me!

On Christmas day morning He again delivered out of nature's sorrow, and gave me another fine boy. I was not at all prepared for the little one; for there was neither herd in the stall nor money in the purse; but to the praise of our triune God I record the fact, that not one thing has failed. At such a time I never before had so little to do with; and though so ill beforehand, I never got on better. I cooked my own dinner before the fortnight was up. Indeed, I am a wonder to myself. Lord, thou alone hast made me so, and thou alone shalt have all the praise.

"Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee for my God I avow,
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own thou hast helped me till now."

I was in "Lawson's Rooms" when Mr W. was up in October. A dear sister in the Lord stood 'bus fare for me: the Lord return it seven-fold. I only heard him three times out of the six; but had a feast each time. The Master was there. "I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste." As I left the room each time my cup seemed to run over with blessing and praise. Never shall I forget the joy of heart I experienced. Little did I think with what infinite love my glorious Christ was preparing me to endure the bereavement of my dear, dear father. So full and complete was the joy and love which I enjoyed the last Wednesday night when I left the rooms, that I told the Lord that I could endure any trouble since he had again lifted up the light of His countenance upon me; and He answered with these words: "Faithful is He who hath promised, who will also do it." These words caused me to enquire, "What is it, Lord?" but the same answer was three times repeated. I felt trouble was nigh; but that blessed night I was as a hind let loose: the good wine was kept till last: I drank deeply, and was as a giant refreshed; yea, with David thought my mountain so strong, I should no more be moved. Alas! I soon returned to my old sad place.

The very next morning the news came of the alarming state of the best of earthly fathers. He was taken on the previous Tuesday with another apoplectic fit; but in some degree regained consciousness and knew those around him till twelve on the following night, when paralysis set in, and he then became speechless and insensible, and so remained till the following Friday week, when he breathed his last without a sign or groan. I arrived the day before he died. Never shall I forget the first sight. What a complete wreck was the outward man! How severe seemed the

separation of spirit and clay! How laborious the dear one's breathing! For a few moments I stood looking on, then left the room weeping such bitter tears as I feel I shall never shed again: and this was me who ten days before told the Lord I could bear any trouble, and now the billows of sorrow rolled over my tempest-tossed soul again. I reeled to and fro like a drunken man; but those around could not fathom the anguish of my heart. No, no; but my soul's Beloved did, and softly whispered, "Oh, thou of little faith!" With this precious love-token my glorious Christ delivered me from the fierce taunts and jeers of Satan; so that I blessedly proved again the strength of my Stronghold, and the power of my glorious Deliverer. Then did I find honey in the rod.

But to return. I left the room, and in secret was my cry uttered that my gracious Lord would grant the loved one an easy dismissal; for all thought, from appearances, the final parting of spirit and clay would be terrible to witness. Again I returned, and as I sat and watched by the dear one's side, a spirit of prayer came over me. Though others were present, I was alone with my God; and was favoured with much nearness of access to plead on behalf of him who could give no evidence or dying testimony that we should meet again; but we shall, I feel sweetly assured, for the precious words flowed so sweetly into my soul again, "Faithful is He who hath promised, who also will do it." Yes, I do indeed believe it is now well with my beloved father; and I would not have one thing altered if I could.

"My Jesus hath done all things well." I left the room only ten minutes, when told that he was gone without a sigh or a groan. Ah, my brother, how I did bless the Lord for His goodness and mercy! For full twenty minutes I was unspeakably happy. A beloved sister was weeping piteously; the women, too, were in tears; for they had lost a good and kind master; but I could only say, "Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord for His goodness! I shall go to him; but he will not return to me. Amen." "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

"Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar,
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And stands his raging power."

You ask where I go to hear. Why, when I can, the despised James Wells; but cannot always get a seat. The "Witness" I prize more than ever; it is to me worth its weight in gold: the contents of late have been so exceedingly precious, especially Mr.

W.'s pieces. Like the rest, he is much in the furnace and in the deep.

And now, beloved, farewell; my love to all who love my Lord Jesus in truth and sincerity; and to the tender love and watchful care of our faithful God the babe in grace commends you and yours, and rests, in our adorable Immanuel, your sister in ties which death cannot sunder.

RECLUSE.

SPARKS FROM THE FURNACE.

(Continued from page 120.)

THIS is not going to Horeb, upon which the dark clouds hovered, the thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed, the mountain trembled, Moses quaked and the people feared; but where the brightness of the Father's glory shines in one unclouded blaze, illuminating Zion's golden pavillion with a Sun that never sets, and light that never fades, and beauty that ever blooms, where the inhabitants are never sick, and death is never known, and there the sanctified host of God's elect breathe the air of one eternal spring. Where the power of the eternal Spirit touches it turns death into life, night into day, sorrow into joy, poverty into riches, and sickness into health. In a word: the Eden glory into which His body the Church enters and enjoys is found alone in Him. He is the sum and substance of the gospel: for he is the gospel of God, and all who were chosen in Him are made partakers of this gospel which is the power of God unto salvation. "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed," and no more. Therefore rejoice, ye sons and daughters of Zion: for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of you, who were chosen to salvation in Him, by Him, and through Him; and to eternal life.

To whom wilt thou go, poor storm driven pilgrim, when the soul is smitten with grief, and thy heaving heart breaking with sorrow; when thy earthly (supposed) friend and acquaintance are put far from thee? Ah! where but unto Him in whom there are neither woes nor wants, nor sins nor sorrows, nor groans, nor griefs, nor graves, save one, to hold all thine, and bury them for ever. Thy Surety is bound, by ties of indissoluble union and friendship, in bonds of inseparable brotherhood, never to leave or forsake the purchase of His blood, which is "the flock of God, who were redeemed, not with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but by the blood of the Lamb." Thy rest in the world is made up

of a continual disturbance. "Vain is the help of man." Satan tempts thee, friends deceive thee, the world hates thee. All this is ordained, and in the long run works for our good and their evil: therefore let us rejoice in being counted worthy to suffer all things for His name sake.

God rests in His love, that we may rest in Him, and all apart from this, is a bubble on the wave, a rope of sand, a broken reed, and rotten rest. Christ is the undisturbed rest of the wilderness wanderer. He is the Shadow of that great Rock in this weary land, from which gushes the waters of life, clear as crystal, flowing from the throne of God. This is the stream that ran softly through the city of Jerusalem, in the days of old, and must needs ripple on like a stream of liquid silver, through the heart of Samaria, to give life to the famishing who dwell in the land of pits, where no water is. This sparkling beverage is as precious now to the thirsty sons and daughters of Zion, in the west, as ever it was to the thirsty sons and daughters of God in the east. But hundreds are so bewitched and bewildered, in the mazy dance of profession and din of lo, here, and lo, there, in the day in which we live, that they prefer the well adulterated sky-blue to the pure cream of eternal truth; or waters fouled with the stinking feet of a man-made priest, rather than partake of the God-sent waters of the sanctuary.

We have known some of these of late; but for them it is folly to mourn, as God cannot lose those He never had, or save those for whom He never died. Jesus stands responsible for all His Father gave Him; as they are His jewels, they must shine in His crown, and sparkle on His brow, as His own blood-bought coronet, set in sockets of immortal glory, and shall shine to His honour through all eternity. God the Spirit will trim the lamps of the temple, and keep their fires burning, and their lights shining, with the oil of grace, from the tops of the bowls of the altar: the supply comes from "the riches of His glory by Christ Jesus" in rivers of oil from a wealthy land, where the merchants are all millionaires. All the riches of ten thousand Rothschilds can be stowed in a snuff-box there, and not a mite to a million either. O child of God, thy treasure above is untold; eye hath not seen the immortal heaps of glittering wealth laid up for all that love Him who first loved them; ear hath not heard the melodious music that sounds in tones more sweet than those of the æolian harp in the high orchestra of heaven. The heart of the natural man has not the slightest conception of the fire of burning bliss, that glows like a hot coal taken living from the altar, and is life eternal within. There is a large demand for men-made ministers who can propagate error, assail truth, prate against the doctrine of sovereign, free, electing love and grace, kick against the decrees of God, persecute the Church, and, if possible,

annihilate all who love that which the devils hate, viz:—The religion of Jesus.

What think you, dear brother, of the signs of the times? Does it not seem as though devils were come down among us as roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour. But, blessed be God, His people are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, although they come through fire and water ere they reach the wealthy place.

(To be Continued.)

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(Continued from page 83).

I now had a book lent me which made a little impression upon my mind. It was the life of John Nelson, a Methodist preacher. I was affected with the touching narrative, and felt much sympathy for him on account of the rough treatment he met with. This is the first that gave me any serious thoughts; but they were only skin deep. Some of the disciples of Moses told me that it ought to have made a Methodist of me, and effectually weaned me from the Antinomians; but it was far too shallow for that, though at times I felt some little uneasiness about it; and I did occasionally enter their workshops, with the good workpeople, but never was able to make any bricks. With all their warnings and noise about hell and damnation, no lasting impression was made upon my mind, so as to make me awake to righteousness.

I now began to feel something like conviction of sin, and saw myself an awful sinner; but this was effected by reading the works of those who dealt largely in threatenings of wrath and judgment, so that my convictions were not lasting. This sort of writing and preaching left me just where and what it found me; namely, a hardened, deceitful, and wicked wretch, rolling in all the filth of uncleanness and abominable lusts. It is true at times I had religion enough to keep me out of mischief, produce a little shame, and cause a little "worldly sorrow which worketh death." I was full of changes, but they were changes from bad to worse. A change from fleshly levity to carnal seriousness: a change from open sin to mock sanctity; a change from beastly drunkenness to spiritual intoxication and religious frenzy. These kind of changes are all in the flesh, though they pass in the religious world as the work of God, and such characters are considered converted and on the high road to

heaven. But it will be found by and by that they are walking the low road to hell. Outward reformation and inward circumcision are distinct things. Thousands possess the former, and are utter strangers to the latter; but none possess the latter without manifesting the former.

After I had been for a time in this state, I felt that there was something wanting, something must be done. I kept it all to myself, was much in reading, attended the means, and forsook the company of the openly wicked. I now thought I must turn over a new leaf, must pray; but how, where and when? were the questions. I saw prayer to be a most solemn and sacred exercise, and myself so unfit to undertake it. Although I did not know how to set about it, yet I felt pray I must. In order to do so without being observed I went into the fields, and seeing the coast clear, I crept under the hedge close to a dyke, took off my hat, knelt down and offered up my first prayer, if I ever did pray at all. After which I got up, looked round, and seeing no one, softly walked away, with such feelings of awe, shame, and fear as I never experienced before. This may be thought by some the beginning of my religious career, and so it might be, such as it was: but I am afraid it had nothing to do with the religion of Jesus Christ. Indeed I underwent so many changes from this time for many years that I was not able to form any definite opinion of my case. Sometimes all lightness, looseness, and foolery: then again given to seriousness, hoping my religion was right, and anon doubting whether there was any reality in it. Often I would read the Bible for hours together, and nothing would induce me to leave it: afterwards would feel no more care for that blessed Book than for a pack of cards, and would let it lie upon the shelf until quite coated with dust. Sometimes I would pray behind the door, in the closet, fields, street, up stairs, down stairs, at any time, or in any place, when and where opportunity offered. On one occasion my father caught me in the act of prayer in the bedroom, which caused me to feel much shame, but he said not a word. Sinning and repenting was now my constant employment. Rounds of dead service I was continually attending to. I found religion to be a snare and a trap, and a burdensome piece of lumber, and yet I could not give over, though I could not rightly begin; and the darkest part of my experience is, that the more light I had the more greedily I sinned. Indeed I sinned against light, mercy, goodness, and love. Nay; I have known times when I could enjoy the sweetest feasts of lust when meditating on the Saviour suffering for sin, with the full purpose that grace might abound; and this, not only once or twice but for years together. The Lord knows it is too true. Such thoughts have filled my poor heart as one would think would shock the damned in hell, or make Satan to shudder, were

be capable of it. I have read Hart's, Bunyan's, and Huntington's description of their temptations, but none of them are equal to mine in foulness, wickedness, and devilishness; and what makes it more abominable is, I did delight and glory in these things with presumptuous greediness: yea, more than this, I have sinned out of bravado, just to see how far I could enjoy the pleasure of sinning.

Now, my reader, do not find fault with me; for I am telling the honest truth, and had you patience to read, I could write a little more; but I need not, it is heart sickening. What some may think of such a monster I cannot say; but this I will say: If the Arminian doctrine be true, I am lost, shut out without the shadow of a hope. If one good thought be required at my hands, I am damned for ever. If grace is not sovereign, free, discriminating, and eternally unconditional, I must drop into the bottom of hell. If the doctrines of election, effectual calling, imputed righteousness, and final perseverance, are not true in all their fulness, riches, and glory, I am as certain of being lost as that God is eternal and unchangeable. But O, the exceeding riches, fulness, and glory of His grace, I do not, I will not, I cannot despair! Nay, I exceedingly rejoice in the blessed consideration of the fulness of the covenant provision, well knowing that the awful, black, infernal score of all my sins were atoned for and eternally blotted out long before I was capable of committing them. Precious doctrine! Blessed covenant! All was laid upon the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Precious Jesus, thou didst know all beforehand. Thou well knewest that I should be a transgressor from the womb, go astray, and speak lies. Thou didst indeed sit down and count the cost, which was no less than thine own heart's blood.

"Twas all of grace, from first to last,
The deed was done, the pardon pass'd:
Secure in Christ were all His heirs,
The curse was His, the pardon theirs."

I have before said that I overheard my father and brother conversing upon religious topics, by which means I became conversant with a few of sound sentiment, and took a great interest in reading sound authors. In fact, I applied myself so closely to reading that it became prejudicial to my health. I soon imbibed sound doctrines, but made more haste than good speed. Many of the members of our chapel would meet at our house to discuss church matters, so that I had a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with them. Among them was a very poor hard-working man of the same occupation as myself with whom I became very familiar. From him I borrowed Boston's "Four-fold State," Hart's Hymns, with some of Gadsby's works. These I much liked. In a short time

I took the lead, so great was my progress; but my reader must not suppose that I was anything more than a sentimental fool. With this poor man, whose name was John Lee, I spent much time. I believe he was one of those who, though poor in this world's goods, was "rich in faith, and heir of the kingdom." I made such progress and took such rapid strides, under my friend's teaching, that I leaped from moderate Calvinism to downright Antinomianism. Here I stuck, and none could pull me out from my nest in the tree. From this fancied lawful eminence I would look down with contempt upon those whose heads would not reach my standard. In my view every professor was an Arminian under six feet. This was the common standard of sentimental stature. At this time I had reached the age of 21. This John Lee wished me to join the church by baptism, and not wishing to deny him, I was proposed as a candidate, and was accepted after writing a very poor got-up experience. I was baptized on Easter Sunday, 1828; but I knew not for what I was baptized, neither could I give the answer to those who put the question to me.

Well, I was received into the church according to the approved plan. I had the covenant read over to me, which consisted of the five cardinal points, all of which I thoroughly believed to be true; but I do not think now that they are a proper test for church membership. Many sound dead professors get into churches in this way, who are utter strangers to the grace of the doctrines which they espouse. This was my case. The proper test for church membership should be life in the soul; for without it all knowledge of doctrines and professed experience are in the flesh, and leave the candidates just were they found them; that is, "in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity." When I was received into what is called church membership I was no more fit for it than was Tom Paine when he wrote his abominable "Age of Reason." In my ignorance I have often had a desire to be baptized again; but I have different thoughts of baptism now. I have been baptized more than eighteen hundred years, and that was when the Lord Himself was baptized of John in Jordan. It behoved Him to fulfil all righteousness for His body the church, of which baptism formed a part. If my Baptist brethren cannot see with me here, I cannot open their eyes.

I continued an unsettled and unstable member of the Baptist Church, a burden to myself and a trouble to others, for a long time.

I now became acquainted with another person by the name of Joseph Musson, brother to the late runaway minister. I often visited this man, and in his company would be writing bitter things against myself, and that for years together, until he, with others,

got quite tired of me. Joseph Musson would often do all that in him lied to meet my case, by relating his own experience. He had a great insight into many dark and mysterious portions of the Word, and would find Christ where most would not dream of seeing Him. From him I derived much information and some spiritual instruction. He could read, but could not so much as write his own name. He would try to get me to pray in public, and would call upon me a little before the time in order to break me in. I was often very backward through fear and shame. However, he prevailed upon me to pray; so that having commenced I must necessarily continue; but the Lord knows my hypocrisy, wanton eye, abominable thoughts, with a striving to please flesh and blood even during the solemn engagement. When I thought I had made a pretty good prayer, the devil would pat me on the back and say, "Well done," and my flesh being so much like a tinder box, this spark of hell would set it all on fire. I now know the folly of manufacturing prayers in order to please man and display flesh and blood empty ability. True, sometimes I would try and fix the eye of my mind upon the object of devotion, but I found it hard work: for wandering thoughts and abominable lusts would creep in and rise up in my mind. Often have I been to the Lord in private and begged of Him to forgive my hypocrisy in public; and in this way I have been plagued and tormented for years. The more I prayed against it, the more I seemed troubled with it. Often my poor legal heart was wounded and my pride mortified

To hear the brethren pray so well,
And find so much to say,
While my poor heart was foul as hell,
And plagued me all the day.

Strive how I might I could not make one hair white or black. But I have different thoughts of prayer now. Some time after this, when I knew more of the things of God by experience, and these strong temptations, I was plagued in another way. Both in public and private prayer, after being engaged for a little time, my hands would appear like balls, swelling larger and larger, until the whole room would appear to be full of balls. I could neither see nor think of anything but balls. I tried to engage my mind with the Saviour's blood, the precious promise, but all was of no avail. I would leave off, then begin again, but there was nothing but balls, balls, balls that I could see, my hands turning into balls, the room full of balls. I mentioned this to several persons, but they could make nothing of it, and what they thought or made of me I know not. This temptation followed me for a long time, when at last it left me. I think this was one of the "strange things" which happen unto the children of God.

After I had got rid of the temptation of the balls I had another, especially when engaged in prayer.* These temptations are peculiar to the poor tried children of God. I expect to be laughed at for relating them, but let Job's friend's mock on; for I do not expect any mercy from any of them. I am satisfied with the abundant pardon, unmerited mercy, eternal, electing, and unchanging love of my Almighty Saviour and everlasting Friend Jesus Christ. Therefore, you happy young men and lovely young women, and old wives too, who can make such sweet-worded, beautiful prayers, and carry all before you, let me in faithfulness tell you that if you have never been brought to "the place of stopping of mouths," that if you have never been shut up and not able to come forth, that if you have never been possessed of a dumb devil, wicked devil, an unclean devil, and that if your arguments in prayer are not fetched from the finished work of Christ, the devil is exceedingly proud of your flowery language. Yes, Satan himself rejoices over you and your religion. Your righteousness is filthy rags, your devotion is in the flesh, and you are still in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. The very light which is in you is total darkness; therefore "how great is that darkness!" True prayer is often found where the soul is shut up without one word to say.

* We do not think this temptation is fit for publication, but should any of our brethren in the Lord feel anxious to know of what it consisted, we shall be glad to write them privately. No doubt many of the Lord's children have suffered from the same, or others equally bad, but do not think there would be any benefit derived by their publicity. For our part, we could fill a volume upon the grossest description of temptations, but we feel no pleasure in their enumeration, either in our pulpit ministrations or literary productions. The more excellent way Christ we feel fully assured is an infinitely better subject. The Word speaks of "manifold temptations," and few there are of the Lord's children who could not speak of them too: but to particularize, especially concerning the more abominable kind, we do not think it either needful or useful. Many imagine that if a man does not make nature's pollution and the devil's temptations his leading subjects he is entirely out of the secret, and is not qualified to either preach or write; but we beg to differ from these. Jesus and the resurrection, love, blood, and salvation, in an infinitely better subject. Heaviness through manifold temptations we have experienced again and again; but the way of escape is the grand thing after all. There are many men who can write and speak of Adam's corruption and the devil's temptation continuously who know little, if anything, of Jesus and His blood. Paul said that he was determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and this resolve was not occasioned by his non-knowledge of his heart's corruptions or Satan's wily temptations; for the great Apostle was not ignorant of his devices. Our opinion of the matter is just this. Those who know the most of their nature's defilement, and Satan's fiery darts, will be the first—if delivered—to speak of Christ and His great salvation, and the last to speak of self and the devil. And what they do say of the flesh and its abominations, of Satan and his ten-thousand windings, will be in order to exalt Him who is

"Death of death's and hell's destruction!"

BD.

(To be continued.)

JEHOVAH'S SHALLS AND WILLS.

This precious word, this glorious *shall*,
 Declares that the elect,
 In numbers great, no man can tell,
 Will everlasting praises swell,
 Beyond what they expect.

God's *shall* is such a brazen wall,
 No time can it deface,
 Nor to the ground can it e'er drop,
 But always be a mighty prop
 To Israel's chosen race.

There's nought on earth, in hell, can stand
 Against almighty *shall*;
 But all must fall throughout the land,
 Though countless as the ocean sand,
 Before its sweeping swell.

What puny arm can e'er prevent
 The *shalls* and *wills* of God,
 And rain's the daily breath that's spent,
 In making *straight* what God hath bent,
 By creatures of the sod.

His Word is such a door to hell,
 No blood-bought saint can go :
 'Tis fasten'd up so mighty well,
 And proof against all shot and shell
 Of the infernal foe.

'Tis Christ the Lamb who holds the key,
 Ye favoured heirs of heaven ;
 And, bless His name, He'll make you see
 In Him the great Eternal Three,
 And all your sins forgiven.

O yes, when time shall be no more,
 He'll make you reign above,
 And love, and praise, and sing, adore,
 Jesus the Lamb for evermore,
 Who is eternal Love.

Love's sea you'll then bathe in and view
 The glory all around ;
 And drink old wine, and sing songs new,
 With all the lov'd and chosen few,
 Who are in Jesus found.

My soul doth wrestle at the thought,
 And longs to bound away,
 To join the saints that Christ hath bought,
 In that rich robe which He hath wrought,
 To wear through endless day.

No other theme is half so sweet,
 To my immortal soul,
 As all the Church in Christ complete,
 And settled in their heavenly seat,
 Whilst in Love's arms they roll.

A. W.

Margate, 1856.

THE SORROW OF CHRIST.

Was ever sorrow such as thine,
 My precious Lord and God,
 When thou didst bear my sin and crime,
 And shed thy vital blood ?

What wrathful anger on thee fell !
 What vengeance press'd thee sore !
 The burning fire of raging hell
 Forc'd blood from every pore.

Thy blood and sweat fell mingling down,
 Thy heart was torn and rent,
 And more than that, thy Father's frown
 Was felt 'till wrath was spent.

The bitter cup, so void of sweet,
 With love intense, was drain'd,
 And when on thee our sins did meet,
 Thou never once complain'd.

No mortal language can convey
 The horrors of thy mind,
 When thou in agony didst pray,
 And could no comfort find.

'Twas heaviness within thy heart,
 That made it stoop indeed :
 When love and anger threw the dart,
 Thou didst in sorrow bleed.

The wrath of God, the rage of hell,
 Insults from friend and foe,
 On thee, my precious Jesus, fell,
 And caus'd thee bitter woe.

Was ever sorrow such as thine ?
 Was ever grief so great ?
 My precious Jesus, what are mine ?
 They're not a feather's weight.

A. W.

A REVIEW.

A Monument of Mercy; or, Divine favors in Providence and Grace, from a Covenant God, manifested in the Life and Experience of Thomas Russell, Minister of the Gospel, Rotherfield, Sussex. London: Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WITH much pleasure we resume our notice of this book, and to confirm to our readers what we said of it last month we give one more extract, which the real children will acknowledge to be a precious one. It is a part of the account of the author's deliverance.

About a week before the Lord delivered me, I had such an uncommon spirit of prayer and supplication poured out upon me, that I spent many hours upon my knees that week, beseeching the Lord with tears to have mercy upon me, and make known to me His great salvation. Night and day I felt as if I could not rest without being at a throne of grace, to supplicate His divine Majesty to reveal His dear Son, to me; for I could not forget the solemn sight I had had of His death and sufferings, but I wanted to know that it was done for me. At the end of the week, as the Lord did not appear, my heart sank within me through fear I should never find the Pearl of great price. I went to chapel on Sunday, filled with grief and sorrow, and came away as bad, or worse; and on the road home I could not refrain from weeping, and crying out, "Oh, precious Jesus, did I but know thee! Oh that I could say, Thou art mine, and I am thine!" When I arrived home, which was with some difficulty, for I felt ill in body and much cast down in my soul, my body felt worn-out through affliction, and my soul was weary of her complaint. When getting to bed I thought, What a forlorn wretch I am without a knowledge that Jesus shed His precious blood for me! and if I die, I do not know whether I am going to heaven or hell! My sorrow was great and my heart was full of grief, and as I laid down I felt as if I could never arise from my bed again unless the Lord would speak peace to my soul; but being tired, I soon fell asleep, yet awoke early in the morning in anguish and distress, looking upon myself as a lost sinner without mercy. In this state I felt as if I could not lie in bed, but must arise to call upon God to have mercy upon me. I got up on my bed, and fell upon my knees to beg for mercy; and the Lord, who has promised to "regard the prayer of the destitute and not despise their prayer" (Psalm cii. 17), was near at hand, for I had not been upon my knees long before a light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ shone into my heart, and filled me with joy unspeakable and full of glory. My guilt, sins, and fears were all taken away, and sunk from my conscience like lead in the mighty waters, under the precious flowings into my soul of the blood of Christ that cleanseth from all sin. My conscience was purged from sin, guilt, and iniquity by the sprinkling of atoning blood. In the full assurance of faith I drew near the Lord, and cried, "Abba, Father, my Lord, and my God," the Spirit bearing witness with my spirit, that I was a child of God; and if a child, then an heir of God, and joint-heir with Christ (Rom. viii. 16, 17). The peace of God that flowed into my heart is indescribable. The love of God was shed abroad in my heart, my soul filled with gladness, and a new song put into my mouth. I felt overcome with pardoning love and mercy to me, so vile a sinner, that my heart was broken with goodness, so that I wept like a child for the mercy I had found. I looked up, and thought I was in a new world; my soul was led to view that precious covenant ordered in all things and sure. Such a glorious view did I have of the blessed covenant of grace as I never shall forget. I felt lost in wonder, for it was as if I was with my Lord, and He was showing me that covenant wherein He chose my soul as a vessel of mercy, and how He had secured my salvation from eternity, and blessed me with all spiritual blessings, in Christ Jesus before the foundation

of the world. I saw that my Covenant Head, Christ Jesus, was set up from everlasting as my glorious Deliverer, and One that had redeemed me from sin, death, and hell. The blessed Spirit, I beheld in this covenant had engaged to be my Quickener, Enlightener, and blessed Interpreter, and One that would take of the things of Jesus, and reveal them to my soul (John xvi. 14). Thus I saw the love of the blessed Trinity was set upon me from everlasting. I wept and cried, blessed and praised the covenant God of Israel, when the whole of my experience was brought to my view, and I could see the infinite wisdom of the Lord Jehovah in His dealings with me, and, in feelings of joy and gladness, blessed His precious name for leading me by a right way to a city of habitation. The way the dear Lord had led me, I saw was a right way. His preserving, shielding, and encouraging mercies, that had been manifested towards me in times of trouble, were brought to my view, and in all could I trace the finger of God, which broke my heart with gratitude and thanksgiving to the best of all beings. I cried out, "It is a right way, Lord, Thou hast led me, for thy chastening was for my profit, that I might be a partaker of Thy holiness." My soul was now brought to mount Zion, the city of the living God, and peace and pardon flowed into my soul; and the Lord said, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; thou art mine" (Isa. xliii. 1). My soul was filled with rapture; and, feeling the love of God, in a holy ecstasy of praise I broke out in blessing and praising the Lord. I sat down on the bed, and said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. Praise Him, birds; praise Him, everything that hath breath; praise Him, ye hosts of heaven: let everything bless His holy name. Bless Him, O my soul." I sat on the bed with tears rolling down my cheeks, and cried, "Bless Him! bless Him!" &c., till my strength was nearly exhausted. I looked for my sins, my trouble, and fears that I had on account of them, but they were gone, no more to return, and I enjoyed the sweetness of the Lord's promise to Israel: "In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found; for I will pardon them whom I reserve" (Jer. l. 20); Everything was calm and serene; not a dog of fallen nature was suffered to move his tongue against me; and my precious Redeemer, with garments dyed, glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength, speaking in righteousness, as One mighty to save (Isa. lxxiii. 1). This dear Redeemer was with me, and by faith I beheld Him bearing my sins in His own body, on the tree (1 Peter ii. 24), dying to redeem me; yea, delivered up for my offences, and raised again for my justification before God. With my heart I believed in Him, and with my mouth made confession unto salvation. I viewed Him as my blessed Intercessor, Mediator, and High Priest; as One that had satisfied the righteous law of God for me, and gone to the end of it for righteousness (Rom. x. 4). I beheld Him as One that had paid all my debts, cancelled the whole sum, and blotted out the handwriting that was against me in the law of Moses; and, through believing in Him, I found myself justified from all things (Acts xiii. 30). Before this I could not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation; but now I could do no other but believe, for I was no longer shut up, but by faith was come to believe in Him. I looked upon Him whom I had pierced, and mourned, and was in bitterness for what my sins had done, and with weeping said, "Precious Jesus, what didst thou suffer? what didst thou endure, that I might be saved? O thou lovely Jesus, what hast thou gone through to redeem my soul from hell! Oh, precious death, that conquered all my foes! yes, death, and him that hath the power of death, that is, the devil. Oh, glorious resurrection! when thou ascendest up on high, and led captivity captive, and received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also" (Ps. lxxviii. 18). My precious Lord was with me now in communion sweet; His love filled my heart, while with my mouth I blessed and praised Him, and called Him by all the endearing names that I could think of. I wanted no more company than this, for it was as if my heaven was begun below. I was swallowed up in such overwhelming love that I hardly knew where I was, for I stayed in my bedroom till late in the forenoon, blessing and praising the covenant God of Israel; sometimes crying, sometimes singing, and sometimes laughing; and all this without any clothes on, for I had not time to think about that. This ecstasy of joy was such, that I thought the Lord was about to take me to Himself, and my happy soul was about to enter the portals of everlasting bliss.

THE LORD IS GOOD.

INDEED He is, and great cause have all the living children to bless and praise His name daily for causing His goodness to pass before them. There never was a time when it might be said that He was not good to His sons and daughters. He was good to them in eternity in the Son of His love in blessing them with all spiritual blessings, and securing for them a standing in Him above the ruins of the fall. Kent commences one of his grand and glorious hymns by saying,

"Sav'd from the damning power of sin,
The law's tremendous curse,
We'll now the sacred song begin
Where God began with us."

Well, then, that must have been in eternity. Even then He knew that His thoughts were thoughts of peace and not of evil, that He was determined to make all sure and secure on our behalf, and not withhold one good thing from us in Jesus. The Lord has had witnessess of His goodness in all ages, and He will continue to have down to the end of time. He deals with His children according to His goodness at all times, but they often fail in discovering it. Instead of blessing and praising His name for His goodness, there is a finding fault with all His righteous dispensations; and too often, like Jonah at the loss of his gourd, think that they do well to be angry: but the Lord makes them feelingly prove that He does well in not cutting them off for their baseness. How true are the lines of dear Hart wherein he says,

"Were not thy love as firm as free,
Thou soon would'st take it, Lord, from me."

Bless His name, "He is in one mind, and none can turn Him;" and He says to His wayward children, "I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." So good was the Lord to rebellious Jonah, that Kent found his mind led to write—

"When Jonah from His presence fled,
He smote the gourd, but not his head."

No, the Lord was too good to take vengeance upon him, although he justly deserved it; and, child of God, has it not been so with you? Have you not proved Him to be a God longsuffering? How good has He been to you, and yet how unmindful! Gratitude of heart and thankfulness of soul you have to prove to be His special gifts. When He melts you down, under a feeling sense of His goodness, then, and not 'till then, can you sing,

"'Tis joy enough, my all in all,
At thy dear feet to lie:
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly."

EDITOR.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

APRIL, 1866.

No. 91.

THE WAY HE HATH LED ME.

(Continued from page 127).

My soul has been as full of the Lord's love and goodness in "Beulah" pulpit as it possibly could be. Times and again has heaven been let down into my heart, or my heart taken up into heaven. Never did I preach a premeditated sermon in "Beulah" chapel. In the sight of a heart-searching and reins-trying God I can say that I knew no more than my hearers from moment to moment what I was to say, and never but in one instance did I attempt to make the least preparation for the pulpit (page 177, Vol. iv.), unless it was reading the Word, and sighing, crying, and groaning to the Lord to give me mouth, matter, and wisdom. Again and again have I begged of the Lord not to allow me to think of one word that I should say, but never have I proved Him a barren wilderness or dry desert. Strength for the day I have always had; matter for the pulpit has always been granted; together, with a mouth and wisdom that my adversaries had no power to gainsay or resist. Trembling though I have gone to the work, the Lord has emboldened me while in the work; and though the least thing has made me fear and quake before commencing, neither men nor devils could daunt my courage, or lessen my confidence, after the Lord has strengthened me by the Spirit's might in the inner man. When His blessed power was felt, when His gracious presence was realized, I was more than a match for all my foes,

whether inward or outward. I could then preach the Word with boldness, no man forbidding me. Like a giant refreshed as with new wine has it often been my privilege to be ; and I have ever found that when the Lord gives quietness, none can cause trouble. When He speaks, the winds are hushed ; the waters are stilled, and a holy calm is realized. "He ruleth the raging of the sea ; when the waves thereof arise, He stilleth them." He alone can bind the floods from overflowing ; for all power is in His hand, both in heaven and upon earth. He is King in Zion, and where His Word is there is power. "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord lifteth up a standard against him ;" so that by strength can no man or devil prevail. All His saints are in His hand, in His eye, and in His heart. He will see to their everlasting well-being. Not a hair of their head shall perish, not a need shall go unsupplied. He will still the enemy and the avenger ; He will reign and rule down all their foes : for He has been known to reprove kings for their sakes, saying, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." He has promised to deliver in six troubles, and also says, "In seven there shall no evil touch thee." So that all His blood-bought family have a guarantee from the bottom of His own heart for their eternal well-being and safety ; and "because He could swear by no greater, He hath sworn by Himself ; that, by two immutable things, in which it is impossible for God to lie, that the heirs of promise might have strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before them ;" "which hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost which is given unto them." And each and all shall be enabled to say in His own good time, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." This is the language of holy triumph in Christ, and to such it may well be said, "Happy art thou, O Israel ; who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord !" These, and these alone, can shout "Victory through the blood of the Lamb," and yet how many of them fear that they shall one day perish by the hand of Saul ; but this shall never be ; for the house of Saul grows weaker and weaker, while the house of David gets stronger and stronger ; "whose house are we," "who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." Indeed,

"The feeblest saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

"For the righteous shall hold on his way ;" and ; "say ye unto the righteous that it shall be well with Him ;" and as it is well with the

Head, it must be well with the more feeble members, because they are necessary. Therefore,

“What cheering words are these !
 Their sweetness who can tell?
 In time, and to eternal days,
 'Tis with the righteous well.”

My regular congregation consisted principally of dear Triggs' old hearers, and I must say that, as a rule, I found them not only professors, but real possessors. They knew what they heard, and nothing short of God's truth would satisfy them; and this not in the letter, but in the power of God's Spirit. These can testify—those of them who are not gone the way of all flesh—of His doctrine dropping as the rain, and His speech distilling as the dew. Why our late brother's members made “Beulah” their home was, most of them were aged and could not travel so far as Crosby Row, Borough. But he only lived a little over twelvemonths after the Lord brought me to settle in London. Many said that I was his mimic, and knew nothing but that which I had received from him. What cause had they for such a report? I know of none, unless it was on account of the Lord having taught me the same truths in measure as He taught dear Triggs. This report was freely circulated by men who professed to be ministers of the gospel. But what ground had they for spreading it abroad? Some said—which was generally believed even among those who received our testimony—that I had been a hearer of our late brother: therefore ran into his line of things. All I can say about the matter is this, that I never heard dear Triggs but once, and never spoke to him but once; and his sermon did not occupy more than fifteen minutes, and our converse did not last two; so that I must have been unusually quick, and made the most of my time, or I had never profited so much under him. But what was said about me in this respect never caused me one moment's uneasiness; for I well knew at what school I had been trained, and who my blessed teacher had been; and I could say with Job, “Who teacheth like Him?” The Lord had taught me His own truth, by the power of His own Spirit, in the depths of trouble and chequered pathway of tribulation; and what He had been pleased to teach me in secret, He graciously enabled me to proclaim upon the housetop. The reader must not suppose that I was always proof against the false and evil reports which were circulated; for this was very far from the case. The Lord knows how I have writhed under the scourge of the tongue; how heaviness in my heart has caused it to stoop again and again.

Well do I remember an instance where Satan gained a great

advantage over me, and caused me to go mourning for a fortnight. It was this. My friend and brother Pickworth had received a letter from a lady who stood high in a profession who had given me a hearing in order to be able to give an opinion of what she thought of me. In this letter she unhesitatingly declared me to be a deceiver. Particulars I now forget; but I shall never forget the effect her letter had on me when my brother told me of it. He hesitated some time before he told me, and I have no doubt had he known what mind anguish it would cause me, he had never said a word. For one fortnight, under the cruel insinuations of Satan, my soul was in agony. Pages could I fill in giving a faint description of what I passed through. But suffice it to say, that like all other exercises it proved to my advantage; for though my enemy meant it for evil, the Lord meant it for good. What Erskine says in one of his gospel verses would well apply in this case:

" They deal to me a desperate stroke,
Which sends me to the living Rock :
They make me long for Canaan's banks,
But sure I owe them little thanks."

After being tossed about as with a tempest 14 days the Lord was pleased to give me much liberty on the Sunday morning in the pulpit, and enabled me to bear a faithful testimony to His almighty power in delivering my soul from the pit of corruption, and bringing it up into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Warmed indeed was my heart when I was enabled to tell the people the effect of the application of blood to my conscience, how it took away all my sin and guilt; so much so that I could not bring it back. Indeed I could join dear Kent in singing,

" Now free from sin I walk at large,
This Breaker's blood's my soul's discharge :
Content, at His dear feet, I lay,
A sinner saved, and homage pay."

After the service, a woman came into the vestry and testified to having heard the Word that morning with the holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Her heart and soul seemed all on fire; and well do I remember her saying, "I can bear my testimony to your being a sent servant of God; for He has carried the Word home with almighty power to my soul." I replied, "All are not of your opinion; for a lady wrote to a friend of mine a few weeks ago, and declared me to be a deceiver." "Send her to me," says she.

Now, I did not really need this testimony from this woman that morning; for the Lord had so blessed me with the witness within,

that I feared not ten-thousand women or devils. The witness of man may be great, but the witness of my God was greater. But it seems very wonderful that as by a woman I was condemned, by a woman I was justified. The reader must remember that I did not know so much about women professors—though I had good cause to know a great deal—as I do now. The Lord has in much mercy raised me above what men, women, or devils may think now; so that I heed them not. Let me have his approbation, and I am more than satisfied. But I have had to learn hardness as a soldier of Jesus Christ. With Paul, “as deceivers, yet true: cast down, but not destroyed,” has been and is our lot; and I know that “the lot is cast into the lap, and the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord.” And with dear Paul I can feelingly say, “Thanks be to God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ.” Defeat in myself I often have, but in Him never. Indeed I can at this moment shout “Victory through the blood of the Lamb!”

I do think that the afore-mentioned lady must have possessed no small share of presumptive confidence to denounce me as a deceiver in such unqualified terms. It will be her mercy if she is taught the truth by the same Spirit as instructed me. Whatever she might be in God's account, or in her own estimation, she was very little in my mind after my God had disproved all that she had said. If she belongs to the Lord, sooner or later, she will be

“Sorry she ever did write such a letter.”

The person who can confidently denounce a sent servant of God will never be envied by me. “Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm,” saith the Lord: and He will see to it that they shall not be roughly treated with impunity. I consider that one female hypocrite in the Church will do more mischief than TWENTY men. Woman was in the transgression, and she is determined to stick to transgressing; and I believe that God's sent servants in all ages have suffered more from them than from men to an infinite degree. On the other hand. Women who are favoured of God, and who are the real daughters of Abraham, shine more brightly in the way of faith than do men. I believe that the female portion of the real Church of God know more of communion with Christ than the male. But these are characterized by being “swift to hear” of Him whom their souls love, “and slow to speak” of themselves. These are not the “tattling women” that our brother West of Winchelsea often speaks of; but real daughters of Abraham, who esteem others better than themselves. Of these I feel I cannot speak too well; but of the others, I am puzzled to find language to portray their proper likeness. Solo-

man said that a woman among a thousand he had *not* found, but a man he had; and there is no doubt he had a fair opportunity of judging; for he had more to do with them than most men.

My reader must not suppose that females are the only sex who have acted deceitfully towards me during my ministerial career, for that is far from the case. It was a common saying among my friends in Town, "Poor fellow, really it does seem his lot to fall among thieves." This was too true, and yet I verily believe that I have not met with one too many, or one too bad; for they have been among the hundreds of teachers which the Lord has employed to learn me wholesome lessons; but in each case, in His own good time, my eyes have seen my teachers; but all the time that they were *hid* in a corner, it was utterly impossible for me to behold them. Often have I cried out, when under the discipline of my different teachers, "Not so, my Father:" but He has invariably answered, "This is the way, walk ye in it." So that in due time I could cheerfully sing,

"'Tis the right way, though dark and rough,
Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough:
A way that carnal reason hates,
Although it leads to heav'n's bright gates."

Many things which I feel compelled to write here I should *pass* by were it not that they were so interwoven with each other that it is simply impossible to write a faithful account of the Lord's leadings and dealings without naming them. As in Nature so in Providence; there is nothing superfluous; but all is in beautiful keeping with the consummate wisdom of Him who is called "The only wise God our Saviour." If our pathway is written at all, it ought to be done with neither partiality nor hypocrisy; and it is often the case, that the very circumstance that one condemns as being much better left out, another blesses and praises the Lord for ordering it to be put in. How is this? I need not answer, only say this, "One man's *food* is another man's *poison*."

One Monday evening I noticed a strange man at the prayer meeting. After the service he came and spoke to me, and expressed his gratitude to the Lord for directing him to the chapel and refreshing his weary soul while there. He then told me his sorrowful tale of adverse providences in a very simple and straightforward manner. He had just lost his partner in life, had failed in business, and was entirely penniless. True, he had about £80 in the Reading Saving's Bank, which up to then he had avoided touching; but now he must, however reluctantly, take some out for his immediate and pressing wants. But this he could not do without giving a fortnight's notice to the Banking Company. Well,

I had no money with me, but borrowed 2s. 6d. of the pew-opener, and invited him to my house on the next day. He came, when both myself and wife were much taken with him. He knew most ministers of truth, and spoke very highly of dear Mr. Triggs; and I found him to be one of the most artless and unassuming men that I ever saw. He was diffident to a degree. My house was his home, with the exception of sleeping, for three or four weeks. My friend Weston lent him several little amounts, as also did one or two others. A friend suggested the propriety of writing to the Bank to know if the dear man really had an account with them. I thought it superfluous; but, however, I was prevailed upon to do so. They wrote and told me that it was a rule with them not to divulge any customer's name or amount of deposit. This was considered to be an acknowledgment that he really had an account with them; for though it was a rule not to divulge the names of those who had an account, it was no breach of rule to say if a man had not. Day after day passed away and no money was received from the Bank. Promise after promise was given that to-morrow and to-morrow it would be forthcoming; but to-morrow always kept a day a-head, therefore beyond our reach. We had had our quarterly collection at Beulah Chapel, and put about 7 pounds in silver in a basin in a drawer in the cheffioneer. This was unlocked, as there were only then myself and wife in the house. The silver went very quickly. We could not understand it; but we kept no account, were young housekeepers, and thought we really had spent it, though we could not tell how. Our guest had not helped himself to it, not likely? Not for a moment could this thought be entertained. He was a blessed man of God, knew much of truth, could enumerate many trials and deliverances; therefore stood beyond suspicion's reach. How much money he borrowed of my friends and myself I cannot now say. At last, for certain, next Wednesday he was to receive his money from the Bank, when all creditors were to be honorably paid. Wednesday came, but our friend was gone, and we have heard no more of him from that day to this. No doubt he went somewhere else and did the same thing; that is, if so be he could meet with any so unsuspecting. My wife had a suspicion of him some days before he decamped; but I was in the country at the time, and did not know it. Had it not been for her prudence, I should have had a bed made up for him; and, if I had, what the consequence would have been I cannot divine; for we had about six hundred pounds in the house at the time. In fact, my wife was some days and nights in the house alone when I was in the country; but the man did not call upon her but once, and she felt quite a dread of him. The Lord

was good to us in protecting us from this thief and robber, and not allowing him to fleece us more than he did. After this I was determined to be more cautious, and lay hands suddenly on no man. It was often a matter of astonishment to me to think that the Lord should allow canting hypocrites to worm their way into my affections as they did, but it was for wise purposes. Often have I thought that no man was ever so pestered with them as myself, but no doubt that I am mistaken. Perhaps my reader is saying, "And are you free from hypocrisy yourself?" No, not at all likely that I shall be all the time I am in union to the first man: but I can bless my God that though I am full of hypocrisy, I hate it as much as I hate the devil. Whenever it develops itself I possess a nature that abhors it. It is impossible for me to hate it in others more than in myself. For five long and dreary years it was my great fear, both night and day, more or less, that I was nothing but a hypocrite; and yet I did not allow myself to be one. Ten thousand times rather have no profession at all than a false one. Lord, am I a hypocrite—nothing but an empty professor, deceiving myself and others, and mocking thee? Many an hour's hard wrestling have I had before the Lord that if I were nothing but a false professor He would make it manifest; and many a time under the power of temptation have I thought that the Lord was about to answer my prayer by discovering my hypocrisy to His dear people. But, bless His dear name, again and again has He kindly rebuked the devourer for His own name sake, broke the snare, and set His bird free. It mattered little to me who thought me sincere and honest if the Lord did not. Vital godliness was more than empty name to me; for I well knew that there was a blessed reality in it, whether it was my joyful lot to ever experience it or no. That verse in one of dear Kent's hymns would often run through and through my mind,

"How stands the case, my soul, with thee?
For heaven are thy credentials clear?
Is Jesu's blood thine only plea?
Is He thy great forerunner there?"

To deceive and be deceived was dreadful in my eyes. It is very clear that hypocrites are never afraid of their hypocrisy. Neither does the devil worry and tease them by calling them by that much dreaded name. No, child of God, you are not an hypocrite, though you feel day by day that your heart is full of hypocrisy. Whatever you may feel yourself to be, you are always willing to come to the light for the Lord to decide matters; and you can say before His blessed face, Lord, if I am deceived, do undeceive me:

if I am wrong; do, O do, put me right. Never allow me, dear Lord, to be an empty professor. Yes, you can say before His Sacred Majesty,

"And is my name enroll'd?
Do thou my heart assure:
Am I within that fold
Which Jesus keeps secure?
Then hold my feet in Zion's way,
'Till thee I meet in endless day.

(To be Continued.)

CHRIST ALONE EXALTED.

Seventy-third Letter.

THE REAPER TO THE GLEANER.

MY VERY DEAR RUTH,—Our continual blessedness is, that Christ is all and in all; so that in every state, trial, exercise, trouble, affliction, and temptation, He is all to us, and in all with us; and as we receive, know, and believe this dear truth, we shall never know the woe to him that is alone when he falleth, &c: and it is for the want of the recognition of the foregoing precious truth, that Christ is all and in all, that they tremble with fear at the approaching and entering into the cloud, not knowing that the cloud is His chariot, and He walketh upon the wings of the wind; but this is not all that troubleth them; for they seem to live, walk, and act, as being in abstractedness from the Head, as if there was not union between Head and members; consequently they view the Word of God spoken to them as individual believers, instead of living in the fulness of the Word and doctrine of the Lord, in Christ, and in the whole spoken by the Father and Spirit, to and of Christ, who is the fulfiller and accomplisher of all the predictions, prophecies, and promises; and they, as the dearly beloved of His soul, being new creatures in Him, so live always and at all times in all life, blessedness, and fulness in our most glorious Christ. I have blessed the Lord for years for the mercy that He never made a promise to me individually: they were all made by the Father to Christ, who is the mercy promised, the blessing commanded, even life for evermore, in whom all the promises are Yea and in Him Amen to the glory of God by us. Thus they stand sure to all the seed, and are exceeding great and precious, that thereby we might be partakers of a divine nature; and that can only be as Christ is the Vine and

we are the branches. Then, as this is true, and all blessedness standing in union, so we understand the divine properties of that most blessed testimony, "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye;" and again, "We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." This demonstrates clearly that blessed union there is existing and subsisting between Christ and the Church, and I do esteem it a very dear mercy to have the mind led from the less to the greater; that is, to have the heart and mind taken up with His being touched, and the acute nature of the touch (so to speak), even toucheth the apple of His eye, and the effect of the mercy is so great to me, that I lose all the sense and sensibility of my being touched; for the greater alway swallows up the less; and I believe that it is in this way and manner that Christ all in all becomes increasingly precious unto us. Again. It is written, "In all their afflictions He was afflicted;" but remark how the love of the Holy Ghost is manifested toward us in so particularly specifying the truth of the blessedness. First, "Surely they are my people;" which is a precious declaration, yet it doth not seem to set forth union in its blessedness, and fulness, therefore He saith, secondly, "Children that will not lie;" which thing is impossible, as they are children in oneness of nature, life, and spirit with Jesus the Son of God, who is the truth, the true God, and eternal life; and I add, there cannot be any possibility for the Son of God in truth and love to be afflicted in all our afflictions had He not been "Immanuel, God with us," God in our own flesh and blood, our Brother born for adversity, the Word made flesh, the Child born, and the Son given. Then the questioners ask, "Are not our afflictions and infirmities the effects of sin?" To which I answer, yes. Then, if it is true that in all their afflictions He was afflicted, had He not a sinful nature? Nay, for sin is no part of our nature; our nature was made and declared good before sin had any existence, or had entered, and death by sin; and sin dwelleth in us as the dweller in the house, who is neither the house nor the furniture; therefore as Jesus took our flesh and blood He thereby took a perfect nature: and as it behoved Him to be made like His brethren, He was made of a woman: and as the glorious Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, so He Himself took our infirmities and carried our sicknesses, and thus had all the substance of all the afflictions that we are heirs to in oneness of flesh with Adam in the fall; but Jesus took them that He, as Jehovah Rophi, by taking that nature, might heal it of all diseases, and to be "made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him:" and thus we sing, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is

within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits, who forgiveth thine iniquity, and healeth all thy diseases." It is most precious to me to know that all my diseases are completely healed in and by Jesus, "Immanuel, God with us," the Word made flesh; and they never will break out again; and, my dear Ruth, how precious to live in Him in pure life, and perfect health, and whatever our sicknesses may be, in ourselves as creatures, thus it stands written on the whole, "This sickness is not unto death; but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby," who said, "I am the resurrection and the life." "Neither can they die any more;" and "them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him;" and whatever our sufferings may be, we suffer with Christ who suffered for us, that we also may be glorified together.

I do desire the Lord to open more and more of that unspeakable mercy, union to Christ the Lord, our all and in all; and no doubt you know and are confirmed that all the hope and desire of your dear departed mother sprang from union to Christ, being in Christ God's workmanship, and was as safe and secure with her sighs, longings, and desires, as Simeon was when he said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy Word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." There is another dear truth which is most blessed; but professors, and even those that say they belong to Christ, seem to think but very little of; that is, "the life is more than meat." Then how consoling and how confirming of the blessedness, that as your mother had life, her safety stood in that, though she did not seem to eat much of the bread, so as to cause her to rejoice and say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His;" and the living by simple life constrains me to live happy in life day by day; but there was a time I thought more of feeding and rejoicing than I did of life, and then I had much disquietude, thinking I only lived by feeding and enjoying; and I know you will prize the mercy, and we will bless the Lord with one heart, that there is as much life to groan, sigh, and desire, as to sing and rejoice. Jonah had life, and lived in the fish's belly, as much as he did walking the streets of Ninevah. Moses and Elijah lived by simple faith the forty days they fasted, as much as when they feasted; and thus we see the life more than meat; for the meat is no use without life. I drop these hints to you in love, though some would say it is an odd letter of condolence under such a bereavement, but I cannot call it by that name; no, nor a separation either: she is only just gone out of the tabernacle into the mansion, and my dear Ruth is standing in the tent door, and worshipping, ready to depart to be with Christ which is far better. Sorrow we may, but not without hope for them that sleep in Jesus. What a

mercy for us, that the Lord so ordered it, that whatever sin did, it could not destroy love and affection in the sinner. Thus the brightest gems, so to speak, remained amidst the wreck; therefore Jesus being a Man of sorrows, wept at the grave of Lazarus, and the Jews said truly, "Behold, how He loved him!" and so my dear Ruth, her tears are the effect of love, and instead of dishonouring the Lord, she hath to say in faith, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle; are they not in thy book?" and I doubt not that whilst the tears flow, there is a dear remembrance of the gracious dealings and love acts of the Lord both to herself and her dear mother; and in the assurance of this, she will also weep to the praise of the mercy, goodness, and faithfulness of the Lord; mention His loving-kindnesses, and sweetly warble forth, "My Jesus hath done all things well, Hallelujah."

Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord; and the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing; that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost. I desire to sympathize with you in your present state, which is of the Lord; for if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; and so we weep with them that weep and rejoice with them that do rejoice. The Lord deals very graciously with me: and I desire to be pleased only with His good pleasure. It hath pleased the Lord to put my Mary to bed for near a fortnight with the influenza; two of the daughters have been very sadly for many days, and I have a heavy cold, with much pain in the legs, from rheumatics; but I feel constrained by love to say, "I will mention the lovingkindnesses of the Lord," and, also, "I will cry unto God most high, unto God who performeth all things." Sweet is the mercy to live and walk by faith, trusting in the Lord at all times; for "He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself;" and, "He will rest in His love." It is His good pleasure still to keep me in the dark relative to a Chapel, and what He is about to do with me. But I will sing, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted; it is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." I know we have one heart and one mind in these dear truths. When the time comes, I shall be glad to hear from you, and of the Lord's mercies toward you.

Love to Mary and the few sheep. Peace be to you.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

Seventy-fourth Letter.

THE GLEANER TO THE REAPER.

BELOVED IN JESUS,—I thank you for the sermons. I found in

them a sweet savour of Christ "who is the health of my countenance, and my God." Mary sends love to you in Jesus: she was much comforted and strengthened in reading some of your sermons while I was out. It was a great pleasure to see and hear you. My thought was that we should not meet again face-to-face below; but that is with the Lord. I long to behold Him without a glass, where all will be of one mind; that Jesus should be all and in all. My soul often mourns that the dear living family are so little taken up with Christ; so many seem struggling for something in themselves, to give them confidence in Him, as if they were to believe in their faith, rejoice in their joy and hope, instead of growing up into Him in all things. But such striving is not crowned, because it is not lawful. How long did I vainly go about to get something settled in myself; but it was all unsettledness and tossing to and fro; and in whatever manner or measure that self seeking returns, it is so still, and always will be; for our Father has blessed us in Christ, and only in Him can we inherit the blessing; and the Holy Spirit does so show me all and everything in Him, that my soul joyfully says, "I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of His righteousness, even of His only." That I am in Christ includes all possible blessedness, and the realization of it is accompanied with rest and peace indescribable. "In His days do the righteous flourish, and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth." I love the days of the Son of Man; for he that walketh in the day stumbleth not: and, blessed be the Lord, we are "the children of the light and of the day," who desire not to walk in our own darkness; but "as we have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in Him" who is "the true light," and "in thy light we shall see light." He divided the light from the darkness. That is very precious; and "ye sometimes were darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord." So we learn the way where light dwelleth, and as for darkness, we know the place thereof, having the senses exercised by the Spirit to discern good and evil. We know that in our flesh is darkness enough; but our precious Lord says, "He that followeth me, shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." I feel it very blessed, and it is wonderful to be in the secret; so that while His mouth speaks wisdom, our heart meditates on understanding, and our ear is sweetly inclined unto a parable, while He opens His dark saying upon the harp, which maketh melody unto the Lord. Thus the voice of the Bridegroom has the ear of the Bride, and both in the one heart are deeply engaged in the things which be of God. Unspeakably precious is the fellowship thus enjoyed with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ, who also have fellowship with us. Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth, at such displays of sover-

eign grace and free favour ! Truly for this close fellowship He took on Him not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham, and would be in His Father's house as one that serveth with the fatted calf and with the wine that cheereth God and man. My soul adores and wonders, realizing the truth of those words, "I will come in unto him, and sup with him and he with me;" "we will come unto him, and will make our abode with him." The delights are indeed mutual between the God of Abraham and the seed of Abraham His friend; between the triune Jehovah and the people of His love and choice, who are His "peculiar treasure." I long to know more of the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, which all the losses, crosses, sins, and perplexities of this time state shall in no wise impoverish. I find it often a peculiar path, very contrary and much hidden to flesh and sense; but amidst all their mists, and the fogs of this low country, faith does stedfastly believe that the Lord will take care of His own treasure and not suffer any loss in His jewels or the riches of His glory there. Would my heart were more enlarged by the Holy Spirit in that blessed subject which raises so above all we are as creatures, and all we are passing through in this wilderness journey; yea, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us unto the death, and through the death, and out of the death; for above all deaths will that love raise us to dwell in love and life for evermore. His love to me is wonderful, surpassing the love of women; for in all things He has the preeminence, though His spouse says, "Tell Him that I am sick of love."

In His life and love I send kind love to yourself and dear Mrs. T., and remain,

Yours affectionately,

RUTH.

A SISTER'S EPISTLE TO "RECLUSE."

MY BELOVED SISTER IN A PRECIOUS JESUS,—“Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.” I trust my long silence has not induced you to think that I have forgotten you. No, my sister; though we are severed in body, in spirit I am often with you: for we are joined to the Lord and one Spirit. I believe we must both sing of the love and mercy of our covenant keeping God, He “hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad;” and although we daily have to pass through many changes, yet, what a support to our oftentimes fainting spirits, to know and believe,

that our Jesus changes not; but is the same "Yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Beloved, "Thy God reigneth," is a sweet cordial to the soul when applied by the blessed Spirit, when time things appear to be all going wrong, and our feelings seem to say, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" "Will He be favourable no more?" May He make us more humble and submissive to His divine will; for surely we believe that He is

"Too wise to err, and O,
Too good to be unkind."

Yet, my sister, when in my right mind I would not have my pathway of tribulation altered, although it is wave after wave; for I should begin to fear that I had no part in the legacy that our dear Lord left to His children while here below; for He positively declares, "In the world ye shall have tribulation;" but, my dear, when He is pleased to favour me with a little of that sweet peace in my soul which flows from Himself, I straightway say, "Light afflictions."

I was glad to hear by Willie that you have again been mercifully brought through another time of natural sorrow, and that you and the dear babe were doing well. I felt so sorry I could not talk to the dear boy; I felt so ill, and he appeared in haste. I have been confined to the house three weeks last Wednesday with a violent cold, which brought me into a very low, exhausted state. I really felt very ill, and at the same time I lost sight of my best Friend; my mind was dark, my affections cold, my heart felt hard, and how I feared as I entered this cloud. I thought, how will it be with me when I come to the swellings of Jordan? will He leave me now to sink? My dear sister, it made me cry earnestly to Him again to show favor to my tempest-tossed soul; and whoever petitioned in vain? for He has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Yes, He shall have all the praise; for Himself hath done it. He sent a little of that peace into my soul last Friday which the world can neither give nor take away; and I said, "Precious Jesus, with thee I can do all things, and bear all things, but without thee I can do nothing, and bear nothing: draw me closer and closer to thyself; for thou art my only hope of salvation."

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

How I have enjoyed the "Witness" this month! What sweets it contains! I found much to suit me in my present circumstances. I feel greater union than ever to our dear brother Wilcockson: his pieces are so suitable for the family when the Holy Spirit makes them so.

My dear, if you have time and inclination, write me a few lines; you know I shall be happy to receive them. May the Lord bless you, my sister. He has, in His rich grace, shown us great things, and He says we shall see greater things than these. May we be kept waiting at His footstool and daily learning of Him, and looking unto Him who is the author and finisher of our faith. We are poor, needy, and sin-polluted creatures in ourselves, but our Jesus is rich, and holy, and through His sovereign mercy you and I have felt the power of His peace-speaking blood in our souls. Let us magnify His name. Let us exalt His name together; for He alone is worthy to have all the praise, and all the glory, now and for ever.

With best love, I remain,

Your affectionate sister,

E. NICHOLLS.

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(Continued from page 140).

Our minister was both sound and unsound in his doctrine, just as circumstances occurred. It happened just before I joined the Church that one of our leading members had a child burnt to death. On the Sunday after the funeral he preached what is called a funeral sermon, and took for his text the following portion: "If the scourge slay suddenly, he will laugh at the trial of the innocents." He spoke on this occasion to the satisfaction of many; for he brought out some of the good old things of the ancient mountains and everlasting hills: so that we had, for a treat, a little strong meat, with some good old wine of the kingdom, which never fails to cheer the heart of the disconsolate. Now, if the death of His saints is precious in His sight, I do humbly conceive that their afflictions and trials are no less so. Yea, everything leading to death must be precious to the Lord. We read of the Man of sorrows, that He should see His seed, prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hands: also, "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him." Now, if the Lord took such high pleasure in the sorrows and afflictions of Christ, surely He takes pleasure in the afflictions, trials, temptations, and persecutions of each individual member of the body of Christ. How consoling to think, that not a dog can move his tongue, not a lion can roar, not a temptation can come, not a sorrow can befall, not a lust can break

out, without fulfilling the good will and pleasure of Him who hath said that "all things work together for good."

"Thousands this truth deny
And thousands will object
Can mortal evils say they
Prove good to God's elect

Yes, glory to the name
Of our sin-pardoning God,
Behold that kindled Tophet's flame
Has often work'd for good."

Does affliction, dear reader, make thee feel the emptiness and vanity of all subsidiary objects and subjects? It shall prosper in His hands in leading thee to seek thy everlasting all in Him who is the Heaven of heavens, and Glory of glories. Does hell's stormy wind and earth's mighty tempest drive and toss thy affrighted soul hither and thither? These shall prosper in the hand of your beloved Lord in making you to fly to the Rock of Ages for shade and shelter. It is a sweet mercy to feel sinking in the sand without a stone to stand upon; for then how lovely and precious does the sure foundation laid in Zion appear to the soul! Does inbred sin and native corruption teaze and plague thee day by day? Even these shall prosper in the hands of the blessed Spirit in leading thee to the person, love, blood, and righteousness of thy Kinsman and Redeemer. Art thou, like Jonah, plunged into the deep? Like him thou shalt there learn that "salvation is of the Lord." Yes, all shall prosper in the hands of thy heavenly Father in working His eternal glory and your everlasting good.

"Thy awful, base, backslidings too,
Shall prosper in His hand;
Nor can the whole Satanic crew
His sovereign will withstand:
All that has been, is now, shall be,
Is settled by His firm decree."

I know well that all those who wear John Wesley's spectacles will conclude this to be little better than an Antinomian lie: but I heed them not; for I am confident that it is the truth, and so far from being a discouragement to the heaven-born child, it will be a source of consolation to him to view the Lord's hand in every affliction and trying dispensation,

Since every stroke comes from His hand, in love,
To starve the flesh, and draw our souls above.

But what is to be said of the vile lies and abounding errors of the day, even the infernal lies of the bottomless pit? Why, just this: Both Satan and his lies are in the hands of Jehovah Jesus, and every wind of doctrine which now fills our once Protestant land, whether from the Pope of Rome, Pope of England, or Pope of Hell, shall prosper in His hand for the present, future, and eternal good of Gospel Zion. Dear child of God, you have only to look

a little into the history of the Church, and you cannot fail to discover that the powerful machinery of Hell has been the means in the hands of our God of blowing away abundance of chaff and causing the true wheat to consolidate together. Yes, every stormy wind and tempest which roots up every false plant has the opposite effect in God's garden of deepening the roots of the trees of His right hand planting;

"For when they're shook, they deepen root,
And better stand the storm."

I do verily believe that the damnable lies of Arians and Socinians in former days, and the wide-spread, God-dishonoring lies of all classes of Arminians in our day, have done the Church no real harm; but on the contrary, a real good. This the history of the Church abundantly proves. See Peter ii. 12, and 1 Cor. xi. 19: "For there must be heresies among you (Mark that—"there must be." What for?), that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." Therefore heresies, lies, and false doctrines are among the "all things" which "work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose." I can truly say for myself, from experience, that I have received more instruction and establishment in the truth from lies, error, and false doctrine, which have been ably exposed in controversial writings, than from anything else. Though many speak against controversy, I believe that the Church cannot do without it. I have been in many sharp contests, and received many a blow, both from sinner and saint, and expect to get a few more rubs when this is in print, but

"T will only make me bold and strong,
Add sweeter music to the song
Of God's electing love.

In the month of July, after I was baptized, I was allowed to fall into the sin of uncleanness, which temptation stuck close to me for many years. My whole heart was captivated by it. I prayed against it in secret, made many vows; but all my efforts to subdue it were in vain. It would follow me into every corner, embitter my life, and harden my heart. I thought when I first fell into this sin that it would soon wear off, but I was woefully deceived; for my head and heart seemed full of lustful thoughts. One passage of God's Word was frightful to me to think about, which says, "Having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from sin" (2 Peter, ii. 14). This portion, together with the tenth verse, I dare not look at; for they would cut me, condemn me, and cast me down, go where I would. Often would I beg of the Lord to break the power of this sin and deliver me from it, when, perhaps,

in a few moments, all the floodgates of lusts would open and run from every corner of the heart. As we kept the key of the Chapel I would sometimes lock myself in, ponder over my sinful state, fall on my knees before the Lord, and pray for a deliverance. Sometimes I would strip myself naked, and cry unto God for mercy ; but when I met with one of Huntington's works, and found that he did the same on similar occasions, I discontinued it. These things did so distress me at times, that I wonder I did not destroy my health : but it appeared as though the Lord gave me good health that I might sin against Him. In mentioning these things, I hope to meet the case of some poor hidden children of God who dare not show themselves, and who weep bitter tears in secret before the Lord. Such are hid in prison houses, and I can truly feel for them ; and did I know of one such, I would travel miles to see him, give him my hand, and never attempt to cast at him one stone. The Lord in mercy deliver such from their own heart's lust.

I believe that I have made hundreds of vows and covenants, and broke them almost as soon as made. I well knew the folly of making them, yet could not desist. So determined have I been to have my own way, that I have written them down in books in order to remember them better ; and in this foolish way I have destroyed many books ; for I always tore out the leaf when the vow was broken. On one occasion I cut myself, in order to seal my covenant with my blood, thinking that it would ensure its being kept.

Here my reader may see a little of my native free-will and natural Arminianism. I well knew that though there were many devices in a man's heart, the counsel of the Lord would stand ; and what a sweet mercy that it is so ! Another precious mercy is, that though we cannot keep our own covenant one hour, God will never break His, or alter the thing that is gone out of His lips ; for the covenant of the Lord standeth sure. Although we are determined to maintain our own ways before Him, and forsake our own mercies, He is resolved that we shall not ; and for this blessed determination of His, when I am in some measure free from my Arminian fits, I love to praise His name.

Now, don't you, poor tempted soul, find this to be true in your own experience.

How I left off this wretched work of making covenants I do not know now ; but this I know, that it was needful for me to be filled with my own ways and sick of my own folly. It was the way that the Lord took to make this poor blind workmonger to admire and rest upon Him whose "work is perfect." I should feel much cast down to go over a thousandth part again. Since

then I have seen and read some of the trials of the Lord's people, and can feel a loving union to them in these things: and, notwithstanding my base life, I have joys that ye poor Arminians, who use the blacking brush, are entire strangers to. After you have laid a few coats of black on my person, name, and character, and raked up all the filth you can from my sink of uncleanness, I fully believe that through the spotless righteousness of Christ imputed to me, and that by being washed in the fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness, I shall stand, with all the saints of God, without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing, unblameable and unrepensible in love. Yes, I shall appear before my God upright in Christ, however deformed in Adam; pure in heart, however vile and base in the flesh; and a virgin soul, notwithstanding all my abominable lusts and acts of uncleanness; in that day when proud Arminians and fleshly religionists will be stripped of their filthy rags, cobweb coverings, and mock sanctity, falsely called *perfection*, and their whorish and adulterous hearts, with all unclean thoughts, brought to light before angels, men, and devils, while they, with devils, will be cast into hell, or the lake which burns with fire and brimstone. The thought of this at times makes me exclaim, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" O the height, depth, length, and breadth of the love of Christ to the most base, wretched, filthy, and unclean! "And such were some of you: but ye are washed; but ye are sanctified; but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

Should the temptations of which I have been the subject meet the eye of some poor, tempted, afflicted, sin-defiled, Arminian-hated, and persecuted child of God, who is for ever writing bitter things against himself, let me tell him that I am his "brother and companion in tribulation," that I can feel for him in his troubles, love him, and would gladly seek an interview with him: when we would compare notes, and talk a little of "the exceeding riches of His grace" "who hath made us accepted in the Beloved." We should "not fall out by the way;" for we should have one object and subject, and sing with the heart and understanding one song of

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding!"

There would be no jarring notes of Arminianism, or discordant sounds of Wesleyanism; but it would be as Kent sings in one of his full-toned gospel hymns:

"'Twas all of grace, from first to last;
The deed was done, the pardon past;
Secure in Christ were all its heirs,
The curse was His, the pardon theirs."

I hope my reader will not censure me for being so severe with the poor deluded Wesleyans; for I am compelled to write as I do on account of having suffered so much from both them and their de-
lusive doctrines. In short, I find so much Wesleyanism in my old
carnal heart, mingling with all I think, do, and say, that my hatred
of it increases as fast as time silvers my locks. Arminianism is the
religion of nature, therefore contrary to the Word of God, grace of
God, and teaching of the Spirit of God. It wounds the mind of
a child of God, embitters his life, disturbs his peace, and interferes
with his joys. Why should we, therefore, give place to the devil
by encouraging and countenancing this brat of his, this child of his
own begetting? I firmly believe that such men as Wesley, Fletcher,
and others, who have publicly condemned the glorious doctrines of
grace, and wounded the minds and blackened the characters of
those servants of God who have boldly and valiantly stood up for
the defence of the gospel, ought to be publicly exposed and refuted
by every possible and lawful means. Servants of God are not to
have their mouth gagged by the fleshly cant of "charity to all."
Some of the people of God seem to think that there is danger
attending being too strict and particular about the whole truth.
They do not like to see error and those who proclaim it exposed.
But this is a false delicacy, a mistaken notion. False doctrine and
the contenders for it must be opposed and exposed. Would not the
Arminians take all before them? Would they not, like the Papists,
root out every particle of truth, and those who possessed it, could
they get sufficient power? Would any poor, heaven-taught child
of God be allowed a moment's peace? When I think of these
things, I mourn in secret on account of the backwardness of many
of Zion's professed watchmen in exposing error and opposing those
who contend for it. There seems among them a greater timidity
of hurting the enemies of God's truth than wounding the minds
of God's children. For my part, I believe that Zion's best friends
are those who are determined, by the grace of God, to root out,
pull down, and destroy, every error, lie, and false doctrine, whether
from the steeple, workhouse, or the pit; and this is most effectually
done by declaring the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The truth of God, in all its parts,
Is near and dear to living hearts;
And though, to hold, it causeth strife,
They prize it more than human life.

To gain renown, to get esteem,
They dare not hasten with the stream;
But boldly swim against the tide,
And every storm of life outride."

(To be continued in our next.)

A SERMON.

The Thirteenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

As the Lord set the cloud round about the Mount, that nothing should touch it, so concerning the mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God, it is so wrapped up, that neither man nor angel can step over its bounds. The children of Israel knew nothing of the communion between God and Moses on the mount, and there is none can understand the Incarnation, but God Himself, and yet the mercy and blessedness of the Church is to be holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience: and the more we are led into the contemplation of the Incarnation, the more precious it appears to the spiritual mind. Mark you, it is not raising up a man or woman into a state of communion with God; but it is God coming down in our very nature, and having communion with us there; and not only so, but that He may have a full and personal feeling with each and every one of His members. If we could but enter into a little of the glorious fulness of this subject, how little everything would appear that stops short of it. In Luke ii. we read, "It is glory to God in the highest," "on earth peace." What is that? God's peace in the heart; "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." It is not only "peace on earth," but "good will toward men." Pause, and ponder this in the heart; admire, adore, and rejoice in "Emmanuel, God with us." And mark another thing, for our salvation and blessedness is connected with it, that it was the Incarnation of the Son of God that gave time its fulness; for what an empty thing time would be without our glorious Christ. And how sweet the testimony sounds at all times: "But when the fulness of the time was come." Our forefathers had been looking forward in expectation of the Incarnation, but there was none but God Himself that knew when the fulness of the time would be, when He would send forth His Son, made of a woman. I will just drop this hint: Christ is not called the fruit of the loins; He is called the fruit of the womb. He was made of a woman, and He was made under the law. And that gospel sermon preached by the Lord our God to an audience of three, had reference to the fulness of time. I mean to Adam and Eve, when the devil heard and looked on, of whom He said, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed; He shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise His heel." This was the first promise concerning Him, and the faith of every one prior

to the Incarnation of Christ was founded on that absolute declaration and unchanging blessedness of the Word of God. "In the fulness of time God sent forth His Son." Not a pre-existing soul man; not a pre-existing glory pattern man; but God sent forth His Son; and take notice and see how particular the Lord is, that Christ is called the only begotten Son; for if He was not one in nature, essence, eternity, power, and glory, He could not be God's only begotten Son. I drop this hint because the subject is most precious to my soul, having been surrounded by that flimsy fleshly doctrine of the pre-existerians. May God keep you from such heresy; for it matters not what you believe in, if you do not believe in the Son of God, Satan will not tempt nor plague you about it. But what were the prophets writing about and expecting? What was Simeon, Anna, and others in the Church, waiting for? where was their heart, mind, thoughts, desires, and expectations? The Incarnation of the Son of God. Then mark another glorious mercy, represented by the two cherubims on the mercy seat. The Church that went before the Incarnation, and the Church that follows after, cry, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Hosanna to God in the highest!" The Church that went before, and the Church that follows after the Incarnation, both meet face to face on the mercy seat in oneness of heart; and I may say the text engraven before them is, "Christ is all and in all." Let me make another remark on the expectation of the olden saints; they were not writing novels, like parsons in our day: but they were "searching." Not underground, to find out how many years have elapsed since the world was created. No, but searching what and what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand, the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow. I don't think you will find many children of God that know much about geological or scientific matters: their object and subject, according to the desire of their heart, is to know more of Christ, to love Him more, to serve Him more, and to live only for Him; and to have wisdom, understanding, strength, and ability enough to pass on as pilgrims and strangers; "For here we have no continuing city; but we seek one to come;" and many times long "to depart, to be with Christ which is far better."

Well, then, they were searching, and we are searching: sometimes when I am searching, I only look on the black letter, but at another time the door is opened, the avenue is clear, the glory of the Lord is unfolded, as the light shining in a dark place, then is an entrance into the mind, will, pleasure thoughts, purpose, covenant, and promise of the person of our most glorious Christ. Two or three words arrested the mind last night, and I then thought it would be our Christmas day text; they are recorded

in Luke i. 72: "The mercy promised." What is it? Christ. And what is the mercy promised to do? To perform all the conditions of the everlasting covenant between the Father and Son; and the opening of that covenant warms the heart of a child of God day by day. What is it? "I will be Surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him; if I bring him not again to thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever."

But our text reads thus: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" Matt. ii. 2. Let me make a remark at the threshold of this profound subject. Great search has been made to find out if possible where those wise men came from, who came to worship God Incarnate; but that does not concern us; but it is evident, as they were called wise men, they were wise to do evil, they were magicians, soothsayers, and sorcerers. These were the first of the Gentile Church that had been wrapt up for ages in devilism and witchcraft, and they came to prostrate themselves at the feet of "Emmanuel, God with us." If this was a fair specimen of the first worshippers, all those that follow on are just like them, using all manner of divination, sorcery, and devilish acts, before sovereign grace, reigning mercy, and abounding love, brought you and me to seek Him, "who is born King of the Jews."

It appears that these wise men were at a great distance from Jerusalem, and I don't think there were any directing posts in those days, and it does not appear they knew the road; in a certain sense they were true Abrahamites. In what manner? They went out, not knowing whither they went. They went out for the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came. And it is the same now with every child of God: for as sure as God sets him seeking, so sure will God direct him step by step, until he can say, "I have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth." Then He saith, "Whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord; but he that sinneth against me, wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death." Take notice of this, as there is a sweet analogy in it with the experience of God's children. "They saw a light:" that was the attraction; for, speaking after the manner of men, had they not seen the light, there would have been no attraction. Just so with you and me, we saw the light, the light was manifested, and that light pointed and directed them to a certain place, where they should find that which they sought. The light shined two ways; it shone in their hearts, and it shone toward Christ, and by that light they went direct to Jerusalem.

(To be continued.)

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1866.

No. 92.

THE WAY HE HATH LED ME.

(Continued from page 127).

ANOTHER male deceiver I will now name, as I am about it, and this in the shape of a real son of Abraham in the flesh, and who professed to be a son of Abraham in the spirit; but in this respect he did lie; for I verily believe that he never entered the covenant by circumcision. I have often heard of being "Jewed," and there was no mistake about it in this case. Of all the male hypocrites that I ever met with this man was the worst. Talk about a woman's tongue going nineteen to the dozen, it was nothing to his, for his would go ninety-nine. If this man fairly represented his people, I must acknowledge them to be the most crafty of all nations. It was the first time I ever met with a Jewish professor, and I were going to say I hope it will be the last, unless they are real possessors.

This son of Abraham came to our chapel, and made himself known as a real child of God; one who had been taught to renounce the old covenant, with all its formula, and embrace the Rock for want of a shelter. I took great interest in him, and felt delighted to hear him talk of their ancient rites and ceremonies. Never did I meet with a man that seemed to be brought into the simplicity of a child as this man; and so humble did he appear, that you would have thought he would allow you to use him as a door mat. Talk about no man being so meek as Moses, I think had Moses been half as meek and mild as that man, he never would have called the

in Luke i. 72: "The mercy promised." What is it? Christ. And what is the mercy promised to do? To perform all the conditions of the everlasting covenant between the Father and Son; and the opening of that covenant warms the heart of a child of God day by day. What is it? "I will be Surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him; if I bring him not again to thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever."

But our text reads thus: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" Matt. ii. 2. Let me make a remark at the threshold of this profound subject. Great search has been made to find out if possible where those wise men came from, who came to worship God Incarnate; but that does not concern us; but it is evident, as they were called wise men, they were wise to do evil, they were magicians, soothsayers, and sorcerers. These were the first of the Gentile Church that had been wrapt up for ages in devilism and witchcraft, and they came to prostrate themselves at the feet of "Emmanuel, God with us." If this was a fair specimen of the first worshippers, all those that follow on are just like them, using all manner of divination, sorcery, and devilish acts, before sovereign grace, reigning mercy, and abounding love, brought you and me to seek Him, "who is born King of the Jews."

It appears that these wise men were at a great distance from Jerusalem, and I don't think there were any directing posts in those days, and it does not appear they knew the road; in a certain sense they were true Abrahamites. In what manner? They went out, not knowing whither they went. They went out for the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came. And it is the same now with every child of God: for as sure as God sets him seeking, so sure will God direct him step by step, until he can say, "I have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth." Then He saith, "Whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord; but he that sinneth against me, wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death." Take notice of this, as there is a sweet analogy in it with the experience of God's children. "They saw a light:" that was the attraction; for, speaking after the manner of men, had they not seen the light, there would have been no attraction. Just so with you and me, we saw the light, the light was manifested, and that light pointed and directed them to a certain place, where they should find that which they sought. The light shined two ways; it shone in their hearts, and it shone toward Christ, and by that light they went direct to Jerusalem.

(To be continued.)

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1866.

No. 92.

THE WAY HE HATH LED ME.

(Continued from page 127).

ANOTHER male deceiver I will now name, as I am about it, and this in the shape of a real son of Abraham in the flesh, and who professed to be a son of Abraham in the spirit; but in this respect he did lie; for I verily believe that he never entered the covenant by circumcision. I have often heard of being "Jewed," and there was no mistake about it in this case. Of all the male hypocrites that I ever met with this man was the worst. Talk about a woman's tongue going nineteen to the dozen, it was nothing to his, for his would go ninety-nine. If this man fairly represented his people, I must acknowledge them to be the most crafty of all nations. It was the first time I ever met with a Jewish professor, and I were going to say I hope it will be the last, unless they are real possessors.

This son of Abraham came to our chapel, and made himself known as a real child of God; one who had been taught to renounce the old covenant, with all its formula, and embrace the Rock for want of a shelter. I took great interest in him, and felt delighted to hear him talk of their ancient rites and ceremonies. Never did I meet with a man that seemed to be brought into the simplicity of a child as this man; and so humble did he appear, that you would have thought he would allow you to use him as a door mat. Talk about no man being so meek as Moses, I think had Moses been half as meek and mild as that man, he never would have called the

in Luke i. 72 : "The mercy promised." What is it? Christ. And what is the mercy promised to do? To perform all the conditions of the everlasting covenant between the Father and Son; and the opening of that covenant warms the heart of a child of God day by day. What is it? "I will be Surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him; if I bring him not again to thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever."

But our text reads thus: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" Matt. ii. 2. Let me make a remark at the threshold of this profound subject. Great search has been made to find out if possible where those wise men came from, who came to worship God Incarnate; but that does not concern us; but it is evident, as they were called wise men, they were wise to do evil, they were magicians, soothsayers, and sorcerers. These were the first of the Gentile Church that had been wrapt up for ages in devilism and witchcraft, and they came to prostrate themselves at the feet of "Emmanuel, God with us." If this was a fair specimen of the first worshippers, all those that follow on are just like them, using all manner of divination, sorcery, and devilish acts, before sovereign grace, reigning mercy, and abounding love, brought you and me to seek Him, "who is born King of the Jews."

It appears that these wise men were at a great distance from Jerusalem, and I don't think there were any directing posts in those days, and it does not appear they knew the road; in a certain sense they were true Abrahamites. In what manner? They went out, not knowing whither they went. They went out for the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came. And it is the same now with every child of God: for as sure as God sets him seeking, so sure will God direct him step by step, until he can say, "I have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth." Then He saith, "Whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord; but he that sinneth against me, wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death." Take notice of this, as there is a sweet analogy in it with the experience of God's children. "They saw a light:" that was the attraction; for, speaking after the manner of men, had they not seen the light, there would have been no attraction. Just so with you and me, we saw the light, the light was manifested, and that light pointed and directed them to a certain place, where they should find that which they sought. The light shined two ways; it shone in their hearts, and it shone toward Christ, and by that light they went direct to Jerusalem.

(To be continued.)

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1866.

No. 92.

THE WAY HE HATH LED ME.

(Continued from page 127).

ANOTHER male deceiver I will now name, as I am about it, and this in the shape of a real son of Abraham in the flesh, and who professed to be a son of Abraham in the spirit; but in this respect he did lie; for I verily believe that he never entered the covenant by circumcision. I have often heard of being "Jewed," and there was no mistake about it in this case. Of all the male hypocrites that I ever met with this man was the worst. Talk about a woman's tongue going nineteen to the dozen, it was nothing to his, for his would go ninety-nine. If this man fairly represented his people, I must acknowledge them to be the most crafty of all nations. It was the first time I ever met with a Jewish professor, and I were going to say I hope it will be the last, unless they are real possessors.

This son of Abraham came to our chapel, and made himself known as a real child of God; one who had been taught to renounce the old covenant, with all its formula, and embrace the Rock for want of a shelter. I took great interest in him, and felt delighted to hear him talk of their ancient rites and ceremonies. Never did I meet with a man that seemed to be brought into the simplicity of a child as this man; and so humble did he appear, that you would have thought he would allow you to use him as a door mat. Talk about no man being so meek as Moses, I think had Moses been half as meek and mild as that man, he never would have called the

in Luke i. 72: "The mercy promised." What is it? Christ. And what is the mercy promised to do? To perform all the conditions of the everlasting covenant between the Father and Son; and the opening of that covenant warms the heart of a child of God day by day. What is it? "I will be Surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him; if I bring him not again to thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever."

But our text reads thus: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" Matt. ii. 2. Let me make a remark at the threshold of this profound subject. Great search has been made to find out if possible where those wise men came from, who came to worship God Incarnate; but that does not concern us; but it is evident, as they were called wise men, they were wise to do evil, they were magicians, soothsayers, and sorcerers. These were the first of the Gentile Church that had been wrapt up for ages in devilism and witchcraft, and they came to prostrate themselves at the feet of "Emmanuel, God with us." If this was a fair specimen of the first worshippers, all those that follow on are just like them, using all manner of divination, sorcery, and devilish acts, before sovereign grace, reigning mercy, and abounding love, brought you and me to seek Him, "who is born King of the Jews."

It appears that these wise men were at a great distance from Jerusalem, and I don't think there were any directing posts in those days, and it does not appear they knew the road; in a certain sense they were true Abrahamites. In what manner? They went out, not knowing whither they went. They went out for the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan they came. And it is the same now with every child of God: for as sure as God sets him seeking, so sure will God direct him step by step, until he can say, "I have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth." Then He saith, "Whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord; but he that sinneth against me, wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death." Take notice of this, as there is a sweet analogy in it with the experience of God's children. "They saw a light:" that was the attraction; for, speaking after the manner of men, had they not seen the light, there would have been no attraction. Just so with you and me, we saw the light, the light was manifested, and that light pointed and directed them to a certain place, where they should find that which they sought. The light shined two ways; it shone in their hearts, and it shone toward Christ, and by that light they went direct to Jerusalem.

(To be continued.)

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1866.

No. 92.

THE WAY HE HATH LED ME.

(Continued from page 137).

ANOTHER male deceiver I will now name, as I am about it, and this in the shape of a real son of Abraham in the flesh, and who professed to be a son of Abraham in the spirit; but in this respect he did lie; for I verily believe that he never entered the covenant by circumcision. I have often heard of being "Jewed," and there was no mistake about it in this case. Of all the male hypocrites that I ever met with this man was the worst. Talk about a woman's tongue going nineteen to the dozen, it was nothing to his, for his would go ninety-nine. If this man fairly represented his people, I must acknowledge them to be the most crafty of all nations. It was the first time I ever met with a Jewish professor, and I were going to say I hope it will be the last, unless they are real possessors.

This son of Abraham came to our chapel, and made himself known as a real child of God; one who had been taught to renounce the old covenant, with all its formula, and embrace the Rock for want of a shelter. I took great interest in him, and felt delighted to hear him talk of their ancient rites and ceremonies. Never did I meet with a man that seemed to be brought into the simplicity of a child as this man; and so humble did he appear, that you would have thought he would allow you to use him as a door mat. Talk about no man being so meek as Moses, I think had Moses been half as meek and mild as that man, he never would have called the

children of Israel rebels. Offend you? Why he would rather walk to Jerusalem bare-foot. Hurt a worm? Not he. Deceive you? Far from it. Could you doubt his honesty? Impossible. "Te tear Lord knows my heart!" was a common expression.

He was a man of about 50 years of age, he married a young wife, and was having a young family very fast; and as he had renounced the religion of his ancestors, they would afford him neither succour nor silver. Poor? He was that to a degree. In fact, he had simply nothing. Pawn, pawn, pawn he did, until all was pawned. What could he do? Buy and sell he could, if some one would but start him with a few pounds. That was the thing, who would lend a Jew money? Not I, had it not been that he was a child of God. Upon this ground money was lent. He bought, he sold, he got a living. Regularly he attended "Beulah," and no one doubted for a moment his profession. He borrowed of me, he borrowed of others, and each thought that they were the only lenders. He did not always borrow, for he would often beg. Well, say some, both were more honourable than stealing. True: but stop a minute. One night after service he came to me with one of the most pitiable tales of woe that I ever heard. Could I shake him off? Not I. My heart fairly bled for the dear child of God. His wife was ill, with a babe at breast, he had nothing for her, everything pawnable had been pledged, he owed nine shillings for rent, the landlord was about to turn him and his family of young children out into the street that night, unless the amount of nine shillings was forthcoming: "What can I to! What can I to!" he kept exclaiming. "Te tear Lord knows! Te tear Lord knows!" flowed in rapid succession. I gave him the money, with a few shillings for immediate wants, and then started off home, but had not proceeded far before I was caught again. This was a poor despicable looking woman. She had been waiting for me to come out of the chapel, but as I walked off so rapidly she had to run for it. This my friends who personally know me will believe to be true, for they are well aware that my usual pace is about four or five miles an hour. The dear creature was out of breath, and was some minutes before she could put her tale together. "Well, how much do you want?" I said. "Eighteen pence if you please, sir; if you'll be so good, sir." "Here it is, good night," and I again started for home. This woman was one of the worst of the bad. To say *no* to a *real* case or a *false* one I hardly knew how.

Well, and what became of the Jew? and what became of the money that the friends had lent him? No one knows; for he left us in the lurch. It was astonishing how many had lent him money, varying in amounts from 5 to 40s. No doubt he found it answer his purpose well to acknowledge that the Messiah had come,

not only into Judea's plains, but into his heart; but His coming in this case had a very different effect to that of His coming into the heart of Levi the publican. One poor widow I was very sorry for, of whom he had borrowed 40s. If grace has no more effect on the heart of Jews than this, it cannot be the grace of God which bringeth salvation. No doubt covetousness was his besetting sin, and money his god; but as to knowing the God of Abraham, and having the fear of Abraham's God in his heart, I believe that he was a perfect stranger to both. It is a rare thing to meet with a child of God among the Jews in this day; but we thought that we had met with that rarity at "Beulah." How true it is now of the Jews as a people,

"Strangers to Abraham's faith and Abraham's God,
Their temple doors contain an Ichabod."

But whoever may deceive us, and even ruin us as far as temporal things are concerned, what a mercy for us that the Lord has not allowed us to be deceived in soul matters. Dear reader, the deceived and the deceiver are His, and the Lord will see to it that they shall go no further than the boundary which He has fixed; and, if you belong to Him, not a hair of your head shall perish. You may be fearfully imposed upon, and stripped of all earthly possessions by those who have solemnly avowed themselves your real friends: but what of this? Why not say, "It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good?" The gold and silver for your use, the clothes for your wear, the health for both body and mind, together with every loss and cross, affliction and temptation, pain and pang, all, all are dealt out in weight and measure by your covenant God. Your footsteps in providence and grace are all wisely ordered by the Lord; and what the poet says is perfectly true:

"Your days of trials, then,
Are all ordain'd by Heav'n:
If He appoints their number TEN,
You ne'er shall have ELEVEN."

The Lord gave me two good men in the shape of deacons. They were both men of God, and were an ornament to their profession. Much I could say here in their favor, but I am sure they would not thank me to do so. They were both in a good position in business, and extremely liberal. They did not believe in keeping their parson poor, although I was often much poorer than they had the least idea of; for I never asked a creature for money yet, even though I have been without a shilling many a time. If all deacons were like these, ministers of the gospel would have no dread of them; but I believe, as a rule, they are a disgrace to heathens.

Empty professors, who stand pretty well in worldly things, are very fond of getting into office. Hence the trouble which falls to the lot of God's servants from lordly deacons. But some will say that my right hand men had no opportunity of showing their authority, for they possessed no power, inasmuch as the chapel was mine. True, I was in no way under obligation to them in this respect; but I should not fear their power and authority to-morrow. I believe this made no difference to them whatever. The fact was, they were men of God, loved the truth, and could feed under my ministry; and when this is the case, all is well. They did not seek the office they filled, the Church did not choose them, though well satisfied with them; but I felt my mind free to ask them, and they consented. They would not say, "Be ye clothed, and be ye filled," without putting their hand into their pocket and giving you that which would both clothe and fill. Not they. My heart has been warmed many a time at the prayer meeting with the prayers of these two brethren; and if all prayer meetings were blessed meetings as ours generally were, there would be no real ground for finding fault with prayer meetings. But they are too often *praying* meetings, as dear Triggs used to say; and this makes all the difference. Some we have had at these meetings who would pray with a fluency beyond my power to describe. Their language was sublime, and sound to the letter. Who could but admire? To be captivated by empty words is one thing, but to have the heart broken down in blessed contrition is another. Language flowery and speech garnished may allure, dazzle, and bewitch; but the simple breathings of a poor and contrite sinner will refresh the heart, cheer the spirit, and endear the Lord to the soul. A few broken sentences from the heart of a living child of God is ten thousand times more to me than flowing period from the lips of a graceless professor. One man who was one of the first to sit under me at "Beulah" I shall never forget. Certainly he would puzzle any poor child of God. I never heard a man pray like him in my life. This man pretended to great visions and revelations; but I am inclined to think that they were not of the same sort as were Paul's, neither do I think that he received the truth in the same way as did those who are said to have received it in "much affliction and joy in the Holy Ghost." He would talk a child of God dumb in a few minutes, especially one who was not established, grounded, and settled in the truth. He certainly was the most visionary man I ever knew. No one would contend for visions and revelations more than myself; but let it be the vision of faith in heart realisation and soul enjoyment, and let it be the revelation of the Lord, in the power of His Spirit, by the ministration of the Word of truth. But flighty imaginations are not spiritual visions; mental excitement is not the

effect of revelation. To have Christ revealed in the heart by the Holy Ghost is very blessed and very precious; to enjoy His blessed presence in our down sitting and uprising, in our going out and coming in, is truly soul-ennobling and heart-cheering; but to talk of visions in the way that this man would *always* speak of enjoying them, I must confess that I cannot. I can bless God that He has in much love and mercy revealed Himself unto me times and again, that my heart and soul have been as full of the love of Christ as they could possibly hold, and that I have wished for no other heaven but His gracious, soul-comforting presence; but to see the Lord in the way that this man has with his bodily eyes I do not expect I ever shall. He would say that wherever He went, whatever he did, there was the Lord. If he went in front of his shop and looked upon his house, it was beaming with glory; if he looked upon his wife she was surrounded with glory. Wherever he turned his eyes, there was the Lord in the shape of a dove. When he went to market early in the morning in his trap there was the dove hovering over him, before him, and round about him. But there, time and space would fail to enter more minutely into what this man saw and said. He was delighted with my ministry at "Beulah," as also was his wife. But He did not stop long. His wondrous visions were not sufficiently entertained by us for him, there is no doubt. The cause that he assigned for leaving my ministry I do not remember, neither did I grieve when his seat was vacated; for I could not receive him as a man taught of God; and his leaving in a pecuniary point of view made little if any difference to me; for beyond taking two sittings, and paying about 1s. per quarter to the collection, I never saw the color or shape of his money. This was not because he was poor; for he had a good business and no family to keep. He was well off in this world's goods, and I am much afraid that was all. The great visions and revelations never made him liberal to the cause that he professed to so much love. Had he been the most liberal giver in my chapel, I do not think I should have stayed at "Beulah" between 3 and 4 years. Where he went after leaving me I know not; but I trust ere this, if the Lord's will, that he can "come to visions and revelations" of the same sort as did Paul; then he will see the vast difference between empty notions and real knowledge.

Child of God, heart work is the thing after all; without it, all is a blank. To receive the Word in the letter with joy is one thing, but to receive it in the Spirit, coming like a sharp two-edged sword, is another. The Lord says, "I kill, and I make alive: I wound, and I heal." Therefore you must be killed, and then made alive; wounded, and then healed by the Lord Himself. Indeed, what the poet says is right,

"True religion's more than notion,
Something must be known and felt."

It was impressed for a long time on my mind to send out a monthly magazine for the benefit of the children of God scattered abroad. But the undertaking seemed so gigantic, that I could scarcely entertain the thought of carrying it out, especially as I was not in a position to bear any loss that I felt sure would be incurred. Put it away; and think no more of it I could not, so that if it appeared a work too great to carry out, it seemed a greater work by far to let it alone. My thoughts I communicated to none but the Lord, and begged of Him day after day that if it were not of Him to kindly banish it from my mind, but if it would promote His glory, and be of any benefit to Zion, to graciously make a way for it. This He did most unexpectedly: for one morning, having the matter pressing very heavily upon the mind, I had occasion to call at my brother's printing office, when he told me that he would be glad if I could manage to publish a monthly magazine. At this I was much astonished, as I had never hinted at such a thing to him; and I felt in a moment that it was the Lord's doings, and that the periodical would be published in due time. Had my brother known the truth, I should at once have told him my varied exercises of mind about it. He, of course, looked upon the matter in a commercial point of view, and was very sanguine as to the financial results. I left him with a promise of his hearing further from me about it. In the mean time I again and again committed the matter into the hands of my God, when He was pleased to repeatedly give me encouraging portions of His own Word, such as, "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might:" and, "Do all that is in thine heart; for the Lord is with thee." When warmed and cheered with the Word of the Lord I felt confident that the work would be published, and that all would be well. Then again, when looking at the difficulties in the way, and my insufficiency for the work, it seemed impossible that such a thing could ever be carried out. How long my mind hung in doubt about it, I cannot now say; but I felt at last necessitated to go on with it, although I had not a pound (£1) in the world towards defraying the expense. Had I consulted any of my best friends in the matter they would have done all that in them lied to dissuade me from so arduous an undertaking; but I did not tell them what my God had put into my heart to do (Nehemiah ii. 12). It was arranged between me and my brother that circulars should be issued announcing that a new monthly would be published on the 15th of October, 1858, entitled "Zion's Witness," that these circulars should be forwarded by post to all the known causes of truth throughout the land, and that gratuitous copies would

be sent, post free, to all parties filling up the enclosed form, stating number of copies required, with name and address. To get the names and address of the causes of truth was not a very easy matter. After the circulars were sent out, and the subjects for the first number were arranged, my heart failed me. I felt that I must abandon it; for it seemed that the mountainous difficulties that stood in the way could never be removed. Not only was I concerned about the expense, but the opposition that I should meet with: for scarcely had a day passed since the issue of the prospectuses ere I had some of them returned with sharp criticisms even upon the contents of the short address therein. Well, I thought, if the few lines in this circular secure me these severe strictures, what may I expect to receive after the issue of the first number of the periodical. But none of these criticisms cut me so deeply as the one which I received from dear Triggs. I thought this would have broken my heart. He was the only servant of God that I expected real sympathy from in the great Metropolis, and instead of sympathy I had censure. What to do I knew not; but it appeared impossible to go on with the work. The postman's knock shook me to the very centre, and my hands trembled and my heart throbbled on opening each letter. To have seen me, and have known what I felt, one would think that each circular contained my death warrant. But I was sometimes agreeably surprised; for now and then there would be a kind word of encouragement. This I could doubly appreciate.

Well, as I found so much opposition at the onset, and well knew that it would plunge me into heavy liabilities, I resolved upon going to my brother and telling him that I would not go on with it. At this resolve he seemed astonished, and wanted to know my objections. I told him that I feared the great loss. "Well," says he, "so sanguine am I of its ultimate success, that I will bear the loss of the three first numbers." Here again the Lord seemed determined to rule and reign down all opposition in my mind, and show me that there was nothing too hard for Him. After this the dear Lord so encouraged me in Himself, and communed so blessedly with me from the mercy seat respecting it, that I feared no opposition, I cared for neither men nor devils. I was walking at the time near the new prison, Holloway, and started home at once to prepare the first number for the press. This was ready without the least trouble; for when the Lord helps, there is no difficulty. It is as Luther says:

"Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Then on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done."

(To be Continued.)

A SERMON.

The Thirteenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

(Continued from page 168.)

THIS appears to have taken place about two years after the birth of the Lord, and they said, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star." It appears nothing could hinder them from coming, but when they came to Jerusalem they must go to Herod. Just like us in our first out set; we had some thought of going to the head man in the parish. It was so with us when God was working on our mind; we set out in God's light, but we seem to have more to do with man's works, ways, acts, and sayings, till God burns it all up. They went to Herod, and they might as well have gone to the devil. Herod, out of policy, received them very kindly, and he enquired very diligently when the star appeared, and that he might be more certain, he called together the Sanhedrin and enquired of them where Christ should be born; and if you take notice, it appears they were afraid to tell the whole truth, they appeared to prevaricate when quoting the scriptures, if you will refer to it, in Matt. ii. and Micah v. There it is written, "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel." But they worded it thus: "And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah." It is not so in the original; there was some end to answer by it, and if you look into Psa cxxxii., you find David saying that he would not go up into his bed until he found out a resting place for the Lord; for he saith, "Lo, we have heard of it in Ephratah, we found it in the fields of the wood." What is it? The Incarnation of the Son of God; "Out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting," or "from my day eternity." That is God the Father's declaration in Old Testament language; but these knowing Herod to be king over them, if they had said thousands instead of princes, it might have sounded in his ears something like a warlike proclamation; therefore princes did not sound so offensive. Well, says he, go and find out where he is, and come and tell me, that I may go and worship him. There are thousands like Herod in our day; there are many with fondness of heart and mind come in to worship, but they are soon exposed, as Paul saith, "They creep in to spy out our liberty which we have in Christ Jesus;" then they

will turn and rend, and despise you for the truth's sake, and despise Christ and His truth. God's children should be particular what company they keep. Nevertheless, we find the wise men went, and we find two prophecies fulfilled in Psa. lxxii. and Isaiah lx.; that is, when they brought Him gold, incense, &c., and presented it to the Lord. And that Herod may be disappointed, the wise men were warned by God to return another way. I pause and notice, how many times have you and me been warned of God to go another way, that we might not run into evil. Oh, it is precious to watch God's hand, and to trace its dear movements; for sooner than let His children fall into any evil, He will warn them to go another way, and our constant cry is—

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim, through this barren land."

Just look at the similarity. When Moses fled from Egypt, it was from fear, and God would not let him go back again, until they were all dead that sought his life. Joseph goes down into Egypt with the young child: and He would not let him come up again till He had told him they were all dead that sought the child's life. They were warned of God to go another way. See the result; when Herod saw that He was mocked, &c. There is something in that word that demands our minutest attention in our leisure moments. Did the wise men mock him? No; but Herod thought when he gave them his orders to return, they would have done so, and have told him all about it; but God frustrated his purposes. O! what wonderful truths are set forth in God's holy book, and yet how little do we understand of them! What did Herod do? He arose—this was his intention before, but now manifested—and he sent forth and slew all the children from two years and under; so that we may judge from that circumstance, about the time the wise men came to worship Christ. Whilst we look at the butchery of that bloodhound, a limb of the devil, we must not forget there is a scripture in Jeremiah which was fulfilled; you will find it in the 31st chapter; nor must we forget the promise to the mothers of these children: "Thy children shall come again to their own border;" and I believe in my heart the sorrow of the mothers of the Bethlehemite children that were slain, was heard in Ramah, as God had said it by the prophet. Therefore, in looking particularly into God's Word, and as God gives us His mind in His Word, what a feast of fat things there is found in them by the children. You have no need to go to a classical school or a university to learn these things; but if you know the secret, there hath something like this taken place, like it was with Peter and his companions when they stood before the Sanhedrin, they were all struck with astonishment, and made

these very wise and learned men say, "that these men had been with Jesus." Bless you, you will confuse and confound the devil, if you have been with Jesus. You will outstretch all the wisdom of the world if you have been with Jesus. Job's three friends could not make him out; they thought themselves uncommonly wise: but Job had more wisdom than his comforters. What did he say? "I know that my Redeemer liveth." If you put a child of God into the fire, Christ is his subject and object; you cannot make him deny his Lord. Put him into the lion's den, it is his God that rescueth and delivereth. I would not give a rush for your religion, if you have not some peculiar trials and deliverances. It is not a smooth way to heaven; it is a daily cross and a tempting devil to perplex. Have you ever been scared with dreams, and have been led to cry out, "Woe is me; I am undone; I am a man of unclean lips." Why, what is the matter? "I have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." That sight turns all our supposed comeliness into corruption, and from that day to the last on earth, the language will be, "In me, that is, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing." I may have been wandering a little from the text, but I cannot confine myself as some ministers say I ought to, for I love liberty too well to bear confinement.

But we will make a remark in conjunction with what these wise men were, of whom it is said, they came from the East; and I think there can be little doubt that they were Arabians, opposite to the country of the Queen of Sheba, who is called the Queen of the South; yet they both prefigured the Gentile Church coming to our glorious Christ. The woman said to Solomon, "One half hath not been told me of all thy wisdom." But what was it that most attracted her? When she saw his ascent by the way he went up to the house of God. And if you and me by faith have been to Bethlehem, and have seen Him, walked with Him, and talked with Him in His journeyings, and have had fellowship with Him in His sufferings, and been with Him at His death, and have seen Him rise and ascend into heaven, there hath remained no more strength in us. His ascent has been glorious, and the declaration most precious, "The same Jesus, whom ye have seen ascend, shall also descend in like manner, as ye have seen Him go into heaven." Well, whilst Herod was frustrated in his purpose, these wise men, these magicians, these sinners, had full satisfaction in seeing Jesus; whilst the one was filled with madness against God and His truth, the others were satisfied with God's mercy, they rejoiced in Him, and had no confidence in the flesh. Now, a word by way of supposition. Do you think these wise men that came from the East would have been satisfied with their errand's end, if they had not seen the Lord's Christ and worshipped Him? Then just take a

retrospective view of the hours, days, weeks, months, and years, that have passed since the light was first made manifest in your heart and mine. Has there ever anything satisfied us in reality, fully and personally, till we were brought into an acquaintance with the Christ of God? Saith Paul, "Those that receive Him, walk in Him, and are rooted and built up in Him, stablished in the faith, abounding therein with thanksgiving." What is it satisfies and comforts me now? A manifestation of His love. When in darkness and bowed down with grief, to experience the light of His countenance: when sinking in ourselves a thousand fathoms a minute, to find His grace sufficient for us, His strength made perfect in weakness. Is that all? O no! but to find everything and every one against us, yet to know Him as our friend. "For if God be for us, who can be against us?" Their enquiry was, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" Take this hint. Our Lord Jesus was neither born in Jerusalem nor died in Jerusalem. I believe these signify the death and destruction of Jerusalem, and that the spiritual Church of Christ are of different materials; so that we may sing with David (Psalm lxxix. 12), "The Lord is my King forever, working salvation in the midst of the earth." Ah, say they, the land of Judea is in the midst of the earth. Indeed! learned men may say so, but I cannot believe it. Then say you what do you believe is the working salvation in the midst of the earth? "Earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord." What is it that works salvation in the midst of the earth? God in the very flesh and blood that is made of the earth: and, saith He, "My soul cleaveth to the dust." But I find the time has gone, and I must stop. I have only dropped a few hints on our text, but what do you know of the birth-day of Christ? "Oh," say some, "I have been told, and I have been very much pleased with it, that when Christ was born then I was born. Do you know why they are so fond of such nice sayings as that? "No." Then I will tell you. It is to set aside the five words of Christ, "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN;" therefore they put forward the birth of Christ for their birth. "But except ye are born of water and of the Spirit ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Another question I will ask you. Have you had any going to Bethlehem by faith, and seeing Christ Incarnate there, as the wise men did? and hath it had the same effect? What? "They worshipped Him." Have you worshipped Him? "Oh," say you, "those questions are very close." I hope they are; for you may as well worship a stone image as a false god: "For there are gods many, and there are lords many; but to us there is but one God the Father, of whom are all things, and we in Him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by Him." "Dost

thou believe in the Son of God?" "Lord," saith he, "who is He that I may believe? Thou hast seen Him, and He it is that speaketh unto thee. Lord, I believe, and he worshipped Him." If the Holy Ghost opens these truths to our minds, it will indeed be a Christmas day, a day to be kept in memory of the birth of Christ. Amen.

THE LORD'S WAY RIGHT.

How true it is that "the way of man is not in Himself;" for "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." We thoroughly believe that what the poet says is perfectly right,

"Life's minutest circumstance
Is order'd by the Lord."

"The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

Thy way in all things must be right,
Thy counsel it must stand:
Work what is pleasing in thy sight,
For who can stay thy hand?

And we are well assured that the Lord has done whatsoever pleased Him. It is true that our old nature kicks and rebels; but the Lord says, "This is the way: walk ye in it." Had Daniel consulted flesh and blood he never would have chosen the lion's den as a fit and proper place to meet the angel of the everlasting covenant: neither do we suppose that the three Hebrew children would have ever dreamt of selecting a fiery furnace as a suitable place for communion and fellowship with One like unto the Son of God. But in both of these cases the Lord had His own way: and are things altered now? Does not the Lord lead the *blind* by a way *they* know not, and by paths that they have not known hitherto? To be sure He does, and what is it for? That they may learn of Him. It is as dear Kent sings:

"All to make us
Sick of self and fond of Him."

The Lord says, "Trust ye not in a friend, put ye no confidence in a guide: keep the door of thy mouth from her that lieth in thy bosom. The best of them is as a briar; the most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge." But He lovingly says, "Trust in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

"When creature and created things
 Against the saints withstand,
 The Lord will spread abroad His wings,
 And hold them by His hand.
 When human props to pieces break,
 When persecuted for His sake ;
 Yea, when the heart is torn and rent,
 The troubles are by Jesus sent."

But does it seem like love to send troubles on every hand? Does it look like love to put us into the furnace? Is the poet right in saying,

"All His dealings wise and good,
 Uniform, though various ;
 Though they seem, by reason view'd,
 Cross or quite contrarious ?"

The blood-redeemed host before the throne John was told came up out of great tribulation ; but they had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb ; and surely this more than made up for all that they had been called upon to pass through. Did we thoroughly understand the Lord's intention throughout His all-wise dispensations we should see love at the beginning and end of every loss, cross, trial, or affliction.

"Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
 The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food:
 Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
 And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song !"

Could we see in the creature's *frown* the Lord's *smile* ; in their words of *anger* the Lord's words of *love* ; in their *curse* the Lord's *blessing* : how we should bless and praise Him for His goodness and His wonderful works to us unworthy children of men. We should then enter into the blessedness of what the Holy Ghost says by Paul : "Giving thanks for all things," knowing "that all things work together for good." How often we forget this dear truth ! How often lose sight of this glorious mercy ! Have we friends? The Lord sends them. Have we foes? The Lord sends them. Do we get a *frown* where we expect a *smile*? It is the Lord's doings, though marvellous in our eyes.

"When those around who vow'd to love,
 With hatred cause your mind to smart,
 O let this raise your soul above,
 Your Jesus has a tender heart.

A tender heart? Ah, yes indeed !
 So tender, none can e'er express :
 A heart that will with sorrow bleed,
 Whenever you are in distress."

What David said of his brother Jonathan our blessed Jesus says to

us : " I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan." He is a sympathising High Priest, and is touched with the feeling of our infirmities ; and He not only pours in His sympathy, but sends needful help and succour. He not only binds up the broken in heart, but pours in oil and wine. He speaks the soothing word with a still small voice : He dresses the wounded soul with a gentle hand : and He lovingly says to those who find that all on the right hand and on the left fails them, " Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground : and all the nations shall call you blessed : for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of Hosts." And when the voice of the Turtle is heard in this land, saying, " Fear not, O land ; be glad and rejoice ; for the Lord will do great things ;" the language of the heart is, " The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." The wilderness then blossoms like Eden, and the desert like the garden of the Lord, thanksgiving and the voice of melody is heard therein. We then honor the Lord with our substance, and with the first-fruits of our increase, while our barns are filled with plenty, and our presses burst out with new wine. It is then we sit and sing in heavenly places, " The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." Yes, we can join dear Kent in singing with the heart and understanding,

" Heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus,
 Long ere time its race began :
 To His name eternal praises,
 O what wonders love hath done !
 One with Jesus :
 By eternal union one."

Whatever changes take place in ourselves, and those around us, we are well aware that Jesus changes not. His love is from everlasting to everlasting ; therefore many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it ; for " God is love, and he that loveth dwelleth in God and God in Him." Surely this is a secure place to dwell in.

" Not more secure that favoured few
 Who o'er the deluge rode,
 For what shall ever injure you,
 Ye hedg'd about by God ?"

He is a wall of fire around us, and an arm of love beneath us. We soon get beneath the creature's arm, and sink until we reach His. The arm of the creature is too short and weak, but the arm of our Jesus is both long and strong. What a mercy for us that

though we are continually getting beneath *time* arms, we never can get under *eternal* arms. We find that *time* arms knock us *down*, but eternal arms will hold us *up*. *Time* arms will block up the way, but eternal arms will remove every hindrance, take up every stumblingstone. Bless and praise our God that "*Underneath* are the EVERLASTING arms."

Beloved, unchanging love, eternal life, and everlasting arms are three glorious realities, without which we should be of all men the most miserable. Indeed we find time-creatures are too much for us, too many for us, and too strong for us; and yet we know that there are more for us than there can possibly be against us; and all our enemies shall be found liars unto us. Indeed we can sing, "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us." As the inhabitants of the Rock we can sing and shout from the top of the mountain, "We have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." And we can join the poet in saying,

"If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside :
The law gave sin its damning pow'r,
But Christ my Ransom died."

And what a royal mercy to know that "in their death they were not divided." No separation in life, no division in death, beloved; but,

"Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus th' eternal covenant stands."

SPIRITUAL COMMUNINGS.

MY DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—We are spared to begin the year 1866, and we have cause to bless and praise our God who is always the same from the beginning of the year to the end of the year, the same at all times and under all circumstances, showing the greatness of His power and the richness of His grace in supporting, supplying, preserving, keeping, leading, and teaching us as we journey to our heavenly home, where there is no sickness or sorrow; yes, we are another year nearer the Holy Land.

Since I wrote to you I have been thinking about the seven women taking hold of one man, wanting to eat their own bread, and wear their own apparel, only they might be called by His name, to take away their reproach. I remember a minister speaking from these words; he said they were false churches, and I am inclined to think

so too; for if they were true churches, their own bread would not satisfy, nor their own apparel be sufficient; they only just wanted to bear His name, but the Church of Christ wants the Bread of Life, and the robe of righteousness. I think we have professing churches in the present day that only require His name to take away their reproach, and be thought something while they are nothing. We want all that God has promised. His Word to direct us: His arm to support us; His blood to pardon: His Spirit to quicken; His love to comfort; and to hear His voice within, and to feel our hearts go after Him, adoring His divine person, and to hold communion with Him, having the earnest of our heavenly Inheritance, and a hope full of immortality and eternal life. Our loins are girded with truth to run the race set before us, looking to Jesus; our trust is in Him. We want all He is and all He has, that we may rise above time-things, and forget our poverty. We love to put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and walk in Him our Life, our Light, our all in all. "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined;" and He hath shined in our hearts, and lighted our candle; so that we have light within, and it goeth not out by night: it is the Light of Life. It is said He will search Jerusalem with candles; search the innermost parts, and the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord; and it is said the candle of the wicked shall be put out. When the light is only in the head; but not so with the Church. To her he says, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." The children of Israel have light in their dwellings; the "Lord is their everlasting Light," the true Light that shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. The lamp of mere profession will burn out, having no oil within, no grace. The wise virgins had vessels with oil, but the foolish virgins had no oil. They that were ready went into the marriage, and the door was shut. "Many are called, but few chosen." Those who are effectually called by grace, with a special call, their calling is sure, and their election is sure. "Unto you, O men, I call: and my voice is to the sons of men." This is a special call, peculiar to God's children. "My sheep hear my voice." None but the sheep hear it, and they follow Him, and walk in newness of life; have passed from death unto life; but they still carry a body of sin and death, and while we are in the flesh, we find it a warfare. "What will ye see in the Shulamite, but as it were the company of two armies," nature and grace; and want of discrimination between the two often brings a child of God into much perplexity, and the arch enemy of our souls is always ready to lift us into doubting castle. I mean the feeble and faint-hearted; but "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." He knows our infirmities, and leads from

one degree of grace to another, from strength to strength, until we appear before the God of gods in Zion.

“ And though restor'd by grace,
By mighty grace indeed,
The strength we in ourselves possess,
Is like a bruised reed.”

I feel I am nothing ; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things. The Lord's people may not see eye to eye in every particular, but they will always agree in essential things, and own their glorious Lord as the author and finisher of their eternal salvation, and will say, “ Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory for thy mercy and for thy truth sake.”

“ Not unto us, dear Lord, and why ?
The reason is so plain :
Thou didst, in mercy, for us die,
For us our Lord was slain.”

Now, my dear sister, we have entered upon another year, and we know not what is before us ; but we have the same unchangeable God to look to and trust in, to commune with, and to carry all our hard causes. He says, “ The cause that is too hard for thee, bring it to me.” May we, like Hezekiah, spread our letter before Him, with all the troubles, trials, crosses, and disappointments, that we meet with in our time state ; and, falling at His feet,

“ Let all our petitions go up in His name,
For the blessing comes always through Him.”

I remember about thirty years since I received a letter, and I had reason to suspect it was from an enemy. I at that time opened it and spread it before the Lord, and asked His counsel before reading it. I know the Lord answered the letter to the confusion of them that sent it. He will not suffer the lions to devour His children where innocence is found. His Daniels shall come safe out of the den ; for the Lord will take care of His own. I have proved that ; yes, in more ways than one. I have not walked this earth sixty six years without meeting bad spirits ; but my God is able to deliver me, and will deliver, and has delivered.

Well now, my dear, in looking back upon the past year, I have much to praise Him for. The eventful year of '65 brought me into an acquaintance with you and the dear children at H. I look upon it as a wonderful thing ; it is the Lord's doing, in the order of His providence. May He still continue to comfort us, and bless our communings by the way. May we live to His praise, and glorify our Father which is in heaven. With my best love to you, and all the children of God, ever believe me yours in gospel bonds,

MARY.

"GO TO JOSEPH."

"Go to Joseph," child of God,
He will sympathy impart;
And He will, with precious blood,
Comfort your poor bleeding heart.

"Go to Joseph" when in pain,
Look to Him alone for aid;
Other helpers do disdain,
When you through the ocean wade.

"Go to Joseph" when distress'd;
Lean upon His Mighty arm;
In Him only you are blest,
He will shield your soul from harm.

"Go to Joseph," trembling child,
Pour your heart into His ear;
He will stem the torrent wild,
He will wipe the rolling tear.

"Go to Joseph" when all hell
Seems to rise within your heart,
He will all the gloom dispel,
Blood shall quench the fiery dart.

"Go to Joseph:" go, poor soul,
He will never say thee nay;
Though the stormy billows roll,
They shall quickly Him obey.

"Go to Joseph," mind you do;
Turn aside for none, dear saint:
No one else can care for you,
When your heart within is faint.

"Go to Joseph" when the foe
Comes against you with a flood,
Hellish wrath can never flow
O'er the boundary of blood.

"Go to Joseph"—do not think
You will tire His patience out;
He will never let you sink,
Though by tempest toss'd about.

"Go to Joseph" when you feel
Famine'sore throughout the land,
He will give you oil and meal,
With His tender, loving hand.

"Go to Joseph," loving bride,
Lean upon His bosom bare;
Arms of love are open wide,
You are His especial care.

"Go to Joseph:" why not go?
Think He'll use you rough and strange?
Can He? Will He? No, O no!
Love in Him can never change.

"Go to Joseph," and you'll find
He will sympathy impart:
You He must for ever bind
Closely to His bleeding heart.

A. W.

RELATIONSHIP.

Am I related to a King?
Is Jesus Christ my God?
I shall of grace and glory sing,
And shout of co'nant blood.

Whate'er I meet in this dark vale,
Whatever sinks me down,
The Lord's compassion cannot fail,
Nor can I lose my crown.

My daily pathway may be rough,
The future hid from view,
My God will ever grant enough;
For love is always true.

Yes, true and faithful is my God,
Though I believe Him not;
And when I taste His precious blood,
I know I'm not forgot.

It melts my soul, and cheers my heart,
It makes my face to shine;
Hell, sin, and Satan then depart,
And all He is is mine.

The flesh of Jesus then I eat,
His blood flows sweetly down,
Nor do I wish for other meat
Than is in Jesus found.

A. W.

DIALOGUE ON CRETANISM CONTINUED.

THOMAS.—I want you to tell me now, John, if Cretans are fond of criticism?

JOHN.—O yes, they are continually criticising others, yet none are more exposed to it than themselves. What do you think of the following words, Thomas? “The work of the Holy Spirit in the heart of man has to pass through such a channel of depravity and corruption, that it becomes polluted, yea, even the graces of the Spirit become polluted and have need of washing.”

T.—Well, John, the words are plain and clear enough, but they suggest abominable things.

J.—Yes, and I know a dear christian man who for a time was led away by this God-dishonouring heresy. Our God is a Rock of immoveable and unchangeable strength, and His work is like Himself, it is perfect; but if any part of His work can become polluted, then there is a change and an imperfection. Cretanism is a slippery thing, Thomas: you cannot bind a true Cretan down to fixed principles. I have known a Cretan confess to errors on essential questions, and then get into the pulpit and complain of “opposition from highly experienced christians;” and after that he cited those words in his own defence: “No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that rises against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn.” Again, I have several times heard these unqualified words: “Man has a capacity to receive the things of God.”

T.—Why, John, these words would be considered good in a philosophical lecture, and Arminians would glory in them.

J.—Yes, but supposing we qualify his words in this way; “Man has no capacity to receive the things of God only as the Holy Spirit, in His sovereign pleasure, gives him that capacity,” and this would humble all Arminianism in the dust. Why, if a Cretan be firmly withstood, he will advocate the truths he had just been perverting, and in this language, too, “Faith, like an eagle, soars aloft with joy and rejoicing, and lays hold even of the throne of God, and calls God, Father:” and here is plainly implied the two gospel truths of Assurance and Adoption.

T.—Well, but, John, we should have a little charity, and not make a man an offender for a word; might not this change be the result of honest conviction.

J.—Judge for yourself, Thomas; for in a short time he changed above half way back again, and said in a cold nullifying manner: “Very few know anything about these doctrines; not one in ninety

thousand, and they are generally ministers." Now about charity, Thomas; can you tell me how much charity Paul had for the false teachers of the Galatian Church when he cursed them with a double curse, and wished they were cut off because they troubled the true children? I think Paul had no fear about making a man an offender for a word, had he, Thomas? and yet if the sharp rebukes he advised Titus to give the Cretans had made them sound in the faith I believe Paul would have rejoiced greatly, and if an unguarded word escaped them he would in charity have instructed them. The charge of making a man an offender for a word cannot apply to a true believer: it is a characteristic mark of the enemies of God, His truth, and people, which you may see in Isaiah xxix. True charity in the heart of man is the work of the Holy Spirit, and rejoices in the truth, and not in a lie; but hates every false way. Mere human charity is good in human things, but when she pokes her dirty nose into divine things, she spoils all; for with much demure authority she exclaims, "O, we must not make a man an offender for a word;" and this opens a way for Cretanism to get in, the teaching of which makes the poor children weak, sickly, and stunted in growth, whereas Paul would have them be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

T.—You talk about soundness of faith, John, I should like to hear judgment from you on that question, as I have heard much said about it.

J.—To be sound in the faith, Thomas, is to walk in the teaching of the Holy Spirit; all other teaching is Cretanism. A preacher may possess great natural gifts and acquirements, but whatever his knowledge may be, if his ministry is not the special gift of God, he will not be sound in the faith. His words may sometimes amuse the head, but will never cheer the heart; for no spiritual life, power, rain, or dew will fall from his mouth to refresh and confirm the inheritance of God when it is weary; and a well exercised child will soon discover this.

T.—You will excuse me now, John, but I think in some of your remarks there is a tinge of bitterness, and you know that that is not right.

J.—Well, Thomas, I must express my thoughts in my own way, and as for bitterness, I have had so much bitterness all my life, that perhaps a little does escape me.

T.—It is of no use talking so, John; it is wrong.

J.—I know it is wrong, but if you never did the thing you hated, you are a fine fellow, Thomas; and yet I have known the time when even Satan himself could not get a bitter thing out of me.

T.—Ah, you talk large now, John; I should like to hear about that.

J.—Well, I will tell you as briefly as I can. I once carried a heavy burden of trouble thirteen years, the chief weight of which was fear of eternal destruction to an immortal soul; but that soul is now in heaven. Several years before the burden was removed, I one morning had a severe struggle in prayer: I felt ready and willing to die sooner than take a denial. In a few minutes after this I received a very satisfying answer, "There shall come out of Zion the deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." Soon after this a book fell into my hands—"Barry on Prayer." As I was reading this book, I came to a certain page where I saw in this trial I had been through all the great things related by the author, when a frame of mind came over me which I cannot well describe. It was a heavenly glow of love, joy, gratitude, adoration, and praise, so calm, so gentle, yet so powerful, that nothing could disturb it. I had just offered up a sacrifice of praise on retiring to rest at night, when these words darted through me, full of wrath and bitterness, "Curse Him!" It startled me for a moment, and then my heart went up in blessings on His dear name as warm as ever. This monster of the horrible pit could neither lodge a bitter thing in me nor get one out of me, and I feared him no more than a poor silly moth; but, O my friend, what would become of us did not the Saviour interpose His sovereign power in our every time of need; we should be crushed like a moth under the iron heel of a giant. It is the knowledge of this by experience that makes the dear name of Jesus so exceedingly precious; and now, Thomas, I ask you how can I receive the testimony of Cretan when he tells me that "the devil never attacks a believer when his Saviour is present with him; he is too wise for that?" If his testimony be true, what I have related is a delusion and a lie.

T.—Well, John, be moderate; this is not a vital error.

J.—True, but every teaching of the Holy Spirit is vital, and sweeps away every error; for they are all deathly, according to their measure.

T.—Well, John, I must go, and I have a parting word for you—always avoid bitterness.

J.—And I have a parting word for you, Thomas—put no confidence in a guide, only as you are enabled to trace the guidance of the Holy Spirit in that guide; you are then on safe ground.

T.—Well, good bye.

J.—Stop, Thomas, I have another parting word for you.

T.—Well, what is it?

J.—Lies and honey are worse companions than truth and worm-wood. Good bye.

J. N.

SPARKS FROM THE FURNACE.

(Continued from page 135.)

ALL the citizens of the wealthy place rejoice in the fact that all that the Elder Brother is heir too is theirs upon the ground of love and blood, as saith the Word, "All are yours, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Our near Kinsman is a man of wealth, yet, while He dwelt below, as a wayfaring man, He met with a very cold reception; for they had no room for Him in the inn; and the natural house of man, the unregenerated heart, has no room for Him now. But when the Holy Ghost is pleased to reveal Christ to the poor sinner, as the gift of God, he feels so humbled and unworthy, that he exclaims, "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof." He then joins Job in saying, "Behold, I am vile;" and agrees with Isaiah in acknowledging himself to be a man of unclean lips. Habakkuk's confession also suits him, wherein he said, "My belly trembled, my lips quivered, at the voice rottenness entered into my bones." With Paul he will likewise say, "O wretched man that I am!" What but a sight of dunghill self, under the light of the Holy Ghost, will cause such confessions as these? But this is our mercy, because the leprous plague was in the house the High Priest of our profession looked in; and, not only so, but stepped in, and cured us of all our leprosy. None but the sick need the Great Physician, and none but those who feel the grip of death ever cry out for life, saying, "Lord, save, or I perish."

"Tis the sick man, not the healthy,
Needs the good Physician's care."

Such know what it is to be in the land of the shadow of death, and feel, with Abraham, a horror of great darkness come over them; for "the Lord makes darkness, and it is night:" and though it may endure for a night, light sure to succeed it in the morning: and then our sombre shades roll away before the light of His countenance which shines like the sun in his strength. This is the way the Lord makes darkness light before them, by turning the shadow of death into the light of the morning. This is a morning without clouds, clear, bright, and serene, as the summer skies of Eden the day before the devil threw his infernal mantle of gloom over the hearts of Adam and Eve as they walked through the bowers of Paradise.

There are thousands in this day of blazing profession who never knew what the plague of the heart was, nor death, darkness, an

evil conscience, or wounded spirit, misery, guilt, nor bondage; but all God's children, sooner or later, more or less, know these things, and groan being burdened. I think the ancient land marks are being removed in our day; for so few seem to know the way to the city. The parsons, nine out of ten, are like blank fingerposts, showing the road to nowhere; and yet these dumb dogs and blind guides, like Job's asses, revel in the luxuries of this life, while the oxen, ploughing over sterile rocks, must labor on, and tread out the corn, and be fed like Elijah. Well, repine not. To muzzle the ox is to break the law; for the Lord says "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." In the days of famine the oxen shall be fed with meat that the world knows not of.

How few there are who like to become debtors to God's grace, live upon His bounty, lean upon His arm, and trust alone to His finished work, which is both honorable and glorious. Most are saying, "We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name to take away our reproach," which, in their own eyes, was scarcely worth naming, as they were not so bad as Rahab, David, Magdalene, or Peter, for they always kept their outward cloth clean, and their coats were free from scratch, hole, blot, or blemish; and sooner than these would become debtors to God's sovereign grace they would be damned. They never intended to trouble God when they began to be pious, as do the Publicans who cry out, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." What a sin for a sinner like him to commit in such a place! He might have taken his vile confession somewhere else, and brought his good deeds there to that holy place as did the Pharisee. He always took care to have his cups, dishes, plates, and platters well washed up, and his hands too, before his company came, or ere he went to pay God a compliment; but as for these offscouring poor sinners, they were always at the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, although in Christ they were clean every whit.

There appears to me but two sorts in the world—the Church of God and the church of the devil. The latter are always first in their own account, but the last in God's. Cushi is generally last in the race, but his tidings are weighty when he does arrive. Light weights run quick, are very methodic and expeditious, and always big with tidings, but never bring forth anything but wind and confusion. These were always alive before dead, clean before they were washed from their filthiness, in light before they were in darkness, in the third heavens before they were in the belly of hell, and saved before they were lost. They never travelled further in the forenoon than they could comfortably manage to get back in the afternoon. Like the elder brother, he always attended to his duties at the temple, and, in his own estimation, never broke God's law at

any time : and that thing has just returned from a rebellious, lustful, riotous randy, and spent all—I won't own him for a brother. Don't be so hasty, he is not come for the temple or utensils, and your Father by creation and his by election and adoption will settle the matter with you.' " And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me " in all thy duties and external performances ; always there when the temple doors are open ; so that " all I have is thine "—the temple, tub, timber, stones, bricks and mortar, and every relic upon which thy heart are fixed, is thine ; and thou art welcome to them ; but all that I AM in almighty grace, everlasting love, immortal life, imputed righteousness, covenant, oath, precious blood, election, predestination, and salvation, are his ; and though he pass through flood and flame to his inheritance, he shall be brought safely through, being eternally found in Him, chosen in Him, accepted in Him, built up in Him, and complete in Him. Who, then, " shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect ? "

Few seem to understand Christ as the glorious Substitute, the one Sacrifice, Mediator, Covenant Head, Surety, Righteousness, Redeemer, Deliverer, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace, not omitting His infallible title as " Wonderful Counsellor," whose infinite and boundless wisdom is given freely to the poor and ignorant, and those to all appearance who were out of the way : but in due time were made nigh by the blood of Christ. This latter day glory contains the riches of the Gentiles, which, in the eyes of both ancient and modern Jews, " were not a people," and is not now according to modern theology " reckoned among the nations : " but we bless God for the power of the gospel, wielded by the hand of the Holy Ghost ; for it binds the strong man armed, spoils his goods, destroys his patchwork, sweeps down his cobwebs, overflows his hiding-place, runs him out of the bye paths, discovers his foolishness, and consumes all his fancied faith and rags of self-righteousness, rends the veil of brutal ignorance, pride, arrogance, and strips him of all his golden gods, and wooden idols, silver madonnas, and tinkling cymbals.

When the eternal Spirit quickens a poor sinner, and shows him what he is, and where he is, as regards his first Adam standing, which is the prelude to a revelation of the Second Adam, he wonders how the God of justice should spare the guilty, as none but the guilty are condemned. There is enough guilt contracted in every child of God in one minute to send him to the nethermost hell, if the whole mass of guilt and sin had not been atoned for by " the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." What a mercy that God never saw iniquity in Jacob, nor perverseness in Israel !

J. FLETCHER.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

JUNE, 1866.

No. 93.

THE WAY HE HATH LED ME.

(Continued from page 127).

It matters not how mean and insufficient the instrument, so as the Lord condescends to use it: and I well knew my inability to edit a monthly magazine for the Church's use; but notwithstanding my unfitness, the Lord has been pleased to enable me to go on to the present time. Were I to sit down and write the history of the "Witness," with all particulars, it would fill a folio volume. Nothing in my pathway has caused me so many and varied troubles, and nothing has been so great a source of comfort. Times and again has it been, according to appearance, within a pin's point of closing; but the Lord has, in each instance, in a most signal manner, made a way for it. Had I from time to time communicated the real position of the "Witness" to my friends, they must have conscientiously advised me to give it up forthwith. In fact, they would have pronounced it sheer madness to have attempted its continuance. It has never paid its way, and yet I have never lost by it. This to some will sound rather contradictory, but it is no less a real truth. More than this. I have no fear of ever losing one farthing by its continuance. It was of the Lord that it commenced, and proof upon proof have I had that it is of the Lord that it continues. No desire have I beyond His will in going on with it. Not another number should be published did I feel that the Lord's blessing was no longer in it. But I have received verbal and written testimonies from all parts of the country and the Colonies

of its being blessed to the hearts of the saints scattered abroad by the Mighty God of Jacob, which is more to me than thousands of gold and silver. Had money been my object in its publication, I should have taken advantage of many opportunities which have offered to make it pay me a good profit. But I started it without consulting the creature, and have continued it without being dictated to by the creature. Helps, it is true, I have had, but not of my seeking. The Lord has stood by me. To Him be all the glory.

In starting, and in continuance of my work, I have avoided sectarianism in every shape and form. It has been my aim to write for the sect which is everywhere spoken against, the mount Zion that "no man careth for." To these the Lord has blessed His truth through the medium of the "Witness" times and again, and for His rich blessing I now desire to praise His name. Though the work has not paid in a pecuniary point of view, it has well paid me in a spiritual: therefore I have no cause to complain, but abundant reason to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name!"

In starting the "Witness" I felt that I should much like to meet with some friend who could aid me in preparing it for the press. To my wife I communicated my thoughts, and told her how very desirable it would be to meet with such a friend, when a certain man came to my mind as being a qualified person to assist me. I then told my wife that I felt that Mr. C. understood preparing matter for the press, and no doubt he would assist me. This man I had never but once spoken to, but he and his wife came to my chapel, and were formerly members with dear Triggs. His occupation I knew no more about than an infant at the breast, but I felt a persuasion that he was to assist me, and determined to watch the Lord's hand for an opportunity to speak with him. The Lord sent him to my house, when I asked him if he understood preparing matter for the press. "Why," says he, "I am a compositor in Her Majesty's Printing Office." At this I was struck, for I never dreamed that he was a printer. He promised to assist me, and I do not know how I should have managed without him. This was the Lord's doing. We went on very comfortably for fifteen months, when he left me. This was one of the greatest trials I ever had in connection with the "Witness." Indeed I thought my heart would have broken when he wrote me to say that he should retire from the "Witness" and cease from coming to "Beulah." When I received his note, it was like a shock to my nerves. When I recovered a little, I hastened out of the house, wandered into the fields, and was like one distracted. It appeared that God had gone out against me, that all who had denounced the "Witness" were right in their denunciations, that it was now about to be made manifest that I was

a presumptive wretch in carrying on such a work, that my preaching also was wrong, and that both "Witness" and preaching were to be abandoned. I could not write a tithe of what I endured for some hours. The enemy of my soul was cruel almost beyond endurance. My wife tried in vain to comfort my mind. No sleep could I get at night, and I could feelingly enter into the heart language of Christ wherein He said: "For I am poor and needy, and my heart is wounded within me. I am gone like the shadow when it declineth: I am tossed up and down as the locust. Help me, O Lord my God: O save me according to thy mercy. Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me: in the day when I call, answer me speedily. For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as an hearth. My heart is smitten, and withered like grass; so that I forget to eat my bread. Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me; thou hast made me an abomination unto them. I am shut up, and cannot come forth. Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will He be favorable no more? Is His mercy clean gone for ever? doth His promise fail for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies? Reproach hath broken my heart; and I am full of heaviness; and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none. It was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it; neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then would I have hid myself from him; but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company."

Yes, dear reader, the heart-breathings of our precious Lord were seasonable and suitable; but no comfort could I realize. The Lord seemed to shut out my prayer; and more than that, I appeared to be, with Jonah, shut out of His sight. For days I went on in wretchedness, without one whisper from the Lord, without one "fear not" from my best Friend and only Beloved. At last the Word came: "Ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." This portion was most opportune; but it came without bringing any joy or rejoicing. It fitted exactly, and caused a solid rest for the soul; but it did not enable me to go down in the dances of those that make merry. It proved to me that I had not the sorrow without the Lord knowing all about it, that He had seen me before and would see me again, and that in His own blessed time my heart should rejoice. Bless His name, He did not out-promise Himself, but came again into my saddened heart, to gladden it; my sorrowful soul, to rejoice it; my down cast head, to lift it; and

my weary spirits, to cheer them. It was now all right again between the Lord and my soul, and my enemies were found liars unto me. I feared neither men nor devils. I felt now I could go on with the "Witness" without creature help, and so it proved: for the Lord was all-sufficient. He showed me where I had been leaning, and how lovingly and wisely He had removed the prop; so that I could say "The Lord was my stay." From that day to this, which is now 6 years, I have not had the least editorial help from any but the Lord; and bless His name, to His honor I record it, He has never failed me or forsaken me. No, honors crown His sacred brow, in six troubles He has delivered, and in seven no evil has befallen me. He has indeed proved Himself "God, all-sufficient." "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

The reason this friend assigned for withdrawing from me was that I denied the personality of the Holy Ghost. The fact was, I did not hold that rigid distinctiveness of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost that many do; but was ever wont to hold the Unity in speaking of either Father, Word, or Holy Ghost; and would always speak against holding the Trinity to the prejudice of the Unity. To attempt to explain in human language that which was inexplicable I had no desire: and for this I was much censured. Holding the mystery of faith in a pure conscience is the delight of my heart, but to destroy the mystery by reducing it to human tangibility I have no wish. I worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh, heartily believing in Scripture language that Christ is "the only wise God our Saviour" (Jude 25). I can also say of Christ as did Paul—"who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Men's opinions of me now I care but little about, but it was not the case one time. I have not preached God's Word ten years, and edited a monthly nearly eight, without being pretty well inured to having my name cast out as evil. But the Lord has told me to "rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great was my reward in heaven:" so that I can well afford to say, "Let them curse, for the Lord has bidden them." With the poet I can heartily sing—

"Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let care, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all."

When the great controversy was revived about the eternal Sonship of Christ, I was much urged upon to give my views, but I never felt my mind free to make a display of my folly in that particular. I would much rather sing with the poet,

"I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I place my trust."

Many so-called Trinitarians have denounced me in London because I would make, what they were pleased to term, too much of Christ ; but I never had any guilt on my conscience on that account, neither did my heart condemn me. There are thousands who hold the doctrine of the Trinity, and the five cardinal points, who are at bitter enmity against Christ and His Church. I had all sorts of names heaped upon me by professors because I would not see with their eyes and speak with their words. It was enough for me that the Lord had been my teacher and leader, and though I would not attempt to explain the mystery of godliness, I could bless and praise the Lord that Christ had been revealed in my heart by the eternal Spirit, that my faith did not stand in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God, and that I could say of Him, "But Christ is all and in all." My opinion is, that nine-tenths of what has been written upon this great controversy owes its origin to the craft of Satan and the wisdom of the flesh. The Holy Ghost says, "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness." I believe it; and with controversy the mystery remains the same. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant;" but none by searching can find out God. He is an infinite and eternal deep which no creature or angelic mind can fathom; and yet worms of the earth have the consummate ignorance and impudence to take upon themselves the task of explaining the mysterious and inexplicable depth of His existence. Be it yours and mine, dear reader, to rest assured of this one thing, that Christ is formed in our heart the hope of glory, and is all our salvation and all our desire: and if we have the witness of His own Spirit in our heart we shall say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none on earth that I desire beside thee." "My Beloved is mine and I am His. I am my Beloved's, and His desire is towards me." This, beloved, is more to me than being the greatest and wisest Theologian of the day. The wayfaring man, though a fool, is not to err in divine realities, and yet "He turneth wise men backward, and maketh their knowledge foolishness." Indeed,

"He takes the fool, and makes him know
The mysteries of His grace,
To lay aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase."

It is utterly impossible to know anything savingly of the Lord but by the communication of His blessed Spirit, and the mystery of faith can only be held in a pure conscience. Faith revels in mystery, and basks under the sunshine of mercy; but never attempts

to explain the unfathomable depths of Deity. Faith has to do with things not seen. While we are shut up unto the faith, we are under tutors and governors; but when faith is revealed, we enter at once into promised rest, finding faith to be the "substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" by flesh and sense. Christ is faith's Alpha and Omega, centre and circumference, object and subject. If Christ be the author and finisher of faith, in Him we receive the end of it, which is Christ the salvation of our souls. Then we can sing, "Behold, God is my salvation! I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song: He also is become my salvation." Christ is both faith's Rock and hope's Anchor. Christ is both faith and hope. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in Him:" "and of Benjamin He said, The Beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him; and the Lord shall cover Him all the day long, and He (Christ) shall dwell between His (Jehovah's) shoulders." Who dwells in love? Christ. Who dwells between Jehovah's shoulders or in His heart? Christ. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Does Christ dwell in the bosom of the Father without His body? No; for He says, "Father, I will that they (The members) also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee; that they also may be one in us." This mystery of union oneness with the Lord is hidden from the wise and prudent of Adam's earthly sons, and revealed unto babes "who are born not of the will of the flesh, or of man, or of blood, but of God." These are heaven's own offspring, God's own children. What they are, they always were, and ever shall remain. They were sons in union with Christ before time, they are sons in oneness with Jesus through time, and they are children joined to the Lord and one Spirit for ever and for ever. As such let me now call upon them to sing in the language of dear Kent:

"Sons of peace, redeem'd by blood,
Raise your songs to Zion's God:
Made from condemnation free,
Grace triumphant sing with me."

The first appearance of the "Witness," as may be imagined, caused no small stir in the religious world; and there is no doubt my statement will be beyond contradiction when I say, that there is not another publication advocating God's truth in existence that meets with half its opposition. Readers and lovers of both the "Standard" and "Vessel" hate it with a cruel hatred; and I verily believe that many of them consider that both the "Witness" and its editor belong to his very subtle and extremely sable majesty the devil. Pages I could give of the enmity and opposition of the

"Standard" readers. But why should they oppose a truthful work? Why should they hate a periodical that the Lord has blessed to many of His children? If they do not feel inclined to take it in, why try to prevent those who do? If the Lord blesses it to His children, and hundreds can testify that He has done so, is it safe to condemn it? Is the Lord divided against Himself? Are not His children one? Is not His cause of truth one? I have met with many who love the "Standard," or profess to do so, and hate God's truth. I do not intend to insinuate here that this periodical does not send out some precious truths, because if I did, I should belie my conscience; but many who are prejudiced in its favor know not the truth as it is in Jesus; therefore condemn every other periodical; not because untruthful, but because they have no spiritual discernment. A reader of the "Standard" was shown a "Witness" and asked what he thought of it. He read it and said that it was the best thing in the *letter* of truth that he had ever seen. But nothing more. Indeed, how clever! Why did he say there was only the letter? To show his enmity. What does the Bible contain? Only the truth in the letter. This the living children know by daily experience. But when the Lord speaks the written Word in the heart, then, and then only, is it spirit and life. Does the "Gospel Standard" contain more than the truth in the letter? No, however excellent its articles. Does the Lord bless the truths of that periodical to His children? He does, and it is only then that its pages are spirit and life. When I read in the Word, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," it is only letter; but when the Lord speaks it in my heart, it is spirit and life. It is arrogance and ignorance in a man to take up a periodical that he is prejudiced against and pronounce it only a *letter* work, when every one knows that "power belongeth unto God". I do not infer by this that there are not many works written and sermons preached truthfully in the letter, and are never made spirit and life to one living soul; for I fully believe that there are scores of preachers and writers who have a clear but superficial knowledge of the Word. Such are both sound in doctrine and sound in the heart, but of the afflictions of Joseph they are utter strangers. No doubt many think this of me, but it is a small matter to me to be judged of man, seeing that I can take my reader to the spot of ground where the Lord said, in the almighty power of His Spirit, to my soul, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." Surely if I had never received another portion from the heart of my Beloved this was quite enough to warrant my singing that sweet verse of Kent:

"Now free from sin I walk at large,
This Breaker's blood's my soul's discharge;
Content at His dear feet I'll lay,
A sinner saved and homage pay."

"He that believeth hath the witness in himself;" and by the Spirit of adoption can cry, "Abba, Father." It is my choice privilege to respond to the sweet lines of Ralph Erskine, wherein he says,

"Dost know the place, the spot of land,
Where Jesus did thee meet?
Thy Husband gain'd thy heart and hand,
Thy Husband's love was sweet."

Many places and many spots of land are endeared to me on account of the sweet and precious love-visits of my unchanging Friend. It is true that sometimes they are all forgotten and lost sight of; but when I get a renewal of His favours, a fresh intimation of His mercy, another manifestation of His love, afresh He is pleased to bring to remembrance former visits and previous blessings. He has promised that the blessed Comforter shall bring all things to our remembrance whatsoever He has said unto us; and that blessed Spirit is in no way lax in fulfilling His covenant engagement, but is always faithful to the children committed to His care. Indeed it is His delight to reveal a precious Christ to our souls; therefore we will give Him the glory due unto His sacred name.

(To be continued in our next.)

A WORD OF COMFORT.

Trembling children, do not doubt,
Jesus will not cast you out;
For He cannot steel His heart,
But He will His love impart.

Cast on Him your care alone,
Who did all your sin atone:
You can never comfort gain
But in Jesus who was slain.

Listen to me when I say,
In Him you did God obey,
In Him keep the great command,
In Him pay the full demand.

Not a farthing do you owe,
Not a debt does Heaven know;
For He paid in death and blood,
Satisfied your cov'nant God.

Cheer up then, desponding soul,
On Him all your burden roll—
He will smile you up to heav'n,
He will witness sins forgiv'n.

Love alone dwells in His heart,
With you He can never part;
Lodge within His bleeding breast,
Seek no other place of rest.

Slake your thirst at Jacob's well,
Waters here will all excel:
Eat the fat and drink the sweet,
Best of oil, and finest wheat,

Welcome harlot, welcome thief,
Welcome to His sure relief;
Welcome leper, welcome blind,
Welcome every cast and kind.

Welcome to His bosom bare,
Welcome every son and heir,
Welcome Mary, welcome Ruth,
Welcome saith the God of truth.

Welcome Peter, welcome Paul,
Welcome John, and welcome all;
Welcome every heir of glory,
Welcome now and evermore.

A. W.



THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(Continued from page 140).

FEELING unworthy of the least mercy, and often very unhappy through my folly and Satan's strong temptations, I was like a sparrow alone and speckled bird; for I could find union of soul to but few among the people who attended our chapel. At the Lord's table I perceived that nearly all the communicants were in tears, while partaking of the emblems of the Lord's death, especially the minister, when speaking of the extreme sufferings of Christ; whereas my poor frozen heart remained callous and unmoved; and not only so, but could indulge in all manner of sinful thoughts. These things wounded my pride, and cut my religion up root and branch; for I wanted to feel affected like those contrite ones, that they might think me to be a true lover of the suffering Saviour. But as my tears would not flow spontaneously, the devil and my wicked heart devised means to produce a copious flow artificially. In order to effect this, both snuff and smelling-bottle were resorted to. By these diabolical means I became a pious hypocritical weeper. O the desperate wickedness and damnable hypocrisy of the human heart! Who but He who searcheth all things can thoroughly know it? Well might one of our spiritual poets say,

"Can ever God dwell here?"

But these smelling-bottle and snuff tears never found their way into that bottle which the Lord keeps for the real saints. I hope my reader will not despise me for this deep-planned hypocrisy. About this time I began to take in books, and among them were Hunting-ton's, Bunyan's, and Brown's dictionary and self-interpreting Bible; but many of my books I had to part with on account of poverty. Crisp's works, too, I had and highly valued them, which caused to some great offence; for they said I was getting much too high in doctrine. They also charged me with holding the doctrine of fatality; and my father, and a few others with the minister, expostulated with me and tried to convince me of my error; but I remained obdurate. I now acknowledge that I was much to blame in some things, but I did not care whether I was in the church or out; for I could get no peace in the way I was going on. I could neither enjoy the world, sin, nor religion; therefore I cared not what people thought or said of me. I was always hammering at the poor Arminians, and yet I had as much Arminianism in my own heart as any twenty of them. I knew the way of salvation, was persuaded that the covenant was ordered in all things and

sure, that Christ had made an end of sin for the Church, and that all the Father gave Him to do was for ever done, and well done, and yet I could not lay aside my working tools. Indeed, in feeling, I was a resolute workmonger, looking within where was to be found nothing but death, sin, and corruption. To work I went, at work I continued, and as fast as I built up, the Lord in mercy threw down; and even now it is not my fault that I am not still wrapt in that delusion. Work, work, I should be working now, until I worked myself into hell, were it not for sovereign grace which purposed otherwise. Now I hope my fellow workmongers will forgive me this wrong; for when I come to consider things rightly, I well know that we are all born workmongers, and the religion of carnal nature is what we cannot at times help attending to, in order to satisfy natural conscience; therefore I cannot blame them, seeing the very heathen cannot do without some kind of religion; and the Scriptures do not require spiritual faith, spiritual repentance, and spiritual love from natural hearts. All this is infinitely beyond nature. No, Mr. Arminian, I only blame you for despising and persecuting those whom God has sovereignly loved and graciously called to be partakers of spiritual life. Poor souls, they did not want these blessings when, like you, in a state of nature; but when the Lord made them willing in the day of His power, and gave them richly to realize the blessing, how could they refrain from speaking of those things which they had tasted, handled, and felt? How could they help believing and cease from defending those glorious doctrines of the everlasting Gospel! How could they help singing the high praises of Him who loved them and washed them from their sins in His own blood! When the Lord attunes the heart, His children are necessitated to sing to the praise of the mercy they have found. They delight to make mention of His righteousness, and of His only, without the least reference to sinless perfection. On the other hand, it is impossible for them to speak well of that which has cost them so much sorrow of heart and grief of mind. No, they cannot love, relish, or defend those fleshly doctrines which are so dishonoring to God and ensnaring to the saints.

Well, then, Mr. Free-will, seeing you and your party have hated, persecuted, and belied the blood-bought children of God, and have also filled the world with lies and doctrines of devils, I must blame you; for you cannot feel the bitters that these saints have gone through, neither can you partake of their joys. But I don't wonder at your opposition to them when I look into my own heart, for it so hurts our natural pride and *sinful* perfection, commonly called by mistake *sinless* perfection, to think of being saved wholly and solely by sovereign grace. I say sinful perfection because it is

begun in sin, carried on in sin, and ends in sin; therefore, my Arminian friends, let us leave these men alone; for if that doctrine which they feel and love be of God, as I am sure it is, we cannot overthrow it; and woe be to us if we are found fighting against God in these His members. Remember, these so-called high doctrines are their meat and their drink, and though they are

" Afflicted, poor, despised, weak,
When they behold His face,
They cannot but rejoice and speak
Of His redeeming grace."

Now, ye disciples of Moses, my dear brethren in the flesh, there is something in spiritual religion so far above nature that you cannot get into the secret. You are entire strangers to the Shulamite, the struggling in Rebecca's womb, the thorn in the flesh, and the kicking and rebelling of the old man of sin. These are things that you cannot understand, never having been cut off from the old stock and killed by the sword of the Spirit; therefore you boast and glory in the creature, trust in your own wisdom, strength, and righteousness. And the Scriptures explain it thus: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God;" "They are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

The believer in Jesus well knows that such is the blindness, hardness, and devilishness of the heart, that there is so great a cleaving to old Adam, nothing but the power of God can break off; for after being hunted out of one refuge of lies, we seek another; after being knocked off from one false foundation, we build upon another, until we are so emptied from vessel to vessel, that we are necessitated to bow to sovereign grace alone, hang upon sovereign mercy only, look to Jesus exclusively: and in looking unto Him we are lightened, and our faces are not ashamed; for He is the health of our countenance and our God.

It is often a long and fiery process which brings us round to God's terms. I am sure it was so in my case: but in the Lord's own time I was brought here, however painful the ordeal, not only to approve of God's way of saving base, rebellious wretches, but to acknowledge Him just in sending us to hell for our sins. I can bless the Lord that He has taught me a little of both sides of the question, and enabled me through rich free grace to praise Him for all His leadings and dealings.

I now wished for a wife, and was desirous of meeting with one among the daughters of Abraham, well knowing that these alone could make real helpmeets; but I was always the wrong man: so that I gave up all thoughts of success from that quarter. Again I neglected assembling with the saints, and for a long time scarcely

ever entered a place of worship, but went after the daughters of the land, where I professed to be a stranger; to seek a wife; so that with my eyes open I was determined to be united to one who was not manifestively a child of God. I was married on Christmas day, 1835, at the age of 29 years, my wife being 7 years my junior. We were married from a publichouse, therefore had many carnal companions. On the Sunday after the wedding I went to chapel, but my wife did not accompany me. I thought much of what Mr. Huntington says of the marriage of "Little Faith," and found many particulars correspond with my case. Here I had many cutting reflections, for I had taken a wretched step, and the Lord alone knows the sorrow, guilt, and shame that I have had to experience on this account. The words of Paul I have found to be true with a witness, wherein he says, "Such shall have sorrow in the flesh." I might expect nothing else, and yet I believe that this very thing, with all its train of circumstances, was wrapped up in the counsels of eternity. We have had a large family—ten children—many troubles, numerous enemies, and a few real friends.

About this time I took great interest and pride in distributing tracts from house to house; and I was very particular in choosing those which were entirely free from Arminianism; but I can now see that I had enough Arminianism in and about me to fill all the tracts that I ever delivered. I was often invited into the house to have a little empty chat on solemn subjects, which I could by no means allow now. On one occasion I took Dr. Hawker's tract on "Vessels of wrath and vessels of mercy" to an almighty(?) free-willer of the name of Adamson; but when I went to exchange it on the following Sunday, I found written on the cover—"Please to keep your *predestination* at home." He gave it me with such a look of fleshly perfection as I shall not readily forget. I was henceforth despised by the whole family, and they were a numerous body of fleshly perfectionists. From these I have suffered much in temporal things. I call them almighty free-willers, because they profess to be stronger than God, for they can believe, repent, be saved or damned, just when and where they think proper, and the unchangeable Jehovah, according to their system, is no better than a weathercock.

My reader must not conclude that I am now opposed to tract distributing. I believe that there are many written by gracious men, and are made a great blessing to the household of faith; but there are thousands daily pouring from the press, the whole of which are not worth the dust from off your shoes; for they are full of lies and doctrines of devils, written by men at war with the fundamental doctrines of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." But though such men swarm the country, and seem to carry all before them, their bounds are prescribed by God: so that they can

go so far, but *no* farther. Heresy must abound, and it falls into the hands of its own party, keeping them together. This is a mercy for Zion, for it rids the true Church of so much chaff; and the Lord says, "What is the chaff to the wheat?"

Then let them worship where they please,
We would not hunt the swine—
While we can meet in *twos* and *threes*,
And feast on love divine.

My wife, though destitute of true religion, did not at the time I now write, and long after, offer the least opposition, which I consider a mercy, and no small mercy too. I might go on in the dead round of family worship if I chose, as well as others, did circumstances favour such a system, without any hindrance from her, and this is what many cannot say who are placed in easier circumstances with a religious help-meet; and I would rather have such a one as I have, than one wrapped up in an empty form, which I believe is the case with very many of the Lord's poor people, and many have their whole lives embittered on this account. We are told in Prov. xix. 14, "A prudent wife is from the Lord," and this being the gift of the Lord, he acts as a sovereign in this matter, and gives it to whom He will; and none ever did find a wife that was truly spiritual except the Lord brought them together, to fulfil some purpose of grace or providence. Such "find a good thing, and obtain favour of the Lord." But few of the Lord's people are favoured in this way, and it is a part of their cross or lot in this life, and shall surely be overruled for their real good; for I must say respecting such, whatever be their condition while here, they are the subjects of special mercy; and

Whatever shall and must take place
Springs from the riches of His grace;
And all their sorrows, trials too,
This grace alone shall bring them through.

For my own part, I must say, though altogether unworthy of a wife, or any favour from God or man, I am peculiarly blessed in this matter; for indeed I could not have gone on in some things with any other woman. True, I have found the apostle's words in full weight, "Such shall have trouble in the flesh," notwithstanding, the countless mercies far overbalance the trouble, and this is what many of the afflicted children of God overlook. With any other, and especially with a carnal professor, I should be as miserable as possible. The Lord knew exactly what I needed. My temper, disposition, principles, and habits, are all took into account, and I have got the woman eternally appointed me. But this doctrine is not believed but by few, and many beautiful and religious persons

are appointed to fall into the hands of the great ones of the world, for a snare, a trap, and to fulfil the will of heaven in providence and grace, and the church shall suffer no real loss thereby.

"Stay, stay," says master carnal wise,
 "I think you must be speaking lies."
 Indeed, indeed, and so you say,
 To such as you I always may.

Lord, in mercy deliver thy people from such fleshly entanglements. But do allow me to turn to a more lovely, pleasing, and blessed subject, which oftentimes comforts my mind when nothing else will: I mean the marriage of our Almighty Samson, who came down from His Father's house to take a wife for us poor Philistines. I love to dwell on the marvellous grace, wonderful condescension of our adorable and eternal Ishi. Bless His name, He well knew the wretchedness, poverty, disgrace, shame, and pollution in which us poor Philistines lay: but all mattered nothing, He was determined to wed us to Himself.

(To be Continued.)

CHRIST ALONE EXALTED.

Seventy-fifth Letter.

THE REAPER TO THE GLEANER.

BELOVED OF THE LORD, BELOVED IN THE LORD, BELOVED WITH THE LORD, HIS LOVE, SISTER, AND SPOUSE.—You have need of Him, and He of you. This truth I have learned by being the wild ass loosed, and sent out free from the place where two ways met; and it was because the Lord had need of Him; and surely there is a reciprocity between the Head and members, Husband and wife. Head without members cannot be; therefore Christ the Head given, needeth the members, and He hath and will have them, as He lovingly saith, "All the Father hath given me shall come unto me, and he that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;" and very blessed it is to feel and know our need of Him; and, as it is written, to be a living witness of the truth of the same: "Thy God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." We do well at all times to remember however blessed and pleasurable these things are, even the supply to make our cup to run over, yet thus it stands unalterable, that in all things our most glorious Christ is to have the preeminence.

This to me in its true import is the highest and greatest, namely, the preeminent need of Christ for each of His members; and the need of me, even now, day after day, is more than supplying my need by Him; and it causes my need to be lost for awhile in His; and the unalterable blessedness of this is also demonstrated most fully in that Jesus the Son of God is the Husband, and the married wife, the Helpmeet for Him; and if any of the members could be severed from Him, His Headship could not be perfect, and His preeminence would be lowered; and, deprive Him of His wife, He could no longer be a Husband; therefore the Lord hath need of him, them, or it, in whom is all His delight, in whom He set all His love, and bound up in the bundle of life, and whom He received to the glory of God the Father, that we should be to the praise of His glory who first trusted in Christ, and that He might show the exceeding riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy which He had afore prepared unto glory, and these are the vessels made meet for the Master's use, and not their own; and these pure truths in their fulness, and the standing blessedness of each vessel or member, in union with Jesus, is unchangeably the same in and through all their oppressions, depressions, darkneses, seeming bereavements, shuttings up, castings down, and manifold temptations; for nothing touches love standing and life oneness, in resurrection blessedness, joined to the Lord and one Spirit. O the depth, he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him; herein is our love made perfect, that we might have boldness in the day of judgment; "Because as He is, so are we in this world." We live for the Lord, for His use, honour, and glory, which is greater than our benefit and pleasure. In the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace, I again salute you in Him who is the Most High God, possessor of heaven and earth, whom I thank on your behalf, and bless and praise Him with you: for He only is worthy, and as we have but one heart and mind concerning Him; and because He is ours, and we are His, we cannot be put off with anything short of Himself, Jehovah our everlasting Light, our God, and our glory. What an unspeakable mercy to have a heart and mind for Jesus only. I have no thoughts about going to heaven now, nor do I intend stopping should I alight on the place; but I am looking out to be where Jesus is, far above all heavens; then and there to be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is, and know even as we are known. What a poor beggarly life some appear to live, it being in themselves, and only to be happy when they die. Bless the Lord, that will not do for a living heart; it is not having received Christ Jesus the Lord, so we walk in Him, having been baptized by the Holy Ghost into Jesus Christ, and into His death, and with Him by baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised up from

the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life, health, and salvation, and in peace with God through Him; and it is no matter what our chequered scenes are, or how numerous the crooked things may be, and our Lord in wisdom to set darkness in our paths, nothing shall hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord. As sure as the Lord is ours, we may assure our hearts before Him, that as it hath pleased Him to make us His people, that He is very much interested in us and about us; and thus He saith, "Sing ye unto her, a vineyard of red wine; I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day;" and I say in truth that this holy declaration far outmatches my heart, as Jesus saith, "I am among you as Him that serveth." I pause to think and ponder over such words and meanings, spoken by Him who also said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." Our privilege is, to believe the word spoken by Him, and how blessed this truth shines forth in that record of the eternal Spirit concerning Jacob (Gen. xxxii.); and although more than twenty years had passed, yet the word spoken was the same; and thus Jacob pleaded—"Thou saidst I will surely do thee good;" and he, as Abraham, being fully assured that what the Lord had promised He was also able to perform, this strengthened His faith in the Lord; and thus he said, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Thus he had power with God and with man and prevailed; and as we walk in the steps of that faith we also encourage ourselves in the Lord.

I do assure thee, beloved of the Lord, that if I look at the things which are seen they are increasing in density, weight, and crookedness; but if I look at things that are not seen, all is light, right, and straight; and because of this, I would willingly give up all sight and sense feelings, with creature thoughts, desires, and comforts, to have every faculty of the new heart and spiritual mind taken up with Jesus the Son of God, having realized the truth of the words of the Spirit, and so live and walk in the Spirit: "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." This stands in unbroken conjunction with the great mystery of Godliness, God was manifest in the flesh; and as believers in the Son of God, how blessed to have the conscience purged by His blood, and so stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience; and in the fellowship of the Spirit, at all times, and in all places, say, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." This is wonderful and most blessed, as the word fellowship signifies partnership. You can ponder this over: I cannot step over the threshold of the profound truth, nor is it explainable,

but it is a truth to be believed, and lived in, inasmuch as we belong to Christ, and are the travail of His soul, the purchased by His blood, and saved in Himself with an eternal salvation. We are also the blessed, chosen, and accepted in God the Father, and born of the Spirit, and in the knowledge of this, it being demonstrated in the heart by the Spirit and power, we understand without doubting, that if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ: and conjoined to these we are beyond time, sin, death, and the black arts of Satan. Our untouchable life-blessings are thus set before us; and our lower house valley of Achor mercies; that is, if we suffer with Him (Christ), we shall also be glorified together. We are not only called to believe on Him, but to suffer for His sake: and in heart feeling, as the Lord's witnesses, we say, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation? nay; in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

My sister, I have run on thus far without restraint, though constrained thereunto; but love's constraints produce holy freedom, if even driven to our wit's end, and then cry unto the Lord, and He delivereth us out of our distresses. We have not one thing abiding but what is in love, by love, from love, and through love: and blessed be the Lord our God, all that is passing, and we passing through, is because of love. Then let us sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God!"

And now I thank the Gleaner for the handfuls of purpose she hath come to me with; yea, even her lap full; and I will with her bless and praise Him that hath married Ruth, to raise up the name of the dead upon His own inheritance, and so build up His Father's house; and He hath not left off His kindness to the living, nor to the dead. With all my heart and soul I do declare that He is a friend that loveth at all times; and He loved us, and gave Himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour; and God our Father saith, "I will accept you with your sweet savour;" and also, "they shall come up with acceptance upon my altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory;" and the God of all grace hath called us unto His eternal glory, and praises to the God of Israel, we cannot go back from this blessed position; for the Lord hath also placed salvation in Zion for Israel His glory. Bless the Lord, O my soul: the good-will of the dwellers in the bush came with yours, and I was refreshed: the contents are savoury meat, such as my soul loveth. Let not my very dear Ruth think more highly of me than I really am; that is, as empty, weak, helpless, and as ignorant as a new-born babe can be, yet I desire the sincere milk of the Word, that I may grow

thereby in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I hope all scruples will cease, and selfishness expire, and we being in Christ but one, let us, as such, be ever ready to say, "O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever:" and, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

This comes in love, to greet you in love's embrace, and with favour encompassed as with a shield: and it is very blessed also that no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it, even as the Lord the Church. I am longing to see Him, and that for His own sake, and the way to it is through much tribulation; and know and believe that what is written in the 138th and 142nd Psalms is true. I expect you are like me desiring to depart to be with Christ which is far better. All is a blank that is short of Him, and I cannot in any way or manner live comfortable or peaceable with myself; and thousands of worlds and heavens will not satisfy me; no, nothing but Jesus only, Him whom my soul loveth: and I am not desirable or fit for any one but Himself, and we live in pure love, friendship, and peace with each other. Give my love to dear Mary, and say if the Lord takes away her mother, Himself is her everlasting Father and unchanging Husband, and it shall be well with her. My love to the few sheep and to my own dear Ruth.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,
A. TRIGGS.

Seventy-sixth Letter.

THE GLEANER TO THE REAPER.

DEARLY BELOVED IN JESUS,—Once more in the wilderness we meet in spirit to "bless the Saviour's name," and say "He hath done all things well," for though we be in the the house of affliction, "He hath not left us destitute of His mercy and His truth." There is a blessing in it, and a blessing with it; for Jesus is there. Disease is but His messenger to shake the walls of our tabernacle, and that other messenger who has been bereft of his sting will follow to take them down. These servants of the King bear no unfriendly aspect towards us; they are like the waters of Jericho healed of the curse, and whatever the flesh suffers, divine love is the cordial in it all; and the whole process is managed by love. Love is still working and overruling the whole, to bring us from the lower to the higher house, where such sort of blessings will be needed no more; though

there we shall be learners still into the beauties, glories, and love of our precious Immanuel, which will be ever new.

I felt much sympathy on reading of your affliction, though I know these are the steppings towards home. Very precious communion have we found in Jesus and with Jesus, and often has our heart burned with His love while He talked to us by the way, and opened in the scriptures the things concerning Himself; so that time and the troubles have been all forgot. He has been the substance of our feast, the spice and sweetness of our communications, and now that we have each received notice to quit these clay-tenements, we want no other subject than "Jesus only;" and which ever shall see Him first, it will be precious to think of the liberated spirit "present with the Lord." I have often heard you say there can be no separation to the members of Christ, and I believe the more we are brought to walk in Him, the more we realize it, because we do not judge by the rule of flesh and blood, but as quickened together with Him, and raised up together, and made to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus who is our one life, and we in union to Him, in whom we are knit together in love, and as one body fitly joined and compacted together, so that there is no schism or division whether we be above or below. I am much enjoying Eph. ii. 1-6, in connection with five last verses of chap. i. It is so blessed—quickened by the same great power which raised Christ from the dead, and into the very same glorious life which He lives: "because I live ye shall live also." He has fulfilled the law in its commands and penalty, and now lives above it, crowned with glory and honour; and "as He is, so are we in this world;" though, alas! I only feebly apprehend it. "Lord, increase my faith;" for though, as you say, faith is not the foundation of our acceptance and blessedness, yet surely it is, by faith we have experimental entrance into these things in and by Christ Jesus. "By whom we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." I am wont to think the low state of the living Church in this day arises much from walking and judging so much by sense and sight, so little by faith. Perhaps you will think me wrong; but there is an all-fulness treasured up in our precious Jesus just suited to our every need, and it looks to me that as we live believing in Him, we cannot live always complaining, but do receive of that fulness, and praise His name: and though I know living faith is not in the power of the creature, yet I cannot charge my unbelieving questionings and carnal reasonings upon the Lord, but cry unto Him against them as Esther did against Haman. To the dear Author and Finisher and Object of faith do I cry, that He would bring down all vain imaginations, and reasonings, and every high thought that exalts itself against the knowledge of God, and

bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ, that I may know Him. Oh! I do see so plain how the enemy strives to get one taken up with something else—anything but Jesus; but my heart says, nothing but Jesus; and of Him the blessed Spirit does testify to the rejoicing of my soul in the midst of bodily weakness and wilderness tribulation, which I suppose will continue unto the end; but our dear Lord says, “These things say I unto you, that in me ye may have peace.” I am much longing to grow in the knowledge of Him, counting all things loss for His sake.

You well know how I have stood out about the Gospel Magazine. The Lord has been strangely breaking me down in that matter, through a letter which a dear friend gave me to send. I wrote with it one to Mr. Doudney to be private, but he put that in also, and wrote me a note of kind reproof, which the Lord made to take deep hold, and also caused me to receive several requests from unknown persons on the same subject. It seems strange for such a poor simple worm to be thus called forth; “but He giveth none account of His matters.” None but Himself could have made me do that which is still most contrary to my own feelings, and often causes much fear and trembling; but I dare no longer withhold, though no doubt many will find fault with my poor scribblings; but if a precious Jesus may be thereby exalted, I shall be glad. Yes, indeed, however low I may be laid. You know if I write, it must be of Him, and more about the beating of His heart, and sounding of His bowels, than mine or any creature. Oh! may some heart be caused to burn while He is set forth in feeble strains as the chiefest of all ten thousands, and the altogether lovely. Have been by His power made to feel grieved and ashamed at my holding back; but while I smite myself, He is all tenderness and loving compassion. He knows whereof I be made, and upbraideth not; but yet lets me know His will by the testimony of His Word in my heart, and that will be as a fire burning its way through all the opposition of the flesh. Oh! may the Lord in all these things be glorified. When He speaks, it is done; He commands, and it stands fast, notwithstanding all creature fluctuations and changes.

It was most kind of you to write to me in such weakness. I was much wondering about you. How I enjoy that rich truth in your letter, “He drank a saving health to all His people when He wrung out the dregs of the cup of trembling.” May I realize it more and more. The complaint you speak of in your body is one which I believe is seldom cured; but with Jehovah Rophi all things are possible; and if you have more work to do in His house, you must abide, though to depart and be with Christ will be far better. I shall much like to know how you go on. Dear Mary is still in weakness; she and Miss Chambers send their love to you.

Excuse this poor line of remembrance. The Lord ever sustain, refresh, and comfort you. O what refreshing to the new man comes with every new unfolding of Jesus by the Spirit in the scriptures, and they are full of Him. All glory to His name, I get enough to long for more, and to find how little I yet know and apprehend.

With love to both yourself and dear Mrs. T.,
I remain in our adorable Lord, ever yours affectionately,
RUTH.

A SERMON.

The Fourteenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory, and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."—REV. i. 5, 6.

"UNTO Him that loved us." Not—"that may love us;" not—"that shall;" not—"that will;" no, but—"unto Him that loved us." Can you enter into the blessedness of this expression to-night? I hope it is more than letter to us; I hope it is more than fallible words to us. I do believe in my soul there are some here to-night that have been sweetly made acquainted with its importance: and that amidst all that may be going on, within or without, the devil cannot keep us from saying—"Unto Him that loved us!" There is nothing that can keep me from it. "Ah!" say you, "do not talk so high." God is my witness to the truth: and you may depend upon it, when God settles you, in the truth of His love to you, neither hell, men, nor devils can draw the secret out of your heart. While the Lord's children are going on like Abraham, with their "Peradventures," as soon as the Lord "leaves off communing with them," they "return to their place;" but when God settles His people in eternals, they live in eternals, they live by eternals, they are fixed in eternals, they are established in eternals, and you may as well attempt to change Jesus Christ as to beat that poor sinner out of his experience.

But it is not only—"Unto Him that loved us;" but—"washed us from our sins in His own blood." Now do you understand this? Have you ever felt the Divine properties of the expression, in your own soul's experience, in its blessedness? Be a little close upon

this point. There is a great deal of flying, showy religion in our day; there is a great deal of religion in talk; I love a feeling religion; and that is a secret between God and my soul. Therefore we will just pause a moment longer. If the Lord the eternal Spirit has brought you and me into the experience of this, we have it in all its latitude; it is ours in all its ramifications; and what is it? Why, that Jesus Christ "hath washed us from our sins." Now what is the glorious mercy? I not only experience the truth in my heart, but the dear effects of that truth in my heart absolutely bring me into peace and communion with God. What is another dear mercy? As I am led to believe and receive that Jesus Christ "hath washed me from my sins," I and my sins are eternally separated: nor will there be a conjunction between me and my sins any more to all eternity. These are solid, lasting, eternal verities. And if the Lord is pleased sweetly to open these simple truths to your heart and mine, there is another mercy; and what is it? It will not only "make sovereign mercy dear to me," but—

"————— Jesus all in all."

Nor must we stop here. "Well, what more?" The Lord keep you and me walking in humility of mind in the fear of the Lord: the Lord keep us in simple dependence upon Him, and the Lord enable us to go to Him day by day in freedom of spirit, to ask for those things our covenant God hath promised.

Here it is that people in general are mistaken. "Oh! say some of our religious folks, (I have not been so long in what is called the religious world without hearing some of their gibberish,)—"if you believe that all is so settled and all so sure, what need is there of prayer?" Do my children come to me to make me their father, or to ask me to become their father? No, surely not. Why do they come to me as their father? Because they feel a want, and they think their father can supply it. Why do you and I go to a throne of grace? Because we want blessings, which we believe will be granted upon the ground of dear relationship. Saith the Lord—"Put me in remembrance;" not that the Lord can ever forget. "Let us then plead together; declare thou, that thou mayest be justified." "Declare" what? What Christ hath done, what Christ hath suffered, and how Jesus by His resurrection hath justified from all things, or that we are enabled to go to "His Father, and our Father," with His love shed abroad in our heart, to put Him in remembrance of His promises. And I found it very sweet to-day, quickened by one sweet promise, to plead it on the ground of dear relationship. What was it? "Call upon me in the day of trouble." "Why," said my soul, "O Lord, that is just it; I am 'in the day of trouble.'" But is that all? No; "I will deliver

thee ;" what more ? "and thou shalt glorify me." Did I go to Him to make Him my Father, or to ask Him to become my Father ? No ; bless Him, I went to Him because He was my Father, and I knew I was His child. And here is the blessedness of real experience, because it raises us out of self, sin and misery, and brings us into "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

But we will have a word or two more here, beloved of the Lord. "Washed us from our sins." Here you and I discover, (that is, if we have the life of God and the testimony of God in our hearts,)—here you and I discover, or rather the Holy Ghost develops unto us, how Jesus Christ "hath put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." "But," some will say, "are you not troubling yourself about your sins ?" Oh ! no. "Why, then you must be what they call you—an Antinomian." I do not care what they call me ; I know what hath been dear to my soul—what brother Paul said when he sent back the run-away Onesimus to his master, "If he oweth thee aught, put that on mine account." And I want you to do so ; if there is any account, any charge, any bill filed against you, put it to His own account, who is our Surety, and saith, "If I bring him not unto Thee, then let me bear the blame for ever."

I want, if it is the Lord's gracious will, that you and I may be brought more simply to live Christ, walk by faith, and know Jesus and the preciousness of God's Christ, His salvation, His finished work, His blood and righteousness, and then to understand (as the Holy Ghost leads us on) what it is to stand clearly justified before God, and have "no condemnation" by being in Christ Jesus. Now no doubt there are many poor sinners here to-night, that know what it is to have an intensity of desire after a knowledge of these mercies. "Oh ! yes." Can you sit down contented without it ? Can you rest satisfied without these glorious truths being realized in your heart ? "No, certainly not." Then there is the standard ; and the mercy is this—

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

And a word more here : we live free from sin ; that is, as we live in Christ, and are united to Christ, "bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh," and (as Paul says) "joined to the Lord and one Spirit ;" and sin can no more reign over me, than it can over my glorious Surety. There was a time, beloved, when I should not have liked such an assertion, and I should have thought the speaker was mad. And I do not wonder at it ; because before a poor sinner is brought into the blessedness of this mercy, he is always looking to his own state, and his own deserving, and drawing his conclusion

from that. But only let the Lord the Spirit open the glory of the person, the blood, the righteousness of Jesus Christ, and self flies, death vanishes, sin is reigned down, and the Lord alone is exalted.

"Washed us from our sins." Now, you will observe, not only is there an eternal separation between us and our sins (as the redeemed of the Lord), but this is what the Lord saith to us on this very dear subject in that precious chapter, the forty-third of Isaiah, and a most glorious subject it is to understand. He expostulates with us, and tells you and me how we have "made Him to serve with our sins and wearied Him with our iniquities"—(look at it, poor sinner: the Lord never tells us He hath been wearied of us, but we have been weary of Him, and have wearied Him with our iniquities); yet, saith He, "I, even I, am He, that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake." Eternal praises to His most glorious name! But doth He stop there? No. What doth He say more? "And I will not remember thy sins." Now just go into the eighth of Hebrews, and hear how sweetly the Holy Ghost brings before the Church the statement (with a little variation) from the thirty-first of Jeremiah, where the Lord says, "I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more." So that, you see, there is an utter impossibility according to God's testimony; and may He preach it fully into your heart and mine, that He cannot—will not—must not—remember our sins any more. Why? Because He remembered them once; and if you look into the ninety-ninth Psalm, you have an account how the Lord remembered them, and the consequence in connection; saith the Holy Ghost, "Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions." Now where were your "inventions" and mine laid? Only look into the fifty-third of Isaiah: "The Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all." And what do you read in the second chapter of Peter's first epistle, the twenty-fourth verse? "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree." Then just look into the fifth chapter of the second epistle to the Corinthians, the twenty-first verse, and what do you read there? "He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Now this is something more than a transfer; it is a complete putting away. And you know the Holy Ghost plainly tells us, "There remaineth no more sacrifice for sin;" why? just look into the ninth of the Hebrews: "Once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself."

(To be continued.)

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

JULY, 1866.

No. 94.

THE WAY HE HATH LED ME.

(Continued from page 200).

How many times it has appeared utterly impossible to continue the "Witness," but the Lord has ever appeared just soon enough to keep it going. Two special instances I will here name, though I might enumerate many. I wanted six pounds (£6) in order to meet a payment in connection with it, but knew not where to look for it, and could not see how it was possible to procure it. Day after day I begged of the Lord to appear, and send it in His own way, reminding His blessed Majesty that the gold and silver were His, and all men's hearts in His hands. I have told the Lord this story hundreds of times, and He has never been offended at it; but has always sent both gold and silver according to my need. Where, however, this six pounds was to come from I could not tell; but the Lord sent it in a P. O. O. just at the nick of time. It was a voluntary donation from a friend at Oxford, who was little aware of how well it fitted. Had he heard me begging of the Lord for that identical sum he could not have done it better. It was the very amount I wanted, and the Lord knew it and inclined His child to send it. No doubt my readers are surprised that so great a sum should be voluntarily given by a friend without any application being made; but I can assure them that it was so: and the person who so kindly sent it is in anything but affluent circumstances. The fact is, he and his partner in life love God's truth, and do all that in them lie to support it. They need neither whip nor spur,

but feel it a pleasure to contribute to the necessity of our publication. The Lord reward them a thousand fold.

The other instance referred to I will now relate. The very next quarter I needed the same amount within a few shillings, but knew not how I should get it, and although the Lord had appeared in an un-thought-of way the preceding quarter, I was tempted to believe that He would not appear again. However, to the confusion of Satan and my unbelief, the Lord sent me the amount from Australia. Pages could I here write of the struggles and difficulties connected with our periodical, but I forbear. Suffice it to say, the Lord has, in mysterious ways, brought it on to the present time; and may He, if His blessed pleasure, continue it for His Church down to the end of time. To Him I look, on Him I lean, in Him I trust; and to each reader I say, If the Lord blesses the "Witness" to your soul, give Him the glory due unto His name, and beg of His sacred Majesty to keep the Editor and all contributors at His dear feet.

" 'Tis joy enough, my all in all,
At thy dear feet to lie :
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly."

It was the generally received opinion at "Beulah" that I had by my marriage much bettered my position. Rumour said that the person to whom I was united was what is commonly termed "well-off;" and this was assigned as the reason of my never troubling the people about money matters. We only had collections four times a year, and the people were never urged upon to be liberal to the cause. This seemed to confirm the rumour that the young minister was well to do in life. Once or twice I told the people from the pulpit that it was generally understood that I was rich, and so I was, and could sing with Toplady,

" I'm rich to all the intents of bliss,
Since thou, O God, art mine."

I therefore never told them that the report was unfounded, which went far to convince them that I stood in no need of pecuniary assistance. This quite pleased some who loved their money more than the gospel; but others did not slacken their hand however well off their minister might be. Many of my friends urged upon me the necessity of telling the people plainly that I was wholly dependant upon their contributions for my support. But, no; I could not feel it in my heart to beg. I well knew that the Lord was aware of my position, and that He would supply my need according to the Word that He had graciously given me. It was also clear to my mind that those who received the truth in the power of it would

do all that in them lied to support it : and I have generally found that the greatest talkers are the smallest doers in more things than one. Nothing would have delighted me more than to have been in a position to preach the truths without fee or reward ; but I am fully convinced, from hundreds of proofs, that it is the Lord's pleasure that I should live of the gospel both providentially and spiritually ; and if it be His good will and pleasure so to keep me, "who art thou, O man, that repliest against God?" Hundreds of times the Lord has tried me severely in His providential dealings, but He has never failed to supply all my need ; and to His honor I will record it, He never allowed me to go to the creature for assistance. Many a time when living in Town I have been so circumstanced that I have known not what to do in order to struggle on and pay my way ; but, bless the dear name of my never-failing Friend, He has never deserted me in the hour of my need. What the poet says I can heartily subscribe to the truthfulness of :

" When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His lovingkindness, O how good ! "

The rent of my first house was twenty-five pounds per annum, and the taxes about six. On more than one occasion the rent day has found me without as many shillings as it required pounds to pay it with. I well remember one rent day being without a shilling toward it, and I thought I would call, on my way into the city, upon my friend Weston, and ask him to lend the amount. But no, the Lord would not allow me to go to the creature. Then, I thought, I would ask my brother when I reached his office. Here I failed again, and could not ask ; and each time that I thought of borrowing, I felt an inward reproof. It was as though something would say, " The Lord knows that you want the money to pay your rent : you have begged of Him again and again to kindly send it, and you have felt sure in your mind that He would, and yet you want to go to the creature for it." This was enough, and I was determined to wait only on the Lord for the desired amount ; and, bless His dear name, He sent it to my house that very evening without my naming it to a creature. How sweet it is to live only upon the Lord ! No matter how trying our position, the Lord knows more about it than we do, and in His own time will appear to honor that faith which He gives to honor Him. Well aware am I that many of the Lord's children run to the creature as soon as ever they are in difficulties, and when they get the needed help from them, the Lord's hand is not seen and His goodness is not acknowledged ; but sometimes they meet with disappointment wherever they may

apply, and, as a last resource, apply to the Lord. Perhaps He keeps them waiting a little while in order to try them to the quick, but in His own good time He graciously appears, and proves to them that

“Whenever His children have need,
His goodness will find out a way.”

It is perfectly natural for us to look to the creature for aid, and this we should at all times do in temporal matters were it not that the Lord was pleased to teach us, by terrible things in righteousness, that “the best of them is a briar, and the most upright sharper than a thorn hedge.” He is continually telling us in His providential leadings and dealings, “This is not your rest, it is polluted;” but “Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.” “Trust in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.” It is then we can sing in holy triumph, “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.” The Lord’s poor and tried children have no need to envy the rich and affluent their *position* in life. If they thoroughly knew their *condition* they would not. It is one of the rarest things to meet with a living soul among those who possess much of this world’s goods. The Lord gives them their portion in this life, and a sorry portion it is. Envy them not, child of God; for although poverty is no proof of sonship, yet *three nines* out of every thousand of God’s children are poor, and most of them extremely so. I have come in contact with many professors of truth who are well to do in the world, but have never had the least cause to envy them, nor the slightest wish to change places with them. God Himself in our nature became poorer than any of His poor brethren; for, said His gracious Majesty, “The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head:” and when He wished, to avoid offence, to pay tribute, He had not wherewith to meet the payment. Indeed that blessed portion is true in more senses than one: “He that was rich for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be made rich.” It was our blessed Jesus, that friend who loveth at all times, who “made Himself of no reputation; but took upon Himself the form of a servant;” and who says, in the power of His Spirit, “I am among you as He that serveth.” “Children, have ye any meat? No, Lord. Come and dine.” Bless His name, His “flesh is meat indeed, and His blood is drink indeed.”

“’Tis oil and ’tis honey, ’tis milk and ’tis wine;
’Tis food all immortal, ’tis food all divine.”

“Taste and see that the Lord is gracious.” Christ says, “He that

eateth me, shall live by me;" and we prove Him to be that feast of fat things, of fat things full of marrow, of wines well refined on the lees. While we feast on Him, we forget our poverty, and remember our misery no more.

About three months before my wife was confined of her first child I dreamed three nights successively that I saw her nursing a boy, and at each time this portion came into the mind, "His name is John." So certain was I of the dream being fulfilled, that I told her she would have a boy, and his name was to be John: and when she was delivered of the child she asked the doctor whether it was a boy or a girl, and when he assured her that it was a boy, she could hardly believe for joy. We had no occasion to go to our brethren and kinsfolks to consult them about a name for our child; for we had his name three months before he was born. At the time of my wife's confinement we were very short of money, and as far as human eyes could see it seemed impossible to get her through comfortably: but we proved, as we ever have, the fulness of the name of the Lord—"God All-sufficient." Supplies came pouring in from all directions, so that in less than a week we had nearly thirty pounds in money besides provisions. When my wife was taken in labour I knew what was the matter with her from this portion flowing into the mind: "A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world." Had it not been for this portion we should not have known that she was about to be delivered, for she wanted a month of her time according to female reckoning; and yet I believe it was the *right* time, and the Lord's time, seeing He gave me His own Word for it. While I was going for the doctor the Lord was pleased to stay my anxious mind upon Himself with this blessed portion of His own Word: "the Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; He will save." This assured me that my wife would be safely brought through it; for I was well aware that

"He who whispers pardon'd sin,
Was never known to lie."

How kind and condescending of our precious Lord Jesus to thus come down and commune with us at such anxious times! How loving of Him to meet with us in all the vicissitudes of life, and assure us, by His own blessed Word, that He is not only looking on, but arranging and managing everything for us! Yes, beloved child of my God,

"Thy God is with thee: yea, He's always near."

You may lose sight of Him, forget His love, and be possessed with hard thoughts against Him; but He still abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself. He will ever watch over and take the greatest care of you, bring you through every trying circumstance, and constrain you to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless His holy name." The adversary may often tempt you to fret against the Lord, and make you believe that He has no love in His heart toward you. He may try hard to persuade you that no one's path is so trying as your's, no one's lot half so perplexing as yours, not a child of God so driven to their wit's end as are you; but depend upon it, you will have to prove sooner or later the fulness of this dear portion of His Word, "Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places." The Lord, in His own blessed time, and in His own wondrous way, will comfort all your waste places, making your wilderness blossom like Eden, and your desert like the garden of the Lord. You will then be able to

"Praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

One night our little boy was taken in a fit, which suddenly threw us into a state of alarm, never having witnessed one before. Never shall I forget the cries of my wife, who kept exclaiming, in a most piteous and lamentable tone, "My darling child will die! O, he'll die, he'll die! I am sure he'll die! What shall I do! what shall I do!" The cries of my wife and the perilous condition of my boy caused me to silently beg and pray of the dear Lord to appear. If I never sighed and groaned to my precious Jesus before I did then. Indeed, it was a place which might fairly be called "wit's end." What with trying to pacify the mother, attend to the child, and cry unto the Lord in my trouble, my hands, head, and heart were well filled. My wife's mother being with us, and there being providentially hot water in the house, we soon got the dear child into a bath, when, in about ten minutes, he came round, to the no small joy of us all. On the following evening before retiring to rest every preparation was made in case of another fit seizing the child. While the bath was being got ready, the fire made up, etc., I was pacing the room in such agony of mind as I cannot well describe. I felt that I could not go to bed. No entreaties would move me. My heart felt that it would break. "Lord, do appear! Blessed Jesus, thou good Physician, do heal the child! Give me a word, dear Lord, for the boy! There is nothing too hard for thee! Thou canst prevent another fit! Thou canst save the darling child's life! Lord, do drop one word: do assure me that the boy will not have another fit to night."

Thus I went on for some minutes, and thus I think I should have gone on for hours had not my beloved Lord spoken in His own blessed Word with almighty power and blessedness. These were the words: "Go thy way, thy son liveth." Bless His dear name! It was enough. My soul was satisfied, I knew then that he would not have another fit. I went to my dear wife, and told her that it was all right; John would not have a fit that night; for the Lord had said, "Go thy way, thy son liveth." We blessed and praised the Lord together for His great goodness, and went our way with gladness of heart and joy of mind. We believed the word that the Lord had spoken, went to bed, and had a good night's rest. If I were to live upon this earth a thousand years twice told, I should never forget that night. Both the sorrow and the joy are fixed upon the mind, and the portion that the dear Lord gave with such power, majesty, and sweetness, will not be easily forgotten. To read the portion and not be taken back to the spot and circumstances were impossible. Indeed it was the Lord's own doings—bless His precious name!—and marvellous in our sight. "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" "Let everything that hath breath praise the name of the Lord!" Did Mary wash His dear feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hair of her head? It was my unspeakable delight to do the same. What shall we say to these things, child of God? Why this: "if God be for us, who can be against us?" Everything and everyone are for us, though, for the time being, we see it not. It is as Kent beautifully expresses it:

"To His Church, His joy, His treasure,
Every trial works for good.
They are dealt in weight and measure,
Yet how little understood!
Not in anger,
But from His dear covenant love."

No, child of my God, "Not in anger, but from His dear covenant love." It is a right way that you are in, though you cannot see the necessity of so much discipline. The Lord may seem to have gone out against you, and act more like an adversary than a real friend; but you are well aware that you have repeatedly misunderstood His intentions, not seeing the end from the beginning. But the event has always proved that it was the right trial, at the right time. Would you have missed it? Can you see a better way round it? Can you not sing,

"All is most needful,
Not one is in vain!"

To be sure you can. In every dispensation, in each trying path, there is a blessing to the children. We always prove it to be so, and yet we invariably forget in every fresh strait, in each new difficulty. We prove ourselves to be fools, and slow of heart to believe. The Lord loves us too well to lead us wrong. We are too near and dear to Him in ties of love and blood to lay more upon us than He will give us strength to bear. He has promised that as our day our strength shall be, and we know that He means all He says. He also tells us to take no thought for the morrow, and yet we are at it every day and nearly all day. Well might He say, "Ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart." But though we are such fools, and know it, and confess it, yet He loves us, fools that we are, worms of the earth that we are.

"Nor can He cease to love,
'Tis Jesu's precept this—
Ye husbands, love your wives,
And will not Christ love His?
Shall others cherish and refresh,
And Jesus hide from His own flesh?

O no, Christ loves His Church,
'Tis His delight to bless;
He cannot love her more,
Nor will He love her less;
In His sight fair, cleansed by His Word,
A bride adorned for her Lord."

(To be continued in our next.)

A MARVELLOUS INTERPOSITION.*

Now I must inform my reader of a great natural trouble I got into about a bill which I owed for underwood, to the amount of £91. 7s. 6d. How to get the money I knew not. I had lost all, and more than all. The Lord knew how to take me out of my business, which I had so often asked Him to do. A very pretty grocer I was, for at one time I had not money enough by me to pay for one pound of tea. I had sold all I could spare out of my house, and paid my bills as they came in, as long as I could, but this bill for underwood I had no means of paying at all. This broke my heart. O, thought I, what will become of the cause of God now? They will say, look at his high doctrines, see what he is come to? O what a slander I shall bring on the cause. O Lord, do not let me go to prison. Do, dear Lord, deliver me. After a short time I was served with a copy of a writ, and had either to go to Lewis gaol or give bail; but having no money, how could I give bail. Two of my neighbours, however, came forward, and entered into a bond for my appearance at a stated time at the Court of King's Bench, and lent me the two guineas which I had

* From the Life of Mr. Isaac Hoadley.

to pay for my bail-bond. I think I had about three weeks, and during this time, I made all the inquiry I could how I was to act. I found there was no way for me to get my liberty, if I went at once into the King's Bench, but I must lay there ten or twelve weeks before I could take the benefit of the act. What, I thought, must I be shut up in prison for ten or twelve weeks, and not see my dear children? What will become of them all during that time? And after I come out, where shall I go? I shall never be able to come here again. I cried to the Lord most bitterly, and told Him, dear Lord, I said, thou hast laid down thy life for my soul - do, do something for my body and my family. O Lord, thy cause is at stake; do, dear Lord Jesus, deliver me. I cannot see any way, but thou can'st do everything; the hearts of all men are in thine hand. I could not sleep at night, or work at day. O Lord, I said, what have I done that all this is come upon me? I have done all in my power, Lord, thou knowest, to pay every one. I have laboured hard, Lord, and never spent any money in waste. The words of Cowper in one of his hymns, afterwards came into my mind with some power :

" God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful souls, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

Some of the old friends did all they could to comfort me, and told me the Lord would do that which was best. Oh ! how I did cry to the Lord to lead me, and not let me rebel against Him ; for some times my old nature would rise, and then I thought the Lord could have prevented all this trouble if He would ; and what good was it for me to try all in my power to live honest, and pay every one, if He let other men break and make off with all my money, which I had laboured hard for. And to make my burden the heavier, my wife, instead of bearing part of my trouble, would tell me that it served me right, for I ought not to have had anything to do with busines at all. But the Lord knew that what I did, was for her and my children's good, and to live, if possible, without being a burden to anyone.

The week before I had to make my appearance to clear my bondsmen, I was in company with a dear child of God, and he and I walked to and fro in the roads till about 11 o'clock at night, and when we parted he said, " Well, you shall have all I can do for

you." After he was gone, I thought to myself, and poor fellow, what can he do for me; he has got a large family, and can hardly do for himself. But then, I thought, who can tell what he may do for me at a throne of grace? The Lord will not turn away His children, he may do great things for me in prayer. O Lord! I said, do hear him; for I was quite satisfied that this was what he meant, though I did not understand him at the first. I did nothing else much all the rest of that week, night or day, but cry to the Lord; for at night I used to walk backwards and forwards in my sleeping-room for hours together, begging of the Lord to make a way for me; and very often the following words came to my mind: "The hearts of all men are in his hands." So they are, Lord, I have said; do turn them by thy power, and do not let me go to prison; it will ruin thy cause in this place, and shame thy dear people. Sunday morning came, and the chapel was nearly full. I found the Lord to be with me in preaching, and He made His Word a blessing to many that day, and I believe the blessed Holy Ghost did in very deed pour into the hearts of His people the spirit of grace and supplication, and if ever a people felt for a man, they did for me. I preached again in the afternoon, and when I had finished, and as I was coming down the pulpit stairs, I turned myself round towards the people, who were all in tears, and said, I have one consolation; I am going to suffer for what other people have done, and not for my own misconduct. I had before given out that there would be no preaching there the following Sunday, and that I did not know when there would be again. As soon as I got out of the chapel into my house, a boy knocked at my front door, and I went, when he told me that I was wanted up at the public-house. "Who in the world," I said, "wants me at the public-house on a Sunday night." He said, "two gentlemen are there, and they want to speak to you, Sir." I put on my hat, and went to the public-house, and the publican showed me into a large parlor, where I found two men whom I well knew; one was an auctioneer and the other an attorney. They told me that someone had written to Lord Abergavenny (to whom I owed the money) about me, and he had no wish, they said, to deal hard with me: and I was to see his steward, who was a magistrate, the next day morning, at a place they named, and where they promised to accompany me, and he was to settle it as he thought proper. I returned home full of gratitude as I could well hold, for I knew whose hands, speaking after the manner of men, I had got into. I went to bed, but could not sleep, for praising and blessing my dear Lord, that He had so far made a way for my escape. In the morning off I and my two friends went, a distance of about twelve miles, and when we got to the gentleman's house, and came before him, he said, "Well, what do you mean to do in

this matter?" I took my coat partly off, and said to him, "You shall have all I have got, coat and all, and more I cannot do." "You are an honest man, Hoadley," he said. I told him I should be glad to pay all, if I could. He then told me, that if I could pay £18, he would give me a clear discharge from all the debt. The next day I went and paid it, and returned home thanking the Lord for His love to such an unworthy sinner. The whole of the money I was obliged to borrow, and I laboured hard to pay it back again, which I did in a short time.

A SERMON.

The Fourteenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

(Continued from page 216.)

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory, and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."—REV. i. 5, 6.

BEAR with me a moment longer, for this is a glorious subject, and the sweet experience of it gives us "joy and peace in believing," and raises us above all the death and dying circumstances within and without, knowing that not the least change nor changeability nor shadow of turning can be attached to it. And that, because the removal of all iniquity from the Church of God was not without the shedding of the blood of Jesus Christ; for "without shedding of blood there is no remission." And what more? It is of no use for you and me to talk about the removal of iniquity by Jesus Christ, unless we have felt something of it in our hearts. I have no notion of standing up and preaching to you merely what Christ has done for us; but I like to tell out also what the Holy Ghost brings into the heart and makes us to know. My mercy, and thine, poor sinner, is to "know Jesus Christ and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death." A knowledge of the doctrines will leave you when you die, if you do not die knowing Christ. There is the glorious mercy; and this is the highest point of experience of the Church of God in the wilderness. It is not merely the removal of guilt by the blood-shedding of Jesus Christ, but the removal of it from the conscience by an application of the blood of Jesus Christ there. Now do you understand this? I am very

plain to-night. "Yes," say you, "rather too plain." I cannot help it; you may depend upon it, God's people always like plain speaking best. Do you know anything of the blood of Jesus Christ in your conscience? Do you know anything of the peace of God communicated by that blood to your conscience? Then you understand a secret, that nothing can break. And what is it? To live daily, amidst all the confusion of your soul, in peace with God through Jesus Christ your Lord. I bless the Lord I have lived sweetly with God for years. "Have you? what! have you not rebelled?" I am not going to talk to you about my rebellion; the Lord knows all about the tricks of the old man, and I have felt them too often; nevertheless, my mercy, and thine, poor sinner, is to know what the Lord hath wrought, and what He is "made of God unto us"—"wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption;" "that according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." Now as the Lord shall enable us, or lead us along, let us go a little further into this text.

It is a most marvellous secret, and a glorious truth to understand, that we are "kings." Pause a moment, and ponder it over. Perhaps you may be ready to say, "Really, I think I shall be cast down to-night." Wherefore? "Why, to think that God's children are kings: I am sure I am not one." Now, do you stop, poor sinner: as the Lord saith in His Word, "Judge nothing before the time;" when the Lord enables me to finish, then do you draw your conclusions. Do you groan under a sight and sense and feeling of the burden of your sins day by day? "Yes," says the poor soul, "that I do." Can you take pleasure in them as you used to do? Oh! something has taken place that you hate them, and you look back upon your past condition almost with dismay; and if God should mark iniquity, you must be damned to all eternity. "Why," says the poor soul, "how do you know this?" Because I have travelled the same road. "And are such 'kings?'" Oh! yes, they are kings. "But how do you prove it?" You are living witnesses, amid all your groanings, your cries, your griefs, your sorrows on account of sin and sinfulness, to this one truth; what is it? That sin hath not the dominion over you. "But," says the poor soul, "I really think it has." Never did a sinner feel or fear in reality that sin had dominion over him, if that sinner had not the life of God in his soul. This is another plain fact; and I speak from experience.

But in speaking from this, we must first talk a little more about

Jesus Christ the King. "What, have you not done with Him yet?" No, nor ever shall to all eternity. "But come when we will, you are always talking about Him." I have got no other subject, nor ever shall to all eternity. Therefore let us first speak of Him, and afterwards how it is that you and I are made "kings."

There is something very remarkable, in looking into the Word of God, that our minds should be constantly carried to Jesus Christ as King; that He was King before all time, that He was King before the foundation of the world, that He was King before Adam's dust was fashioned to a man, or any living thing had its form. Hear what God our Father saith to us on this very sweet subject. "I have, (not may, not shall, not will,) set my King upon Zion, my hill of holiness." When did God the Father "set His King" there? Why, saith our most glorious Christ in the eighth chapter of the Proverbs—"I was set up from everlasting." What as? Head of His body, the Church. By whom was He set up? God our Father. How was He set up? In purpose? And in something more than that. I used to wonder (I was ignorant, I could not understand it, and I know but little about Divine things now), I used to wonder to hear people say, "Oh He was chosen in purpose, and the Church was chosen in purpose;" I could not understand what they were talking about; it was as if there was nothing real in it, only it was purposed by the Lord. What is it: Christ, God's dear Son, in the unity and the eternity of the essence, set up by God the Father in eternity. In the margin it is, "He was appointed King in Zion." Now some people cannot go further back, for the anointing of Jesus Christ, than when the Holy Spirit descended upon Him as He came up out of the river Jordan; but a child of God loves to dwell on eternals. He loves to have his spiritual mind carried back into that vast eternity where our most glorious Christ was set up by God the Father, anointed, appointed, and consecrated, and given to the Church to be the Head of His body.

Now on this ground you and I shall understand one sweet testimony of the Holy Ghost concerning Him, which hath often ravished my heart, comforted my mind, and made Jesus very precious. It is the first of Timothy, the first chapter; and how sweetly the Holy Ghost in this testimony brings our most glorious Christ before us as King! The apostle seems, as it were, to lose sight of himself, of his ministry, and of his sinnership; and what doth He say? "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God." Do mark that; it is, shall I say, worthy of attention? it is most blessed to understand its import. Only look it over. God drop it into thy heart and mine! "The King eternal;" then He is "the eternal God, my Refuge." "Immortal:" then no mortality ever

attached to Him. Mortality, mind you, is an effect of sin ; you and I were not mortal before sin, we were not the subjects of mortality before sin, nor were we the subjects of corruption before sin. Jesus Christ took our pure human nature—after “the children”—He partook of “flesh and blood ;” but sin, strictly speaking, is no part of our nature. It dwelleth in us, and it made us sinners, and it made us mortal, and it made us corruption, and it brought us under the curse ; but mortality was never attached to our glorious Christ, for He swallowed up mortality of life. Then what is the glorious mercy ? Why, that He is “the King eternal, immortal.” And here we discover a glorious truth ; that in consequence of my union to Christ, being created anew in Christ, being “partaker of the divine nature,” in oneness with Christ, whatever is mortal of mine and thine (if we belong to Christ) will be “swallowed up of life,” and “this mortal will put on immortality.” And what is it to be ? Why, that which is written—“Jehovah thy everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.” Cheer up, poor soul.

But He is not only “the King eternal, immortal,” but “invisible.” And how very precious it is, that the Lord should have left it on record and dropped the hint—“Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed !” “But,” say you, “is there not a seeing Christ ?” Yes ; and this is another glorious secret. You and I “endure as seeing Him who is invisible.” This shows us plainly, that we never did nor ever shall see Jesus Christ with these bodily eyes, “Oh ! yes,” say some, “do you not know what a vision I have had of Him.” Do not dwell too much upon visions ; God help thee to dwell upon demonstration and power. I knew what it was, when God was working in my mind ; I thought I never should have peace in my conscience, unless I saw Jesus Christ plainly with my bodily eyes, and I have sat, and I have looked, and I have waited, but I was always disappointed ; and yet, blessed be God, I know a little of what it is to have “peace and joy in believing.” You must look out of all corruption, out of all natural things, and look higher than the heavens, where our most glorious Christ is exalted. He is “the King invisible.”

And then He is “the only wise God.” Now no Arian ever could preach from that text. Why ? Because he says, Jesus Christ is not God ; and the Holy Ghost, in that chapter, declares Jesus Christ to be “the only wise God.” And what is it for ? Why, that you and I should understand the testimony of the Holy Ghost, where He says, not only that “it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell,” but that “in all things He should have the pre-eminence ;” that you and I should be always brought into an acquaintance with Him. Why ? Because “in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.” What more ?

"And ye are complete in Him." How blessedly the Holy Ghost opens it!

Having just glanced at this, let us look at another dear mercy concerning Jesus Christ. You and I, His redeemed, being created anew unto spiritual life, we have not only to war against flesh and blood, but against wicked spirits in high places, principalities and powers, and we are aware, from daily experience, that the least foe we have got will upset us, bring us into bondage, into death, and under the curse if it were possible; therefore it is for the members to observe, that as Jesus Christ is "the King eternal," and God our Father set Him up as King, He hath triumphed over them all. He was set up as King. And most striking it is to observe, in the second chapter of Matthew it is said, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" "Born King!" Did you ever know such a thing in nature? "Why, really," say you, "I do not know, but I will think about it." Think about Jesus Christ, if you can, and leave natural things. He was "born King." And, why? He was "set up" King: and He was no more King when He was born, than when He was set up. And viewing Him as our King, He hath destroyed sin. He hath reigned down death, He hath destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil." He hath "spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it." This He has done. Now can you and I rejoice in His triumphs? "The Lord is a Man of war, the Lord is His name;" "the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

Here we see His triumphs; here we see the manifestation of the glorious mercy, that He is King, and hath reigned down all these.

Now mark here; a king naturally may obtain victory, but his enemies may multiply and invade his land again, and at last victory may be theirs, and the victorious may be overcome; but herein my precious King Jesus Christ reigned down the foe eternally, and He reigns over it eternally. And look into Isaiah, the thirty-second chapter, and then into the first of Corinthians, the fifteenth chapter. "Behold a King shall reign in righteousness;" "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet." Not "may," not "shall;" He *must* reign. Mark the covenant engagement between the Father and the Son; note down the eternity and unalterable nature of it. "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet." Now it never was in your power, or mine, to put an enemy under our feet; never. But I must just speak a word or two here: I know what it is to be troubled and exercised about it, and to be fearful about enemies when they have risen up against me, and it used to be a very great trial, and when they first broke out against

me, saying all manner of evil, I have been not only, like Peter, ready to cut their ear off, but to cut off their head; I tried to overcome them by argument, I tried to convince them by demonstration, and the more I tried the more they seemed to overcome me. What is the mercy? Dear old Bunyan's weapon. What is it? Oh! saith he, "All—Prayer." And I have known the victory imparted to my heart in secret before my God, in answer to the prayer of my Christ, and been enabled to triumph in His triumphs over all mine enemies. Never you take an enemy by the throat and say, "Pay me that thou owest;" never attempt to still the tongue of the enemy and the avenger, by anything of thine own; carry all thy burden, with all thy supposed enemies to thy King, Lord Jesus, who hath "made us more than conquerors through Him that loved us." And if I understand it aright, this is connected with what our dear Lord saith—"Pray for your enemies." "But," say you, "really, I am obliged to pray against them." But knowing that Jesus reigns, and must and will put down every foe, how blessed it is to stand where Jehoshaphat and the little army stood before the Lord! Just look into the second of Chronicles, twentieth chapter. Here was the land invaded by a host of enemies, that could not be numbered; what did the dear man say when praying to the Lord? Oh! saith he, "we have no might against this great company that cometh against us, neither know we what to do;" glory be to God, if you and I are brought simply there; but what then? "Our eyes are upon thee." And what is the matter? "O our God, wilt thou not judge them?" Conquest is sure, for "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet."

There is another very dear word in conjunction with this, coming a little nearer home, concerning our most precious Lord Jesus Christ as King. And what is it? He hath "power over all flesh." Now I am going to drop a secret to some of God's tempted, tried, exercised ones; that since my soul has known His love, if He had not had power over my flesh, my tongue, my all, I should have blasphemed Him to His face. "What!" say some professors, "after He had shown you so much love." Yes, and I never felt so much of the carnality of my mind before, as I have since He showed Himself my God—

"Stretch'd on His cross in sweat and blood."

Now marking these glorious mercies brings another sweet Scripture to my mind; and what is it? "The Lord is at hand; be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

And one word more; after Jehoshaphat had got up that sweet petition I was referring to, you find, as the Lord's ear is ever open

to our cry, He answers it in His own time and way. Saith the Lord, "It is all right with you; sit you still; I am not only Captain of hosts, but King in Israel; go down against them, but you shall not need to fight in this battle: Jehovah shall fight for you, and you shall see the salvation of the Lord with you." Bless Him, O my soul, He reigneth—must reign—whatever may be going on, whatever may be transpiring, whatever may appal even the Church of God. Whatever abominable doctrines may be propagated, you and I never need to contend against them, except in the strength of the Lord, and in the truth of the Lord, with "our loins girt about with truth," not preaching their damnable heresies, but preaching the truth of God from the heart.

Let us look at this a moment longer, because it is very encouraging to God's dear children, that they have got Jesus Christ for their King. Jehoshaphat and the people went down against the great army; and they went forth singing. That is the best way to go into the field of battle. I have heard of our ancient warriors, that they used to pray to the Lord and sing one of David's psalms, before they went into the field of battle; and depend upon it is always best for God's children to sing as they go to battle. And why? Because the Lord will fight for them, and they shall "see His salvation with them."

I had not the slightest intention, when I entered the pulpit to-night, of touching upon this; nevertheless, the Lord warmed my heart, and you have had it.

Thus we have Jesus Christ for our King, and we acknowledge Him as our King, and feel a delight in our soul to "Crown Him Lord of all."

There never was a king upon earth without being born: he must be born before he is king. I am speaking now of the Church of God. We know nothing of kingship without being born. How? "Not of blood; nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man." How then? Why "of God." Now do you know anything of what it is to be born of God?

You know they do not set dead men upon thrones to be kings. When one king is dead, another is proclaimed, because the dead man is of no use; and yet our most glorious Christ, when He died, killed death, and "brought life and immortality to light." Now as there is a real necessity to be born of God and to have spiritual life, in order to have anything to do with the kingdom, do you and I know anything about it in our hearts? I used to hear of it in the Church of England, I used to read it in my Bible on a Sunday, I used to see what the Lord said to Nicodemus, though I had no more understanding or thought about it than a stone; but when the Lord

quicken my soul, then the new birth began to be thought about and sought after; and strange as it may appear, I did not know it was the Lord's work, nor believe it, but I thought God was about to plunge me into hell at once. Now mark, you want not only to be born, but to have life, a living life, and a feeling of this life. And how is it manifested? I have generally understood (and I have had a little acquaintance with it naturally), that the child generally cries; it is no sooner born, than it begins to cry. And if God hath put His life in your soul, you have been crying out ever since up to this day, though perhaps you do not yet know your sonship of God. Therefore they are not only born, but born alive.

And they are born to live. You know there never was an extinguisher in the temple. You may have many dampers put upon your life, and many shivers and chills; and, you know there was the burning ague that many had in the wilderness, and perhaps some of you have had it; but you never saw a dead man have it: "Why, no, to be sure," say you. Then mark down the blessedness of being a living child. What is it? To tremble before God on account of His Word. This is God's mercy to them: to be tremblers at His Word, not triflers. I had sooner go down to the grave trembling at the Word of the Lord, than I would live with a trifling spirit. And though I know (and I speak it freely before my God) nothing can separate me from His love, yet I know what it is to tremble before His Word. Do not think that I always come up in a lively frame to speak to you; oh! no. I have my tremblings and my fears: but my Jesus never deserted me yet. "But do you study your sermons?" No; I do not like such sermons. "Oh! but there are many great and good men that do." Well, I only know that "much study is a weariness of the flesh," and I like to come before you, like dear old Jacob—"Because the Lord my God hath brought it to me." "But have you not been studying to-day?" No, indeed; most of my time has been taken up with a dear afflicted son. I have been reading a chapter in the Bible; but as to studying, my mind has been taken up with my son, and thinking about him, and telling the Lord about him.

But to proceed. Kings are proclaimed. Yes. And are God's children proclaimed? Yes; God proclaims them from His own mouth in their own heart. And how does He do it? "I am a Father to Israel, and Ephraim is my first-born." What more? "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father?" "Yes," says the poor child, "it is the desire of my heart to cry, Abba, Father." "How shall I put thee among the children, and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage?" God's proclamation comes into the heart; and what is it? "Thou shalt call me Father?" Oh! no, no. Is not that enough? No, Lord: "Thou shalt call

me My Father"—"the guide of my youth." Do you know anything about this, poor soul? Do you bear with me; my heart is warmed with the preciousness of the subject.

"Well," say you, "but is that all the proclamation?" Oh! no; the devil will turn trumpeter too, and he will proclaim you, and he will set all hell in an uproar against you. He will brand you with the vilest names he can hatch in hell; and he will make his vain dupes believe what he says of you. And it will surprise me, if some of the children do not believe it themselves.

I believe kings are always anointed. They used to be: and I believe the practice is kept up. And I know some people stand in that position, that they never are kings till they are anointed; and they are God's spiritual kings in the kingdom of Christ. Now just you go into the second of Corinthians, the first chapter. Saith brother Paul—"Unto the Church of God which is at Corinth, with all the saints" (and so you and I am); "He that stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us is God." Look you into the hundred and sixty third Psalm, where it is said to "run down." Look into the twenty-seventh verse of the second chapter of John's first epistle—"The anointing which ye have received of Him, abideth in you." What is the consequence? "And even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in Him." There is the "anointing." But I can only throw out hints now.

A word or two, however, upon crowning. "Why," say you, "are they crowned already?" Go into the hundred and first Psalm, "He crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." I have got that crown every day, and He is my Lord, and let no man take that crown. No, bless His name, they never shall nor the devil either.

What more? Kings have got thrones. And have the Church? Yes, blessed be God, we have. We have "a throne of grace;" and God "hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. And where is Christ? Upon a throne.

Kings reign. And in Christ we reign over all our enemies; we reign over sin, we reign over death, we reign over hell. We are "more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

Now I must leave the rest of the text, and the whole of it, and you and me, in the hands of the Lord: for it is only by His sovereign operations in your mind and mine in the direction of our thoughts, that you and I can have holy communion and fellowship with Him. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(Continued from page 209).

It often does my soul good to think of the rich, free, unparallelled goodness of Jesus in being determined to face opposition from earth, hell, or heaven; yea, and the stupid blindness and stiff-necked opposition of His eternally beloved bride too. Lovely Jesus, thou art precious in all thy ways. Nothing could stop thee; the wedding must and shall take place.

Grace was the first, grace is the last,
Of all thy works and ways,
Free grace still holds thy people fast,
And grace shall have the praise.

But what is the blessed bottom of all this? For this I love to turn to those everlasting mines of rich grace found in the gospel of Hosea. Do, beloved, turn to the first and second chapters. They are indeed, very savoury, blessed, and sweet. After which bear in mind (Hos. ii. 1) that the Ammi—my people—and the Ru-hamah—having obtained mercy—was the beloved wife of Jesus from eternity in the everlasting covenant of grace; for it was *there* and *then* that she was made His people, and *there* and *then* that she obtained mercy; and this was long before she became the adulterous, debased Lo-ammi—not my people—and Lo-ruhamah—not having obtained mercy—and the prophet was told to marry an adulterous woman in order to shadow forth the sweet doctrine of electing grace. Yes, my dear brethren, we poor polluted lumps of dust and ashes were put away in the Adam transgression, in justice, according to Deut. xxiv. 1-4. Kindly refer to the passages, as they are too long to quote: and then turn to Gal. iii. 8-17: "And the Scripture foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying. In thee shall all nations be blessed." The grace, riches, and glory of the gospel were preached and made everlastingly sure to Abraham and the Church in him before the law had spoken one word against her; so that the law, which was 430 years after, could not interfere with the blessing which was made eternally secure to the whole Church in Christ. The recovery of the Church from her lost state in Adam was provided for in that covenant which is ordered in all things and sure to all the seed of Christ. Therefore the law with all its denunciations could not make the promise of none effect; and yet the curse entailed upon its breaches, must be fully carried out upon the Church or her glorious Head; but it is as the poet sweetly expresses it,

"My breaches of the law are His,
And His obedience mine."

My soul rejoices in the mercy that the recovery of the elect from the Adam fall was as certain as the blessing and grace given them in Christ in eternity. O, yes, we were named Ammi and Ru-hamah and blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ (Eph. i. 3, 4), and it was after these sure mercies of our spiritual David were given us, and secured to us, that we became through the fall the polluted Lommi and Ló-ruhamah, without hope and without God in the world. But O the sweet underbottoming grace gone before! Blessed Jesus, thou couldest not forget, thou couldest not forsake thy poor polluted and disgraced, yet chosen, blessed, and eternally loved, ones, with whom were thy eternal delights. Thou couldest not give thy people up. No, thou hadst already betrothed her unto thee "in righteousness and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies;" yea, in everlasting faithfulness. Such matchless love cannot be overcome by all the floodgates of sin, adultery, uncleanness, or blasphemies; nor can all the floods of temptation drown it. "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." O the heights and depths, lengths and breadths of sovereign grace! How sweet to consider that after we have "done evil things even as we could," and had played the harlot with many lovers, with sin, the flesh, the world, the devil, and inward lusts; and would have plunged both soul and body into hell, yet He kindly says, "Return unto me; for I have redeemed thee." Sweet invitation! Precious mercy. "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."

When the Spirit leads the mind,
Holds Jesus up to view,
We trace His person, works, and find,
There's always something new.

It is after these sweet insights into the loving heart of our most lovely Jesus that we are enabled to draw near in faith with some degree of assurance. It is then that our hearts are sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed in pure water; and we are saved from dead works, coming to the throne of grace with gospel boldness, crying, "Abba, Father," "My Lord and my God."

I feel what I now write, and I am sure that we cannot take into unclean lips such blessed and endearing names as these with guilt on our conscience. I appeal to the living children. Can you pronounce these sweet, endearing names, such as, My Father, my God, my Saviour, Rock, Refuge, Strength, and Salvation, without a feeling sense of their blessedness? Nothing but a sight of Calvary, a walk into Gethsemane's garden, and a baptizing in love and blood, will put into our hearts such spirit-cheering, soul-sweetening terms. I know it is easy enough for natural professors to use them how,

when, and where they please; but the child of God must have the Spirit of adoption to cry Abba, Father; He must realize the Spirit of Christ to say, "My Lord and my God;" and he must enjoy the comforts of the Holy One to say, "My Beloved is mine and I am His: I am my Beloved's, and His desire is toward me." It is easy enough for church goers to say with the clerk, "Our Father, which art in heaven," but the truly discerning of the living children can easily discover that, as a rule, it is no better than a pious lie from an impious heart: but for the saint of God to call God Father without Christ shows Himself through the lattice, looking over the hills of guilt, and saying, in the almighty power of His Spirit, "Fear not, I am thy salvation," it is simply impossible. Such cannot, dare not, will not, take such blessed words home without the witness within. Their cry is often expressed in these words: "I am shut up, and cannot come forth: draw me, and I will run after thee: show me a token for good." I am sure that when the Lord shuts up a poor soul, no man can open: and when He graciously opens, no man can shut. The Lord alone can bring His children out of the prison house; He only has power to break off their irons, and let their soul go free. They then feel such holy familiarity such blessed nearness, and such sweet access with confidence into the grace of adoption, as is indescribable, unspeakable, and full of glory. Their hearts are then all in tune, and they enter into the Holy of Holies with humble boldness, and can, by the blessed Spirit of adoption, claim every relationship with the Lord and to the Lord. Indeed they find it is not only easy, but delightfully pleasant to say, "My dear Father, my precious Saviour, my glorious Beloved, my sweetest Husband, and my nearest and dearest Friend, with such clear gospel tokens, that it is really and truly heaven begun below with their souls. They then cannot hold in; they are too full to keep silent. I write this from sweet experience, having been many times in this lovely place. It is not enough at such seasons to say, "Our Father, our Saviour, our Lord, and our Redeemer," with the multitude of carnal professors: they must come much nearer and say, "*My* Father, *my* Saviour, *my* Lord, and *my* God." The Lord takes out of their mouth the common name of *Baalim*, and enables them to say most sweetly and most freely, *Ishi*.

Beloved, do you indeed know of this blessed relationship? If so, blessed art thou of the Lord; and that sweet portion which says, "Husbands, love your wives," is fully carried out by our precious Lord Jesus; for He cannot hate His own flesh, but must both nourish and cherish it (Eph. v. 29). For a small moment He may hide His face; but with everlasting kindness He must and will have mercy on thee. There is one place where He will ever rest, and that

place is beautifully expressed in these words, "He will rest in His love."

"Glory to His sacred name;
Jesu's love's a constant flame:
Hell may rage and sin conspire,
All to quench this heavenly fire,

Still the flame vehement grows,
Jesu's love no measure knows:
Hills of guilt, like smoke, retire,
Touch'd by this eternal fire."

Now, I do not expect any of the poor hardened, hypocritical Arminians to enter into or understand this precious marrow of gospel mercy; but there are here and there a few of the Lord's scattered ones who will feelingly enter into and appreciate the things which we are writing about. I mean the Jobs, Jeremiahs, Jonahs, Peters, and Hezekiahs, not excluding that dear man who penned the 73rd Psalm, whose steps had well nigh slipped; who cleansed his heart and washed his hands in vain; and who felt himself so so foolish and ignorant, that he was necessitated to confess that he was as a beast before Him. His blessed experience I love to read. These are not bastards, but sons. Their scourged backs, sore feet, burdened shoulders, and sorrowful, yet cheerful, countenances, fully show that they have in some measure had their senses exercised to discern both good and evil. As such, they are loved according to that sweet family portion which says, "whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth;" and they are also blessed according to another sweet family portion: "Blessed is the man whom thou chasteneth." These are my "companions in tribulation," "my fellow prisoners," "partakers of my consolation," hope, joy, and peace of the gospel.

"These have tasted holy joy,
Though oft they have to weep:
These, too, have scaled the mountains high,
And sunk in waters deep."

These are strangers and pilgrims on the earth, whom no man careth for, whom no man seeketh after. These, with the poor man who fell among thieves, I truly love in the Lord. How often, my dear brethren, do we leave Jerusalem, the city of peace, and go down to cursed Jericho; and O the plunder, ill-treatment, and wounds that we get! And here we lie destitute and helpless until Jesus the good Samaritan and near neighbour comes to us, to pour in the oil of grace and wine of consolation, and bind up our wounds. Blessed Jesus, visit us again and again.

"More frequent let thy visits be,
Or let them longer last:
I can do nothing without thee,
Make haste, my God, make haste."

(To be continued.)

FREE GRACE TRIUMPHANT.

Sons of peace, redeem'd by blood,
Raise your songs to Zion's God ;
Made from condemnation free,
Grace triumphant sing with me.

Calv'ry's summit let us trace,
View the heights and depths of grace,
Count the purple drops, and say,
Thus my sins were borne away,

Now no more His wrath we dread,
Vengeance smote our Surety's head ;
Justice now demands no more,
He hath paid the dreadful score.

" Here we saw the curse remov'd,
Sin condemn'd, and sinners lov'd :
O ! how sweet to feel the same,
Passing tribulation's flame.

Sunk as in the shoreless flood,
Lost, as in a Saviour's blood,
Zion, O ! how blest art thou,
Justified from all things now !

Once in vain this peace we sought
From the law, but found it not :
We at length to Calv'ry came,
Fill'd with sorrow, guilt and shame.

Here we stood at peace with heaven,
Found the sweets of sins forgiven ;
Wept as pardon'd sinners do,
Felt the blood of sprinkling too.

Will our God this peace reveal
When our heart and flesh shall fail ?
Then we'll sing in Jordan's flood,
Sweet's the peace that's sealed by blood.

KENT.

NO REAL GROUND FOR FEAR.

Be not faithless, but believing,
Though the clouds around are dark :
By the blessed Spirit's sealing;
Thou art safe in Christ the Ark,
When the tempest
Makes thee tremble to embark.

On His covenant oath relying,
Strong in spirit then you'll be,
All the powers of hell defying,
Singing with a holy glee,
In my Jesus,
I am now for ever free.

What He saith will stand for ever,
Although you believe Him not :
Cease to love you ? He will never,
By Him cannot be forgot ;
Sins like scarlet,
His atoning blood will blot.

Let not Satan keep you under,
When he tempts you to believe
Bonds of love will snap asunder,
Jesus Christ will surely leave :
Our Redeemer
Never will a soul deceive.

Satan knows, well knows; he's lost thee,
Smile amidst his furious roar :
Jesus Christ is round about thee,
He will love thee evermore.,
And will safely
Land you on the heavenly shore.

There you'll sing His matchless praises,
There you'll shout aloud for joy ;
There you'll bless the love that raises
Sinners to such sweet employ ;
And you'll crown Him,
Who did all your foes destroy.

A. W.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST, 1866.

No. 95.

CHRIST ALONE EXALTED.

Seventy-seventh Letter.

THE REAPER TO THE GLEANER.

MY DEAR RUTH,—All health and peace are yours; for the God of peace is yours and you are His; and the knowledge and belief of this form an unshaken bulwark to the noble mind and pure heart. The pure heart is the gift of the Lord, that Christ may dwell there by faith; and you shall be instructed in the mystery of Christ, and know Him as your sure dwelling, quiet resting-place, and peaceable habitation. This being true, you are a dweller in the secret-place of the Most High: and it becomes you at all times to consider your high standing in and holy union to Him who is self-existent; and, with the mind of Him, never attempt to dabble with things so far beneath your rank and station; for you are an heir of God, and joint heir with Christ; and as you are desirous of increasing manifestations and unfoldings of His beauty and glory, think how He is most honoured, whether it is by pleasing you or you pleasing Him, by steadily living and walking by faith in Him, and trusting in Him at all times, and that amidst all you are as a creature, and may feel working in yourself, and the fiery darts of the wicked. I know this hint will not be unheeded by you. I found by your converse, as well as by your letters, that there is a predominant desire reigning in your heart after greater unfoldings, which is a very dear mercy, and, as I have the same desire, I go on with you desiring, yet there is one thing connected therewith,

and I have learned it by experience. that when I seem to be disappointed, I have been peevish and fretful, and have had evil thoughts arise that my blessed Lord did not indulge me as I needed, and perhaps you have felt the same: and, because of our disappointment, we have been sullen; but I have found this to be seeking our own pleasure, and not the glory of God; but the blessedness appeared to be expressed by Paul, "According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed; but that with all boldness, as always, so now also, Christ shall be magnified in my body whether it be by life or by death." This is most blessed; you can ponder it over, with its connection. I write in love for edification, and as I find a disposition to be seeking ease and pleasure for myself and in myself, to have increasing enjoyment, instead of which I have the reverse, I now believe that such proceedings are not in analogy with the life and walk of the faith of God's elect; for the testimony is, "as ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him." Hereby we discover the simplicity that is in Christ, and so we are nothing, and Christ is all in all. Then follows the peculiar nature of being believers in Him, with faith and hope in God; and, in conjunction with these mercies, we by simple faith live always, and at all times happy in the Lord; and thus we honour the Lord with our substance, which is faith, being assured that He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself. As we are joined to the Lord and one Spirit, He cannot deny us. This brings us to notice the blessedness in connection with receiving Christ Jesus, "rooted and built up in Him, and stablished in the faith as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving." Therefore it is most blessed to understand this, and as we live believing in the Lord, we find these truths as unalterable as their divine Author. Then what have we to trouble ourselves about, seeing the whole is in Christ, and we are new creatures in Christ, and the eternal Spirit declares, "Because as He is, so are we in this world."

Here I pause with you to adore and praise Him our all in all. It is from not recognizing that Christ and the Church are one, He our fulness, and we His fulness, that there are so many sad mistakes made about our warfare, and real experience arising from the work and ministry of the Spirit, because we belong to Christ; for I believe that everything we have, whether bitter or sweet, is needful for us, that God in all things may be glorified in the Church by Christ Jesus: therefore as we believe this, it ill becomes us to murmur, but it is well to "be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." As the Lord hath in tender mercy taught me a little of these things, I think I understand in part the meaning of the Psalmist who said, "If I as-

cend up to heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there;" and thus the Lord saith, "I am with thee in all places whither thou goest." As we receive these truths in the love of them, so we find the Lord is ever with us and we ever with Him; His life is bound up in us, and we are bound up in the bundle of life, in and with Him, and our privilege is to say, "I am persuaded that nothing can separate us from the love of God." I again say by reason of this I live happy in the Lord, who is my portion, inheritance and possession. I can have nothing more, I seek nothing more; therefore what I am in myself, what I feel, and what I experience in myself, are my moveable furniture, which in bygone days were a sad trouble to me, because I could not make them stable and immoveable; but I now rest satisfied amidst the whole (though they clash and make a bustle and noise) that my Beloved is mine and I am His; He cannot love me more, nor will He love me less. I feel a pleasure to wait upon Him, but I am more pleased that He waiteth to be gracious. I find it blessed to delight myself in Him, being assured He will give me the desires of my heart; but O the greatness of the greater mercy, that He delighteth in me, and is ever rejoicing over me to do me good, with His whole heart and whole soul: and I do love to love Him, but His love to me is the source, centre, and foundation of all love, blessedness, salvation, and glory; and, being in Him, we live in all love, and "he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." "O the depth of the riches!" We are rooted and grounded in love, and by love; for "God is love;" and there we are separated from our first father that sinned, and from sin and death, and to us there is no condemnation, being in Christ, who was made the curse of the law for us, and by whom we are delivered from wrath to come; and, bless Him, O our souls, He will present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.

Thus, my beloved, I have set before you a few truths that are precious to me; but I do not take them in abstractedness from Him of whom we spoke when face to face, as the Holy Ghost hath recorded, "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious;" and I still say, that if the heart and mind, thoughts and affections, were more taken up with the person, fulness, suitability, and preciousness of our most glorious Christ, then there would not be that murmuring, bickering, and dry talk there is now: but our language in the glorious liberty of the children of God would be, "Other lords besides thee have had dominion over us, but by thee only will we make mention of thy name:" and not only so; but, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." I add, that there is a mistake made by the children about freedom and liberty; they are striving to attain

to it in themselves, and because they cannot find it there, they are disquieted; but it is in Christ we are free, and live in liberty; and I add one word more, that as our most glorious Lord is the author and finisher of faith, so all the life and walk by faith is the operation of God, and it worketh by love, and the extent of faith is just like this, "Being fully assured that what the Lord hath promised, He is able also to perform." This is a blessed position, and because of this I always live happy in the Lord, and whatever is going on within or without, it cannot alter any one blessing, neither deprive me of the liberty and freedom that I have in Christ Jesus, in whom I live in all the fulness of eternal life, salvation, and all blessedness; and my unencumbered desire is to know more of Him.

Beloved, I desire you to join me to praise and bless our most glorious Lord and God for His goodness and mercy toward me. I had a pleasant journey, and reached my habitation at half-past six, which was later than expected; but all was well. Bless the Lord, O my soul, the Lord was with me by the way, and I am still well in body. I hope the dear friends are all well and happy in Jesus. You will thank them personally for me, and may the Lord bless you all for your great kindnesses unto me: and I do and will bless the Lord on your behalf, and for His mercy for bringing me unto you to see you once more in the flesh, and also for His great mercy in giving me a door of utterance to preach His holy Word. I pray that peace, prosperity, love, and unanimity may reign in your hearts in Zion, and that Jesus may be increasingly precious unto you all. My paper is too short to mention friends by name, you know them, not forgetting your minister. Love to them all, dear mother, and yourself.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

THE GLEANER TO THE REAPER.

Seventy-eighth Letter.

DEARLY BELOVED IN OUR PRECIOUS CHRIST,—My heart has been much longing to communicate with you, but I feel such a poor ignorant worm, and you are so blessedly kept up in the triumph of faith, amidst your many trials, that I am not fit to talk to you. But yet I have great cause to speak well of my dear Lord, and testify of His faithfulness through the many changing scenes of this wilderness life, and I much long to know more of Him in the glories of

His person, and the love of His heart. Here I would be continually feasting, and meditating, even while the stormy billows of tribulation roll over me; but, alas! my heart is very weak and sometimes overwhelmed within me. For some while past my bodily affliction has been checked for a time, and ever since that was better, and home has looked more in the distance, my outward matters have been very trying, and one rough wind followed another like the messengers of Job's stripping dispensation. I wonder at times what it means, and why it is. I do not at all question the love of my precious Lord; but a great fear comes over me lest I am in some way walking contrary to Him, and that makes Him walk contrary to me; and I can heartily say with David, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if any wicked way is in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." It is very bitter when I fear that in some unknown way I am dishonouring Him who has purchased me with His own blood, and who did I know bear all my sins in His own body on the tree. Am sure there is for me no rod of His wrath, my precious Husband endured all the penal punishment for my sins; but may not outward trials be sent in the way of reproof and rebuke? Many such thoughts come at times when I see others get on so smoothly. And then, again, I think perhaps these very thoughts are more walking in the flesh than in the spirit, and that these contrary things are for the trial of faith, and to keep me from nestling anywhere but in the bosom of Jesus; and I would rather walk in a rough way, and have sweet communion with Him, than have a full outward cup, and follow Him afar off, or feel strangeness between us. I do want to have my heart and thoughts wholly taken up with Him, and often think of your unchanging joy in the Lord. How truly you speak of its being the highest act of a believer to stand still and see the salvation of God. How contrary that is to flesh and blood; but it cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither can corruption inherit incorruption; only that which is born of God can receive the things of God, and the hidden wisdom is revealed to the hidden man of the heart; but, really, the reasonings of the flesh seem at times to confuse and bewilder the mind. I cannot think how you are always deaf to it, and live in that pure region of health and peace where the flesh is made no account of, and the perplexities of the wilderness disturb not the tranquility. Do write to me about it for the furtherance and joy of faith. And how is it so few can receive the preaching of Christ, even the living ones many of them are soon tired, and want to hear more of creaturely feelings? It often puzzles me, though I know there is a difference between bondage and liberty. I can receive many things now which I could not before Christ was revealed in me;

but now His exaltation is the promotion of my soul (Prov. ix. 8), and to inhale His fragrance revives my weary spirit. Surely His precious body was like the alabaster box of very precious ointment, it was broken on Calvary, and, O, what odours, what sweet smelling savour has therefrom filled the house of God, and perfumed each living vessel there; so that they are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, He being unto them an odour of a sweet smell. The smell of our Beloved is as the smell of a field, which the Lord hath blessed. Oh! I want it more and more; it is this helps us on through this dreary waste. His fragrance, His beauty, His voice, His love, His work, His whole self—He is the chiefest of all ten thousands, He is altogether lovely. I find no fault at all in Him, and, in adoring wonder, say, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."

How are you going on now? Was grieved to hear of your confusions by your last; the Lord send peace. Peace be within her walls and prosperity within her palaces: and yet through all the turmoils you are not moved from Christ your excellency, or from your rejoicing in Him. How I marvel. You see how muddy I am, but I have no wish to cloak or dissemble, though I am ashamed of this poor confused letter, but I may perhaps get a benefit. I shall if the Lord bids you speak something to clear my dim sight. How is Mrs. T.? Does she, like you, hold fast her confidence while winds are contrary and waves run high? "He exalteth by His power, none teacheth like Him;" "He setteth the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock;" yea, "for the oppression of the poor, and the sighing of the needy," doth the Lord arise and set him in safety from him that puffeth at him. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard Him, and saved Him out of all His troubles." He who said, "I am a worm and no man," is now highly exalted at the Father's right hand; He drinketh of the cup of sorrow and suffering no more; He dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him; and because He liveth, we shall live also; and because the Head is lifted up above His enemies round about, the members shall prove their enemies liars, and in Him tread upon their high places. I would be glad to write to you to speak well of His name; for He hath known my soul in many adversities; but He needeth not my poor service, or He would not lay His hand upon me that I should be thus dumb unto you, which is not according to my mind.

Must just send this line of explanation, that you may see how it is, and perhaps the Lord may give you a word concerning it. My bodily health has been much broken this summer past, it is better now; but I must shortly put off this tabernacle, and then I shall be no longer dumb or straitened. Your sermon on justification

has been much blessed to me several times. For that and the others accept my sincere thanks. Shall gladly write when the Lord of the house gives enlargement that way ; but He doeth as it seemeth good unto Him, giving none account of His matters. I desire to rest in His will and wait patiently for Him, though perhaps this very line itself doth prove me perverse in the matter ; for why should I thus be meddling ? “ Wherefore wilt thou run, seeing thou hast no tidings ready ? ” I pray you to excuse, and my Lord to forgive this wilfulness, and if He is pleased not again to renew our communications, or set before me an open door, it is sweet to know there is no separation ; for when the Holy Ghost knits together in the life and love of Jesus, union will ever remain, if communion be suspended. I doubt not it is well with you, because you are brought to dwell where the Lord hath commanded the blessing, even life for evermore ; and “ whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are your’s, and ye are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.” “ The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit.” Peace be with you. Amen.

I am as having nothing, and yet possessing all things, and in our glorious Immanuel and His precious love rest ever yours very affectionately,

RUTH.

A FELLOW LABOURER.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I was truly pleased to hear from you once again : but wish you had told me whether you are likely to remain in London ; for, if so, I may see you this summer. I should like you to come down and preach at my chapel by our paying your expenses. I have been very poorly since I last wrote to you, hardly able to keep about, yet have fulfilled my daily tasks with the Lord’s help, and have been busily engaged in compiling my “ Life of Thirty Years combined with the Ministry,” in which many remarkable providences occur, and which, I trust, if brought out, will be blessed to numbers. I have only one “ Vineyard ” by me ; but a Baptist minister in the ’shires sent for a dozen over two years ago, and though I have written to him twice, I can neither get the books nor the money.* I have written to him again to day,

* This puts us in mind of another Baptist minister to whom we sent a dozen of your “ Vineyards,” and many Volumes of the “ Witness,” but he has neither sent us the money nor returned us the books ; and, what is even worse, he takes no notice of a letter upon the subject. He has been written to several times, but treats all communications with silent contempt. This is the man that we wrote and told you was selling 150 copies of the “ Witness ” per month, which when you heard, you felt much cast down to think that you could only dispose of about a score ; after which your mind was eased with this portion flowing

and hope if he has any books in hand, he will send them immediately. I also sent a dozen to my cousin at Hingham, all two years ago, and have never heard from him. I write to him this day, pressing him to send me all the books he has got, if any remain. Surely between the two I shall not come to the ground. Expect the parcel by post in a day or two. With many thanks I acknowledge the 6s. in stamps. If I should not succeed, will return the stamps. I mean, if I should not obtain another "Vineyard," but I have no doubts about this.

Last Good Friday I preached at Crowfield, in Suffolk, forenoon and afternoon. I was so poorly that I told the good brother who preaches there, I should be no use to him and his people. He said, "We shall have a good day; the Lord will be among us; you will preach and be at home in the work." I thought with myself, impossible. In the forenoon the word was much blessed, I felt a union with the friends, and in reading John xxi. my heart got warmed up. In the afternoon I felt much worse, and dreaded the time for preaching. I had hard work to pass through the crowd into the pulpit, and when I got there, I trembled, and was afraid to look at the people. I sat down and said, "Lord, thou knowest it is impossible for me to preach, I am so unwell." That passage instantly dropped into my mind with some sweetness: "With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible." Be it spoken to the praise and glory of our faithful, covenant keeping God, I was strengthened amazingly, and we all had "a feast of fat things, of wines on the lees well refined." When I came down from the pulpit, many declared that it was to them a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." A woman told me it was about 14 years ago since I preached in that pulpit, that she had been in bondage for a long time, that it was under my preaching her soul was set at liberty, and that ever since that time the Lord

into it: "The last shall be first, and the first last." [This has proved true, well knowing that

"He who whispers pardon'd sin
Was never known to lie."

If he could not dispose of the Volumes, he might send them back; or, if he did not wish to return them, he might write to that effect. We expect better treatment than this from the world: and, as a rule, we get it. The dozen "Vineyards" that we sent him we paid you for at the time, and, as far as we can see, neither the books nor the money will ever be forthcoming. Well, this we would gladly overlook, and forgive him the debt, if he would write a line and acknowledge his inability to pay: for we would be the last to press a poor brother. At all times we would rather *give* than *take* of the brethren: and we believe that the grace of God inculcates this principle.

We have heard *indirectly* that the books are not sold; therefore a friend has written twice, and another friend twice, requesting him to return them to our office, but neither of the letters have been noticed.—Ed.

Jesus had been precious to her. Thus I was helped again. O how sweet is that promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee, and my strength is made perfect in weakness." Last Lord's day I preached at Lowestoft, and there I heard of one that was blessed under a sermon I preached from the words, "The trial of your faith." God gives me these encouragements to support me under my afflictions. My dear wife is much worse than ever, and can hardly sit up at all now. Last night I felt greatly cast down at seeing her so unwell, but this morning I feel a little better, and I trust she is, though we can hardly tell. We rejoice to hear that your dear partner is much better. What a mercy! To our covenant God be all the glory. How hard to believe "that all things work together for good."

O that I had the faith to always lean upon the Lord before speaking as you have done. Although I study, and use every means I can to understand what I announce from the pulpit, yet I always find that the more I trust to God, and feel my dependance upon Him, the better I succeed, both as it respects myself and hearers.

When we lived at Wymondham, several years ago, we had just such a man at our house as you describe. He could talk, and no mistake! He told us he knew Gadsby, had been a member of the church of which he was the pastor, had heard Warburton, and some others, all men of truth. We entertained him at our expense a few days, though we had hardly enough for ourselves. At last a gentlemen wrote to me to say he had been in prison, that he was an impostor, and a very bad sort of man. My wife sent him off immediately, and a few days after we heard he was in Norwich Castle. How much your "pathway" is like mine. My wife says she will not believe but what this must be the same man. How strange! She had a suspicion of this fellow a day or two before we heard about him, and told me she did not fancy his manner. We had also been greatly taken in by another during our stay in Wymondham. This must be 24 or 26 years ago.

May our covenant God bless you and yours, and may you be very successful in your great Master's work. So prays your affectionate brother,

B. TAYLOR.

To me how wondrous kind !
On me what blessings fall !
His cross delights my mind,
His love transports my soul :
While on His bosom I recline,
He tells me all He has in mine

Mine, His atoning blood !
And mine, His righteousness !
Mine, all the grace of God !
And mine, the gospel peace !
Mine, every promise in the word !
And mine, the fulness of the Lord.

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(Continued from page 239).

It was soon noticed that my wife was in the family way, and that early in the Spring, and only married the Christmas before! Well, to be sure, what a shame! What a scandal and disgrace! Now, there was some pleasant talk and whispering among my kind friends and neighbours, and Mr. and Mrs. Malice had come to the pleasing conclusion, that surely he must have had criminal dealings with her before marriage, and some had told my wife so. Now, this was just what many wanted to see. O what a pleasant fleshly feast was coming, and in a short time what rejoicings in the tabernacles of the unrighteous. O this just looks like what they all are! But when gleanng time came in July, my wife was expected to be lightened every day in the field, and she told me what was said about it; but I knew more about the matter than either she or they, and though I said little, I saw a deal, and could often read their hearts in their faces. Notwithstanding she continued gleanng day after day, and a nice bit of corn she got, which seemed to nettle some in a tender place. This gleaned corn we found useful when the winter months came round. Here I saw the bountiful hand of kind providence with an unthankful heart: for I will assure you a thankful heart is His own gift. "Of thine own have we given thee." "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights:" and He oftentimes bestows them upon the unthankful; for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. An unthankful heart is what the people of God often feel; yes, they are unworthy of less than the least of His mercies. I am sure it is so with me; and yet, though so unworthy in themselves, they are the objects and subjects of His love and tender care. He watches over them for good; His ear is open unto their cry; His eye is upon them; His hand is stretched out for their defence: and His language to their persecutors is, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." Every step in providence or grace is in covenant mercy. He may seem to favour the wicked, and shine upon the counsel of the ungodly, and give them "more than heart could wish," but they are expressly styled the "ungodly who prosper in the world:" "in the world," only "in the world." No matter whether they roll in filth with the swine, or are wrapped up in the garb of sanctified hypocrisy, it is only "in the world." I have oftentimes found comfort in reading the 78th Psa.,

when wading through poverty, and seeing the prosperity of the rich worldling, and my poor mother would often let this trouble her, and my poor heart too has felt all her complaints, and many hard thoughts about my heavenly Father's dealings. Like her, I have gone through years of poverty and privations, trouble and cruel disappointments, with that almost unbearable yoke of being continually in debt, together with the tender mercies and scoffs of an unfeeling world. I write not this in hopes of moving the compassionate bowels of mine enemies, but because I believe there are some of the Lord's hidden ones who bury their lives on this very account, and I wish to tell these poor and afflicted of the Lord's people that they have a fellow-traveller in their tribulated path, and not to think it strange when led in paths not known. I can truly feel for, and sympathize with them; in my eyes they are highly favoured, have one of the sweetest marks of sonship—chastizement." I can see the difference between the good gift He gives unto the evil, and the perfect gifts He gives His own children. The one is the "Blessing of the Lord which maketh rich." "Rich in faith:" the other leaves the soul poor, naked, and eternally undone; and, in each case, He acts as a sovereign, and gives when and where He pleases.

Good gifts He to the evil sends,
And oftentimes gives them more;
But perfect gifts are for His friends,
The humble gospel poor.

Well, time rolled on, week after week; yea, and month after month; and what then? Why, in the month of October James Bee had his first-born son brought into the world, about ten months after marriage. Dear me, what a thing it is! What a damper upon all their carnal joy! Well, of course, it was a sad disappointment thus to deprive them of such a lovely feast. So it happened that the high Calvinistical fornicator was once more raised up in honourable society, and could walk the streets without shame. Now, many of my hollow-hearted friends and neighbours were ready to give me the right hand of friendship, and I was considered as good as my neighbours; but, bless their sweet deceitful hearts, they had opened my eyes, and some have not been able to blind me again to this day. I was now a father, and my son being a fine and lively child, was admired by many, and he took seven-eighths of his poor father's heart, much of his time, and helped in a measure to chase my gloomy thoughts, and what is called religious melancholy; for many clouds were gathering round my path, and new enemies kept rising up; and my soul being mostly dark and barren, I was far from "the joys of salvation," and did many times call in question the salvation itself. Here I wish the people of God to note, they may often lose the sensible enjoyment of salvation, but never can

lose the salvation, which is all found in Jesus ; and He alone in and of Himself is the salvation ; but I now believe much of the gloom and melancholy of religion, or, more properly speaking, irreligion, comes from the gloomy regions of hell, through the gloomy heads of legal preachers, which may often be seen in the long hypocritical face, and gloomy visage when engaged in solemn mockery (sometimes called prayer) ; but real religion, the religion of Jesus Christ, has nothing to do with melancholy. I have since found her ways, "ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And notwithstanding my cursed propensity, and natural inclination, to look within, to consult flesh and blood, to lean upon an arm of flesh, groping among shadows, and continuously falling into the beggarly elements, when by grace I am a little sober-minded, and am enabled to view these things from the right point, I am constrained to say, "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places, I have a goodly heritage : " and then experimental and saving knowledge is indeed pleasant to my soul ; and a blessed thing it is to my spiritual eyes to behold our all-glorious Sun of Righteousness in His goings forth in love, in all the steps of grace, from the eternal settlement, through all the "gracious words" and meritorious works and deeds in time—His matchless beauty, perfect work, and every branch of His all-glorious, finished and eternal salvation, all are pleasant to look into, and to meditate upon. Spiritual religion is founded by, and in "the good pleasure of His will" (Eph. i. 5), and this good pleasure He will surely fulfil (2 Thess. i. 11) ; yea, He will perform it at His pleasure (Isa. xlv. 18) ; and note, beloved, as it was, and is "the Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom" (Luke xii. 32), this pleasure did "prosper in the Saviour's hand" (Isa. xxxii. 10) ; and now the good work of eternal redemption being for ever done, according to the Father's good pleasure, and eternal purpose of mercy, and the Son's accomplishment of that purpose, the eternal Spirit will, according to covenant engagement, perform His work or good pleasure in the hearts of each of the election of grace, in the set time, "both to will, and do of His good pleasure" (Phil. ii. 13) : and then being made by the grace of election, redemption, and effectual calling, what we were predestinated unto, we become "His blessed ones," being made comely by "His comeliness which He has put upon us" (Ezek. xvi. 14), and inwardly beautiful by His gracious indwelling and operation in our hearts, by virtue of which imputed and imparted grace, He says in tones of sweetest love, "Behold, thou art fair, my beloved ; yea, pleasant ; " and being found blessed and "accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. i. 6), both person and also the offering, He is sure to "do good in His good pleasure unto Zion, and build up the walls of Jerusalem." This house of mercy thus built up with lively stones, fitted and squared by the Spirit's effectual teaching,

and blessed with outward ornaments and inward beauty, and enrichings of grace, is the reason why "His servants take pleasure in the stones, and favour the dust thereof." After I have drunk freely of the "rivers of pleasure at His right hand," and bathed in the sea of eternal love, and again and again found delight and pleasure in holy worship and praise, I have again and again fallen through temptation into sin and uncleanness, which have brought darkness, deadness, and barrenness into my soul, which often causes my poor heart to fret and break out in open rebellion, when I have found myself shut up, robbed and wounded, chastized, and filled with my own ways, none of which come from the religion of Jesus Christ; but from the old Adam nature, the old man of sin, the flesh, which are all in league with the devil. I say, after this, to find unsought for, unexpectedly to feel a holy lift, a sweet drawing of heart unto Jesus, and to hear Him say, in sweet and loving tones, in covenant mercy, notwithstanding all my folly, "Is Ephraim my dear son? Is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy on him, saith the Lord" (Jer. xxxi. 20), how lovely pleasant it all is. So you see, beloved, it is all pleasure, pleasant, and pleasantness, both in the eternal planning of the Father, according to the good pleasure of His will; the work of the Son, which pleasure prospered in His hand; and the Spirit who worketh in the hearts of the elect, both "to will and to do of His own good pleasure," all His pleasure. This knowledge is peculiar to the chosen son and daughter of the Almighty, and "strangers cannot intermeddle with their joys." It is true, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and this they often feel; but then it is all its own, all the bitterness, pain, sorrow, and trouble is from ourselves, the flesh, the world, and the devil; and it is a sweet mercy they can only vex, harrass, and perplex, at the exact time, in the same place, and manner, our heavenly Father hath appointed, and not one moment sooner, one inch further, or one dram heavier than shall agree with His good pleasure. But this, like many more precious truths, is set down for a lie by all the Arminians and moderate Calvinists, though we are expressly told in the Word that "Fire, and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind fulfilling His Word;" and no child of God need wonder at this; for such have never been in the devil's sieve, having no experience of the fiery trial, which is to try the children: of "walking through the fire;" of God's "contending by fire;" the "refiner's fire;" the "revelation by fire;" of "the fire burning while musing on the goodness of God;" of "the hail sweeping away the refuge of lies;" "the storm;" and the winds of temptation. As they know nothing spiritually, savingly, or ex-

perimentally of these things, it is no marvel they put them down for a lie. The Spirit taught children of God wonder not, because they know and feel,

If sovereign grace did not uphold
Their feet in wisdom's way,
One puff from hell, I must be bold,
Would sweep them all away.

The pleasure, peace, comfort, and joy, are all found in Jesus, and in Jesus only; and our heavenly Father, who is called "the God of consolation," has determined to conquer His people by goodness and mercy. He tells His beloved ones they have "done evil things even as they could," only to make the expression sweeter, "yet return unto me." Why, what melting, softening, humbling, heart-sweetening, and soul-overwhelming words they are! This is grace, "and grace unto it," grace abounding, "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound!" This is "great grace," "reigning grace," "sufficient grace," the "exceeding riches of grace," "the true grace of God." Yes, beloved,

This is grace o'er sin abounding,
Who its breadth and length can know?
Who can find its depths by sounding,
Reaching to the deepest woe?
O what pleasure,
Just to sip the streams below!

Having now, with my wife and child, a little truce or cessation from hostilities with my neighbours, I was in worldly matters more happy; but with regard to religion, I was by no means settled, either in judgment, conduct, or comfort; and I wish my reader to know from this time to long after I was as unstable in most things as water; sometimes bold as a lion, strong as Samson, and tall as a cedar; then as foolish, weak, and unsettled as the wind. I found no heart, inclination, or power to act, live, or walk according to what I knew to be right: and though I was constantly leaning on every arm of flesh, I was deeply concerned in, and experimentally acquainted with, these portions, "The race is not to the swift; nor the battle to the strong;" "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps:" "it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth; but of God that showeth mercy:" "Not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." This I well knew, and yet was continually walking, acting, and living contrary thereunto, so deep rooted were the principles of Arminianism in my poor Pharisaical nature, and very sure I am that nothing short of Almighty power can lift up a poor sinner from the dunghill of filth and damnable lies, and make him sit with the princes of His people.

Nothing will bring back the poor prodigal until he is starved out, and come to himself, and no one gives unto him, and a desire is put into his heart to return; and yet, O what a great way off in his apprehensions, feelings, and expectations! No, nothing yet until that loving look, soft compassion, the running, and falling on the neck, and kissing of the father (Luke xv.). Nothing but that sweet look of Jesus unto Peter would have brought him back weeping bitterly (Luke xxii. 61, 62): nothing could reach the poor man who fell at Jericho until the Samaritan came near. But since those days, beloved, I have tasted, felt, known, and enjoyed something of the power and sweetness of the gospel; and now I wish the living in gospel Zion to notice what I am about to say, on two or three points, as it is my recent experience, and I believe the experience more or less of the Lord's people, as they grow up into Christ, or as Peter expresses it, "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

It is the nature of true faith, to look out of, or away from, sin, self, the flesh, and all its concomitants unto Christ, and to confide and centre in what Christ is made of God unto us (see 1 Cor. i. 30). This is the true nature of gospel faith, whatever is felt of weakness, sinfulness, or darkness, faith will have nothing to do with. Sarah's barren womb, Abraham's old age, Isaac's being offered up, or a thousand natural impossibilities, are no impediments to faith: the promise, and a "thus saith the Lord," is all the ground faith needs to rest on; and it is only in proportion as we are enabled to rest on and in Christ, the substance of the Word and promise, that we have "joy and peace in believing:" and what faith sees in, and fetches out of, Christ, is true and pure gospel obedience, and to this obedience alone is the blessing promised, and all other obedience is fleshy, selfish, and devilish. In this sphere moves all the Arminian workmongers, free-willers, Pharisees, and every shade of fleshly perfectionists. The faith of God's elect can only act as the Lord, who is the author and finisher, is pleased to act upon it and draw it out. He alone gives the measure, strength, and exercise of faith; and that in a sovereign way, when, how, and where He pleases, and at all times to the praise of His glory. We daily prove that we cannot make one hair white or black, or add a cubit to our stature; neither can we walk one inch in the way of Christ without help from on high. The people of God are well assured that all their springs are in the Lord their Righteousness.

When they would mount and soar on high,
The Saviour's face to see,
Sin holds them down, which makes them cry,
"My springs are all in thee."

(To be Continued.)

TO AN AUSTRALIAN SISTER.

MY DEAR SISTER, BELOVED OF THE LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, from God our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and in whom we live and have our being, and in whom we are complete, and who hath presented us unto Himself a glorious Church, without spot or blemish. He, our Jesus, is the Holy One of God; yes, and He also is the Holy One of Israel, as it is written, “Thy Maker is thy Husband, the Lord of Hosts is His name, and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel, the God of the whole earth shall He be called.” He is the high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, whose “Name is Holy.” “I dwell in the high and lofty place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.”

Having received your letter of the 25th of July, I find that the same Lord Jehovah, our God in covenant, is with you the same as when in England 20 years since; no change with Him, nor in Him, He is the same Almighty, who hath said for the comfort of His people, “I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed;” “it is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed;” it is because “His compassions fail not; they are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness.” This is our mercy, that our God is faithful to His promises. “He is in one mind (saith Job), and none can turn Him; and what His soul desireth, even that He doeth; for He performeth the thing that is appointed for me, and many such things are with Him.” The Holy Ghost is very precious by David, 37th Psalm: “For such as be blessed of Him shall inherit the earth, and they that are cursed of Him shall be cut off; the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and He delighteth in His way; though he fall, he shall not utterly be cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand: I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor His (Christ’s) seed begging bread.” Again the Holy Ghost is most blessed by Paul to his son Timothy: “It is a faithful saying; for if we be dead with Him (Christ), we shall also live with Him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him; if we deny Him, He also will deny us; if we believe not, yet (what a mercy for us) He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself.” What a mercy, my sister, to be brought out of death into life, and to be delivered from the power of darkness, as the Holy Ghost saith, “Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son, in whom we (mark)

have redemption through His blood (the blood of "Emmanuel, God with us"), the forgiveness of sins." Take particular notice of the following language: "Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature; for by Him were all things created (mark), that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible or invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers, all things were created by Him, and for Him, and He is before all things, and by Him all things consist, and He (Jesus Christ) is the Head of the body, the Church, who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead, that in all things He might have the preeminence; for it pleased the Father, that in Him should all fulness dwell; and having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him, to reconcile all things unto Himself; by Him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven, and you (and what a mercy to know ourselves included in the word you) that were some time alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath He reconciled, in the body of His flesh through death, to present you holy and unreprieveable in His sight." We could not appear before our God in any other way or place, but in Himself, who is the Lord our righteousness; and by this our union with Himself, we stand the righteousness of God in Him, as the Holy Ghost saith by Paul, "He (Christ) was made sin (not made a sinner) for us, who knew no sin (what a mystery, but so it is), that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him; and our God and Father saith, "I am well pleased with you for His righteousness sake;" yea, He our God hath said for our comfort, "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels: and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." Again our dear Lord Jesus Himself saith to His God and Father, and to our God and Father, "Father, I will (He doth not come saying, "Father, shall I have them, or will it please thee to let me have them?" No, but saith, "Father, I will") that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world:" and in the four foregoing verses He saith, "neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one (take notice) as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also (mark) may be one in us (all one in God), that the world may believe that thou hast sent me, and the glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one (in Himself, 'Emmanuel, God with us'), that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." What a mercy, my sister, to

be brought to know our oneness of union with our glorious Head and Husband, Jesus Christ. The Holy Ghost enabled Paul to bow at the footstool of God's mercy, to ask that the family of God might know their standing in love in union with their Head Jesus Christ, and therefore he saith, "For this cause I bow my knees unto the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man (what for?), that Christ may dwell (where?) in your hearts by faith, that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." What a thought, my sister, to be filled with all the fulness of God! I am lost in the thought, while I am thus writing to you, to think of the lovingkindness of the Lord to me, such a poor worthless sinner as me, in delivering me from sin, death, and hell, and from the power of darkness, and translating me into the kingdom of His dear Son, and why thus to me? Because the Lord loved me, as the Holy Ghost saith by Moses, "For ye are an holy people unto the Lord thy God; the Lord thy God hath chosen you to be a special people unto Himself, above all people that are upon the face of the earth; the Lord did not set His love upon you, nor choose you because ye were more in number than any other people; for ye are the fewest of all people; but because the Lord loved you, and because He would keep the oath which He had sworn unto your fathers, hath the Lord brought you out with a mighty hand, and redeemed you out of the house of bondage, from the hand of Pharaoh king of Egypt." The Holy Ghost is very precious by Paul in telling His family of their deliverance from sin and Satan: "But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under law, that we might receive the adoption of sons; and because ye are sons (not to make you sons), God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father: wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son, and if a son, then an heir of God, through Christ." God our Father "gave Him (Christ) to be head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all;" and what a mercy, my sister, to know our adoption of God, by the Spirit of God, witnessing with our spirits that we are the children of God; and, with Paul, bless our God and Father for all He hath done for us according to His covenant love to us in His Son Jesus Christ. "Blessed," saith Paul, "be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings

in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, according as He (our God and Father) hath chosen us in Him (Christ), before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love, having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will; to the praise of the glory of His grace wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

The Lord bless you with the increase of God, and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and I hope these few lines may be made a comfort to you in reading them, as they have been to me in writing them; then He our God will be glorified by us both, who comforteth His family in all their tribulations. What a mercy to be witnesses of His tender mercy from day to day, as we pass along through this dreary wilderness. The Holy Ghost is very precious by Moses, wherein He saith, "For the Lord's portion is His people, Jacob is the lot of His inheritance: He found him in a desert land, in the waste howling wilderness; He led him about, He instructed him, and kept him as the apple of His eye." What a mercy, my sister, our God and Father saith for our comfort, "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye." The eye is a tender part of our body, and the Holy Ghost brings it forth to His family to show how near allied they are to Himself, the children of His love, in their eternal union with His Beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ: and He our Jesus said to His Father, "Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me; and thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

The Lord bless you, my sister, with all knowledge in the mystery of Christ, whom to know is life eternal. Amen.

JACOB TARRING.

Holbeton, Devon.

A REVIEW.

The Life and Experience of the late Mr. Gad Southall, Minister of the Gospel, together with an account of the Painful Illness and Triumphant Death of John, the Son of Mr. Southall. By Henry Parker. London: James Paul, Chapter House Court, Saint Paul's.

WE are very pleased to find that our friend and brother Parker has been constrained to publish a Memoir of our late brother Southall, and shall be glad to hear that the first edition has met with a rapid sale; for we can assure those of our readers who did not know Mr. Southall, that this pamphlet contains two living testimonies

from two children of the living God. The illness and triumphant death of John Southall is very affecting. But it is another living proof of what Almighty grace can do.

To each of our readers we would say, send for this book; for you will not only get refreshment for your soul, but will be the means of administering to the necessity of the widow and family of our late brother, for whose exclusive benefit the work is published.

Those of our readers to whom we send our periodical through the post, can have one or more copies of the work enclosed in their next month's packet, if they will kindly drop us a line.

SPIRITUAL TUITION.

THE Lord has promised that all His children shall be taught His truth by His own Spirit, and He has not out-promised Himself; for even in this day of religious light, which may truthfully be termed gross darkness, there are a few to be found who know God's truth by spiritual tuition. But they are few indeed. There are thousands in Christendom who have a knowledge of the Word in the letter of it, who are perfectly ignorant of its spiritual meaning. They build upon a letter basis, which is only a sand-band. There is nothing that they are so ensnared by as the scriptures of truth, and nothing that they stumble at so much as the Bible. Why is this? They are not taught of the Lord. The same Lord who inspired Apostles and Prophets to write must inspire the children to read what is written. The bare grain of the Word is not enough, it must be quickened, and it is the Spirit that quickeneth, the Spirit who gives life. Whatever the Lord teaches His children is according to the Word written, but the Word written never reaches the heart unless it be spoken by the Master of assemblies. His Word is with power, and as much power now as it was in the days of the Apostles. "Power belongeth unto God:" "all power is in my hand;" and "the words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." None but inspired men can read and understand the Scriptures: none but blood-bought sons and daughters of the Lord know their need of spiritual tuition. These lack wisdom, and are constrained to ask of God to give them spiritual wisdom, which He will do liberally and upbraid not. The teaching of the Holy Ghost is confined to the household of faith. These He leads into all truth, and yet there is much truth that

He has not led them into. He does not merely inform their judgment, but drops the truth with living power in their hearts. He does not allow them to rest satisfied with a knowledge of the Word in its literality, but He gives them living desires to know it in its spirituality. Doctrinal statements are not enough for an awakened child; for His doctrine must drop like rain, and His speech distil like dew, ere the spiritual mind can be satisfied. The Word must be sealed upon the mind, revealed in the heart, inspired in the spirit, or there can be no real satisfaction to the child born of God. We are aware that many say that the written Word is to be enough for us, that we are to believe the Scriptures, and that inspiration and revelation have ceased with the Apostles. This is easily said, and easily believed by natural men who never knew their lost and condemned state in union to Adam, and their need of an application of the Word in the power of God's Spirit. These go to the bare letter of the Word, and derive all their comfort—if it may be called comfort—from what is therein stated; but the child of God is well aware that he can get no comfort, no lift by the way, no light into the Scriptures, no knowledge of the heart and mind of the Lord toward him, only as the blessed Spirit is pleased to take of the things of Christ and show unto him. He is well aware by daily experience that all his springs are in the Lord and all his fruit is from the Lord. He knows that it is in Him he lives, moves, and has his spiritual being. He is well convinced that Christ is not only his life, but his sustenance. He is assured of his entire dependance on the Lord for everything; and he is certain that

"Life's minutest circumstance
Is order'd by the Lord."

The difference between going to the Word and the Word coming to him he well knows. He is well versed in the difference between building upon a letter basis and a spiritual foundation. Cause indeed has he to bless God for not letting him rest satisfied without realizing Christ as all his salvation and all his desire. He proves Christ to be, by spiritual teaching, the Rock and his Rock, and His work perfect.

Job once said, "Who teacheth like Him?" and the children in our day are necessitated to answer, None; for they are well assured that He alone can teach to profit. Many lessons are hard to learn, very puzzling, teasing, and perplexing; but when learnt, when thoroughly understood, "they are all plain to Him that understandeth, and right to them who find knowledge." Flesh and blood meet with daily crucifixion under the teaching of the

Lord, and we are necessitated to often say, "Not so, my Father."

"Not so, my Father, oft we say,
This pain, this grief remove,
Too blind to fathom wisdom's way,
Or think 'tis sent in love."

But the Lord still goes on according to His eternally arranged plan, bringing the blind by a way that they knew not, and leading them in paths that they have not known, and yet He makes darkness light before them, and crooked things straight; and never leaves or forsakes them. They may often say that the Lord has forsaken them, and their God forgotten them: but they speak unadvisedly with their lips; for He says, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me."

The Lord is pleased to teach us that this is not our rest, and He brings us to rest in Him our glorious high Tower of strength. He privileges us to lean all our weight on Him our Beloved, to pour out our heart before Him, to tell Him all our bitter woe, and to leave all our concerns in His blessed hands.

"Therefore commit to Him thy way,
Thy whole concerns before Him lay,
And He will guide thee right."

Yes, child of God, He will guide you right. The pathway may assume a gloomy aspect; all may look cheerless to the eye: but, rest assured, your God knows the way that you take, and when He has tried you, He will bring you forth as gold.

"As gold from the flame He'll bring thee at last
To praise Him for all through which thou hast past;
Then love everlasting thy grief shall repay,
And God from thine eyes wipe all sorrows away."

The furnace and the flood are necessary for you to pass through: for it is there you prove the heart-love of your best friend: it is there His bowels of compassion move towards you; and you prove that

"Compassion rolls from Him alone
Who no compassion found."

"We have not a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmity;" but we have one who can. We have one who was in all points tempted like unto His brethren. He was made perfect through suffering, and

"He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same."

His name is still called Jesus, and He is still the Friend of publi-

cans and sinners. With these He loves to associate; from these He gets the glory due unto His name. Precious in their hearts He is, lovely in their sight He must be. "Unto you, therefore, which believe He is precious." To such He is near in the bond of love and ties of blood, and from such He can never turn away. He may often hide Himself from their view, but He waiteth that He may be gracious. And

"If frowns appear to veil His face,
And clouds surround His throne,
He hides the purpose of His grace
To make it better known.

And if our dearest comforts fall,
Before His sovereign will,
He never takes away our all,
Himself He gives us still."

This is the blessedness, child of my God, "Himself He gives us still." And if He bestows Himself, what more can He bestow? Surely with Him and in Him you possess all things. And does He not say, and mean it all too, "All are your's?" To be sure He does. Can you have more than all? Will He withhold one good thing from you? Was not the poet right when he wrote—

"All things shall work for good
To those the Lord shall call,
Who stand redeemed by Jesu's blood,
Selected from the fall.

Yes, glory to the name
Of our sin-pardoning God,
E'en sin that kindled Tophet's flame,
Has often work'd for good,

Thousands this truth deny,
And thousands will object:
Can mortal evil e'er, say they,
Prove good to God's elect?

That thou dost nothing wrong,
Give me the same to see,
That I may raise a sweeter song
To thee, my God, to thee."

No, child of God, He can do nothing wrong. You may not see the end that your God has in view, and there is no need that you should; for He says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." It is enough for you to know that Christ is your Lord and Master, that He will lead you by a right way, and that He will see to 'it that no evil shall befall you, and no plague come nigh your dwelling. Rest assured that

"All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please your heavenly Friend."

And sooner or later you shall say, "Not one thing has failed of all that the Lord God has promised." It is indeed a right way that you are now in, and no pathway would be so suitable. Give the Lord credit for knowing better than you what is good for you. Cheer up, beloved, thy God is with thee; He will never, no, never, no, never forsake thee.

But is the path I'm called to tread
The one which all our fathers trod?
Would not another do instead?
"Be still and know that I am God."

Indeed it is the good old beaten path of much tribulation in which

our fore-fathers walked. They have ended their long circuitous journey, and now prove their God their glory; and so shall you, beloved. No matter how many hindrances you meet, what obstacles stand in your way, you can well afford to take up the language of Paul, and say, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." Yes, you can indeed shout "Victory through the blood of the Lamb."

"A few more days, and we shall rise
To take our portion in the skies,
And sing, without a throbbing breast,
All things were order'd for the best."

Even now we are constrained to acknowledge that He hath led us by a right way. If we were led in a smooth pathway, though pleasing to our old carnal nature, our souls would not be half so much blest and comforted. The companionship of Jesus would not be needed: the sympathy of Christ our High Priest would not be appreciated: the heart-love of our best Beloved could not be half so highly prized. Therefore,

"'Tis a right way, though dark and rough,
Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough."

Christ has not promised us possessions here, affluence in this world, human honors among dying mortals, nor the smile of approbation from the false church. He has lovingly and graciously promised us peace in Himself; but in the world He tells us we are to have tribulation. The Holy Ghost also tells us by Paul, that those who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution; but though we are persecuted by men and devils, we are not forsaken of our God. Though cast down, by the innumerable evils that compass us about, we are not destroyed of the Lord. No ye blood-bought and Spirit-taught children, ye are not destroyed of the Lord. You are His portion, whatever mean views you may have of yourselves. You are His own inheritance, however insignificant you may appear in your own eyes, and in the eyes of others. Indeed you are His purchased possession, to the praise of His Glory, however tried in this dreary waste by false friends and subtle foes. Cheer up, ye blood-royal sons and daughters! "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that riseth against thee in judgment, thou shalt condemn." Well, then,

"Cast your eyes up to the sky,
Your redemption draweth nigh."

The Lord is always watching over you, and carefully attending to you; so that

"What profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care?
To Him commit thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer."

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

No. 96.

THE WAY HE HATH LED ME.

(Continued from page 224.)

HOWEVER desirable it may be to the fleshly mind of the Lord's children to be in a position to pay all demands made upon them, and at all times to have money to go to market with, the Lord is not pleased, as a rule, to allow the old nature to revel in so great a luxury, but very wisely brings them into such straitened circumstances, that they know not what to do. Often when I was living in Town, and was hard put to it for money, the Lord would lovingly and timely send me the hand-basket portion, which always proved a very seasonable, suitable, and valuable portion. One night I wanted a piece of meat for the next day's dinner, and while in Camden Town there were two butchers competing with each other, and selling their meat at rediculously low prices, when I thought I should like to take advantage of the low price, and take a joint home with me; but not having any money, I thought I would run into a friend's shop and borrow a few shillings for the purpose, but I was prevented by a then unseen hand. When I got home my wife asked me if I had procured any meat, to which I answered no, not telling her the cause; for I rarely made known my circumstances even to my own wife, until the Lord appeared, and then I felt a delight of speaking of His timely deliverance. I had been in but a few moments ere a basket came from some friend with poultry, eggs, bacon, &c. The reader may understand what a valuable basket it proved to be. It was the hand-basket

portion from my God, who did not allow me to borrow money of a friend to buy what I really should not need, well knowing that a basket full of provisions was on the way. This is one instance among hundreds that I might enumerate of the mindfulness of Him who never slumbers or sleeps.

On another occasion I was similarly situated, and was prevented from purchasing, when a large leg of mutton was sent to prove that our own covenant God has to do with what are called the smaller affairs of life. One more instance I will here give of the goodness of my God in supplying my need when I had neither money nor provision. Two pieces of meat were sent, with two sovereigns between them. These were most opportune, and called forth gratitude of heart to the God of all my mercies. One morning I went out much cast down on account of having no money, when I met a friend who put a piece of paper into my hands containing two sovereigns, saying that he had carried them in his pocket for some time, but they were not his, therefore I must have them; and he seemed as pleased to get rid of them as I was to get possession of them. This friend, when reading this, will well remember it; but I do not think it will be so fresh upon his mind as it is on mine. "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." He who has numbered the hairs of our head in wisdom, will see to it that all our need shall be supplied; and He is not slack concerning His promises as some men count slackness. It is true that He often sees fit to keep us waiting, but it is to keep us watching; so that His goodness is better seen, and His love more feelingly acknowledged. The Lord is determined to keep his children dependant upon Himself. He will not allow them to go to the creature, and lean upon the creature, without giving them to prove that "the best of them is a briar, and the most upright sharper than a thorn hedge." He therefore says, "Trust in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

I have ever proved that when my God has not given me money to go to shop with, He has kindly sent me the necessary articles without purchasing, and generally I have been better off with His purchases than mine own. For instance, sometimes a pair of fowls, at other times a pair of ducks, on other occasions a goose, and occasionally it has been my lot to have a turkey; whereas had the Lord sent me money instead of food, I should not have indulged in such luxuries. So that the Lord is the best housekeeper after all. Child of God, trust Him; for He is worth trusting. Depend upon it you will never have cause to regret placing implicit confidence in Him who "feeds the young ravens when they cry," and who loves His children far too well to allow them to starve.

I have ever proved that when money has been abundant, the hand-basket portion has been suspended; and when the gold and silver have been lacking, the Lord has made it up with the hand-basket: and it seems somewhat remarkable, that at this moment, while writing upon the hand-basket portion, the Lord has just sent some friends from the country with a basketful of the good things of this life. This puts us in mind of a circumstance when living in Town. We were writing upon this Portion: "Lacked ye anything? and they said, Nothing." When insisting upon the faithfulness of God in supplying His children's need, we were called from our writing desk to see a friend who had dropped in, when he put a sovereign into our hand. Had he known our position, and been looking over our shoulder while writing, he could not have made the money fit better. But what a mercy it is to know that our beloved Lord, our blessed Jesus, sends by whom He will send to supply the need of His children. Could we remember the many timely interpositions of His kind hand that we have experienced, we might fill a folio volume; but we are entirely dependant upon the Lord in bringing to our remembrance those things which shall glorify Him and be of benefit to His children. No one knows the backwardness we feel in writing our pathway, and yet whenever we sit down to write things are brought rapidly to the mind, and we feel a great sweetness in recording the tender mercies of our God; so that if we were to hold our peace, the very stones would cry out. We often tell the Lord, in the simplicity of our heart, that no one upon this earth has such a wonder-working God as have we; that there is not another of His children who has so great cause to speak well of His name as we have; that if we had ten thousand tongues they should be all used to bless and praise His great and glorious name; and that when He has lovingly brought us through all the trying things of time, and landed us safe in glory, we will sing His matchless praises to a never-ending eternity. Nor does He seem at all offended at our simple breathings, but puts even more love in our heart, shines even more gloriously upon our spirit, draws even more powerfully with the cords of His tender mercy, and causes even more pleasing and delightful sensations to arise in our mind. Indeed we find it good to wait upon the Lord when He lovingly waits upon us: we find it blessed employment to speak well of Him and to Him when He speaks so sweetly to us. In fact, we ever prove that our springs are in Him and our fruit is from Him. But what the poet says is right after all:

"Communion with our God how sweet!

But, O; the hours, how few,
When we can sit at Jesu's feet,
And foxes not pursue!"

Ten thousand things will often tease and perplex the mind when the soul would be busily employed with communion and fellowship with the Lord. "When I would do good," saith Paul, "evil is present with me:" to the truth of which all the living can subscribe. Indeed each and all have to prove, sooner or later, that "in their flesh dwelleth no good thing." Our life and living are entirely in another, even in Jesus who is risen from the dead. Our Husband is our Kinsman and Redeemer, and our Father is our Resurrection and Life (Luke xx. 36). Being "the children of the Resurrection," we partake of the same life and love as our Parent; and as Christ our Resurrection is beyond death and the grave, we in Him one, and with Him blest, and to Him joined, partake of "the sure mercies of David." Christ has triumphed gloriously over all His and our enemies; so that we in Him prove all our enemies to be found liars unto us. By faith in Him we tread upon their high places, and by power from Him we sing in holy triumph, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." No matter what changing scenes we are called to witness, what rough paths we are brought to walk in, what crooked things we daily meet with, and what darkness of mind we frequently experience, our God ever abides faithful, He cannot deny Himself. It is sweet and blessed to be brought into the experience of what Toplady wrote in the following verse:

" Yet learn in every state
To make His will your own,
And when the joys of sense depart,
To walk by faith alone."

In August, 1859, I was called upon in the Providence of God to visit "Trinity" Chapel, Plymouth, for four Sundays, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in that pulpit occupied by the late highly-favoured servant of God Arthur Triggs. The very day that I went down to preach in his chapel, the Lord saw fit to take him home to glory, to see that precious Lord Jesus face-to-face who had been the object and subject of his ministrations for so many years. Without limiting the Holy One of Israel, I never expect another Arthur Triggs to occupy Trinity pulpit. The history of Trinity since his day would fill a folio volume of anything but honourable proceedings. It has indeed been the scene of bitter contention and unholy strife. But I forbear to enlarge until I come to my removal from London to Plymouth.

The Lord gave me great liberty in preaching His glorious gospel to His saints during the month's visit to Plymouth, and I believe that many of the children had a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It was much impressed upon my mind that

I should one day occupy the pulpit, although it was upwards of two years before it was brought about. But the Lord's time often varies very much from ours. My Town friends did not at all approve of my visiting the West; and there was much unpleasant talk about it. This is generally the case, but why should it be? Surely a servant of God is to be at His Lord's command and not the people's. Wherever the Lord is pleased to send him he must go, and preach the preaching that the Lord bids him. He cannot go where he pleases, but is entirely at the Lord's disposal; and what the poet says is strictly right, however wrong it may appear to many who judge according to the appearance, instead of judging righteous judgment:

" If the Lord our leader be,
We may follow without fear,
East or west, by land or sea,
Home with Him is everywhere."

How often it is that a servant of God is much condemned by those who profess to believe that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," on account of his going hither and thither to preach the gospel, as though a servant of God was his own master, and could go here and there as he thought proper. Frequently are the servants of God censured for their so-called rambling disposition. Paul and Peter were noted for roaming. The Lord saw fit to call them here, send them there, without consulting flesh and blood in the matter. But He is not allowed in our day to be in authority, saying to this servant do this, and to that do the other. No, a minister of God now must not follow the leadings of the Lord, but obey the voice of the people. What they say is law, what the Lord says is of no consequence whatever. Thus they make the will and way of the Lord of none effect by their perverseness and folly. None can counsel a servant of God but the Lord Himself. He who anoints and appoints him to preach alone can direct him where to go and when to stay. "He must needs go through Samaria" has had its meaning fully developed more than once. "He must needs go through Samaria" *then*, "He must needs go through Samaria" *now*: and He giveth no account of His matters. "None can stay His hand, or say, What doest thou?" Has He a vessel of mercy to bless through the instrumentality of one of His servants, that vessel of mercy shall be blest by that servant, and that servant alone, though they are at present hundreds of miles apart. The usefulness of each servant is fixed by God. One cannot do another's work. Paul has his hearers, Peter his, and Timothy his. Each has a special appointment. Huntington had his work assigned him, Toplady his, and dear Triggs his. Orig-

nality was stamped upon each. An imitator is no better than an ape; a chatterer, not a whit before a parrot. The husbandman that laboureth must first be a partaker of the fruits. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth must speak. A messenger must deliver the message that the Lord sends him with, not with the wisdom of words, but with the ability that the Lord bestows upon him. Paul said that if he sought to please man he should not be the servant of God, plainly showing that a minister of the Lord will have to act just contrary to flesh and blood's dictation. The Lord says, "He that hath my Word, let him speak my Word faithfully; for what is the chaff to the wheat?" It becomes the stewards of the mysteries of the kingdom to be faithful unto death, and the Lord has promised them a crown of life. They dare not keep back a part of truth to please flesh and blood professors, but must deliver it without guile or garnish, paint or polish. But we live in a day when it may be said that truth is fallen in our streets, and equity cannot enter. But here and there are to be found faithful men of God. Deceived and being deceived is the order of the times: ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth, is a true description of modern Theologians. The letter of truth is held by hundreds, but the Spirit of the Word is known to few. Every day's experience convinces us that "strait is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth into life, and few there are who find it." But unto those who fear His name will the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings: and to each of these He says, in the power of His Spirit, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory Jehovah is risen upon thee:" "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

"Should earth, with her ten-thousand charms,
 Invite thy soul to stay,
 To thy Redeemer's bleeding arms,
 My fair one, come away."

I found on my visit to Plymouth that there were many who held the name of our late brother Triggs dear. They had heard the Word from his mouth with power, and had received it not as the word of man, but as the Word of God. But on the other hand there were evidently very many who had received the man and not his Master. These could hear men who were avowed enemies to God's truth. Had they received the Word in the power of God's Spirit, they would have still contended earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. After walking in the truth, they would not have turned aside to Satan's lies. It has been our lot to meet with many who have received the messenger, but not his message; the servant, but not His Lord; the letter of truth, but not the spirit.

Such endure for awhile in a profession, and prove to be Zion's worst foes, the Church's greatest enemies. Many instances could I give of such characters, but I forbear. It is a great mercy to be taught the truth by the Spirit of truth, and not be left to the wisdom of the flesh, and rest satisfied with the letter of the Word. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord," is promised in God's Word, and performed by His Spirit, in every elect vessel of mercy. To be left to creature wisdom and natural understanding is one of the worst things that can happen to Adam's children; for they are dark lights which have led thousands to stumble over the simplicity of the Word of truth. The Spirit of Christ is a light in the Word of the Lord and a light in the heart of the saint which shines brighter and brighter unto Himself the perfect Day. "In Thy light we see light;" and Christ is our everlasting Light, our God, and our Glory. In looking unto Him we are lightened, and our faces are not ashamed. We lift up our head with joy, and behold our redemption drawing nigh. Like the children of Israel, we have light in our dwellings; and we walk in the light as He is in the light, and have fellowship one with another. We also enter into the blessedness and sweetness of this dear portion, "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." The joy of the Lord is then our strength, and we prove that "the strength of Israel will not lie:" and "though we believe not, He abideth faithful—He cannot deny Himself."

Although, as I before said, some found fault with me for visiting Plymouth, I have no cause to regret it; for it was a nice change, and I had the presence of the Lord with me. This is everything to me: and what the poet sings is right:

"The way I walk cannot be wrong,
If Jesus be but there."

The Lord took me there, together with my wife and second child, in safety; blessed us while there, and brought us back free from all harm. He that keepeth Israel did not slumber or sleep. We then little thought what two short years would unfold. But no more of this.

"My "Beulah" friends were glad to receive me back safe and sound, and hoped that my mind would not be unsettled with my visit to the West. Before them I again stood, "preaching peace by Jesus Christ—He is Lord of all." The Lord was still very gracious unto us, and "added unto the Church daily such as should be saved;" some believed the things that were spoken, and some believed them not:" but "as many as were ordained to eternal life believed." Thus it has ever been, and thus it ever will be, world without end. Amen.

(To be continued.)

A SERMON.

The Fifteenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

BELOVED, it is no small mercy to be worshippers of God; but we can never worship God aright, if we do not know something about Him; for all spiritual worship is out of old Adam. However devout you may appear, nice and pious you may appear, by your countenance, it is of no use; spiritual worship originates with God, and spiritual worship in its blessedness is only carried on by God; spiritual worship in its consummation is to have communion with God; in spiritual worship every object and subject sinks, self is out of sight, sin, death, and the devil are out of sight; aye, out of mind and thought too; for it is utterly impossible for you to think of two subjects at once: and the spiritual mind is of that nature, that it can only look at or think of God Himself: not God absolute, but God in our nature, "Emmanuel, God with us," "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Why, beloved, whether you believe it or no, matters not; but I know in a moment when I worship God; and I doubt not, many of you know it also. Then how sweet is the language in the hymn you have just been singing,

"That in the wounds of Jesus slain
'Tis sweet to read the law."

That is not to have a law work in the heart. Will not that do? No; for the work of the law in a sinner's heart will almost drive him mad, and it is much to me, when you had the law working in your heart, you did not continually hear the word, cursed. But to see it, and read it in the wounds of Jesus slain, it is to read it in its fulfilment and completion, in all its ramifications, by His obedience, and by His blood shedding; so that there is nothing now in that law but peace, and you see nothing in the law, as you read it in Christ, but pardon; and you see nothing in the law as it is in Christ but the fulness of the riches of Jehovah's grace in His kindness towards us through Jesus Christ. It appears to me that most people have no eyes to read the law; for if we have the eye of the understanding enlightened to read the law, we read the glory of Jehovah in our salvation; yea, we read therein every thing that is blessed; for all the negatives in God's law are turned into absolute positives to God's people in Christ. If you understand this, you will never get tired of reading the law, as you read it in Christ, and if you feel inclined to stop reading your lesson, you will always find at the

end: "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth." People are uncommonly afraid, that if they do not take care to raise some restrictions and set up battlements about the law, that sinners will violate the law, and break the law. But I never shall be a law breaker to all eternity. Why? I stand in the law fulfilling righteousness of our most glorious Christ, the law-giver, the law fulfiller, "without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing." Do you understand this glorious gospel? for God's children read gospel in the law, and law in the gospel. How? Because it is in Him, it is of Him, it is through Him, and of Him are all things, to whom be glory for ever. I now shall read a text that hath been brought to my mind, and you will find it in the 8th chapter of Acts, 35 vrs.: "Then Philip opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture and preached unto him, Jesus." I have often thought, to call it the "Acts of the Apostles" is too low; for if we call it that, it would be only the Acts of the creature; but if we read it according to the original, it will be quite different, for thus it reads: "The acts of the Holy Ghost by the Apostles." If we leave out the personal acts of the Holy Ghost, depend upon it, there will be nothing but death. If we are not witnesses of His acts and deeds, His operations and demonstrations, our religion is circumscribed by two words; they are, the "old man."

But a few remarks before we come to the text, and I hope you will watch me a little narrowly, as I expect what I shall say will cause a little uproar by those that have nothing but experience. When the apostles were scattered abroad, they went every where preaching the Word. Then whoever comes to you, or whoever you may hear, if he does not preach the Word, God never sent that man to preach. This may be considered a little trite by some; but I speak as I believe, and I speak as one to whom Christ is precious. If they don't preach Christ, God never sent them to preach.

Well, then, Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and he preached Christ. Did he enquire after the pious people? No; but he preached Christ, he preached the Word, being sent and anointed by God the Holy Ghost, the same God that anointed all the apostles and ministers. Therefore the effects were presently manifested, it was known to be the ministry of the Holy Ghost, and "there was great joy in that city." This in one moment prompts a question to my heart, have I ever had joy in the Holy Ghost by His communicating God's Word in its importance to my mind? If I have, I have no need to ask my neighbours what they think of it, or what they think of our religion; for we become living witnesses of what God hath said in His holy promise, "They shall not teach every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, know ye the Lord;" but it is as Paul blessedly saith in Roms. viii.:

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." God always effects a settlement in the mind, wherever He demonstrates His Word, and He never realises His Word but in the spiritual mind. Now I would just drop you a hint. Many will be heard to say, I was convinced under such a man, under such a sermon. It might be right, because none but living creatures can be convinced of any thing, and if the sinner had not been made alive by God, the Spirit would never have convinced him. God is always beforehand with His children; He prepares the heart, and then He drops His Word into the heart; therefore do not put it down to man's doing. They went everywhere preaching the Word, preaching Christ. I have been travelling this week among religious folks, who could wonderfully talk about their experience, and they went on at a pretty rate; it was all about what I feel, what I believe, what I think, what I profess, and what sect I belong to; it was nothing but great I. Now a man or woman may have experience; but they must have something above and beyond that: for I have often found my experience to fail me. Mind, I am not speaking against experience; for there can be no vital godliness without experience; but I mean to say this, if I have nothing more to look to than my experience, nothing above, beyond, or more to me than my experience, I should be like Samson bereft of his strength. What is the mercy to have beyond experience? To have Christ. What more? "For to me to live is Christ." Then whatever I may experience, Christ is always the same to me, and I am always the same in Christ. Blessed be the Lord my God; if I had not this unutterable mercy that endureth, I should not have been here this morning: the mind dark, God's Bible shut, and trying, fool-like, to get a text, last night I read myself to sleep. The Lord would not gratify my nonsense, so He would not let me have a text until His own time, and I can now say that the text I have read was worth waiting for; but it is no pleasant thing to flesh and blood, for the Lord to have His own way, and to do just as He pleases. I would just drop this hint. It hath often struck my mind with astonishment, that in less than three years after our precious Christ met the woman at the well, and when so many Samaritans believed, that they should have so soon gone over to bewitchery; yet when we come to analyze it by God's divine sovereignty and purpose, we then shall know that had they not been bewitched, they would not have received Philip's ministry. Had they not been in that state, under the dominion of Simon, a limb of the devil, they never would have received precious deliverance by the ministry of the Word in their hearts; so, instead of finding fault with them, we see the wisdom of God in a mystery manifested; we see the sovereignty of our glorious God developed; we see how He carries out His purpose

in the accomplishment of His own glory. "That no flesh might glory in His presence." Therefore I will not follow the maxim of men, when there hath been a little warmth of heart and mind, and a little zeal in the conversation, to find fault with a child of God, because his mouth has been stopped, his heart has grown cold and indifferent, and he has staid away from chapel and God's ordinance; or to put in force church order against such.

"Oh, we must look after him: he is walking very disorderly; we will go and reprove him; and if he will not behave better, we will cut him off from church membership, and strike his name out of the book."

Ah, beloved, it is not for us to do such things as that; the Lord only knows where we should sink in the flesh, did not God keep the fire of life burning by the communication of the oil of His Word to our heart. "But," say some, "they ought to be better; they ought to attend." Well, I will tell you what you shall do by them, instead of cutting them off, say to them as Paul did to the church at Ephesus (Acts xx.), "I commend you to God, and to the Word of His grace." Not *commit* you. Paul could not do that; for there was only one that could commit Himself to God, and that was our most glorious Christ, and He commits all His members into His hands. As I am getting old, I find it necessary from time to time to be a little more particular with God's Word. Now it never struck my mind before, that Simon never asked the apostle to communicate the Holy Ghost to him, he only asked him to give him power, that he might do as he did. You here see the man did not feel his need for a reception of the Holy Ghost, and the ministry of the Holy Ghost; he only wanted power to compete with God, and to make merchandize of God's grace. "But," saith Peter, "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter." Do observe how particular the Holy Ghost words it—"in this matter." It was very evident, he was neither quickened of God, nor had received the Holy Ghost.

We will come a little nearer the text. Philip was going on preaching Christ, and John and Peter were sent down from Jerusalem to join him to preach Christ; but observe, John and Peter could do what Philip could not; for you never hear that the Holy Ghost was given to any one by the laying on of hands, but by the apostles themselves. Timothy or Titus never did it, nor do you read that any of the ministers that followed after had that power given them. The apostles were the only men, and when they died and were taken home, the power ceased for ever, as did the apostolic succession; for the Gentiles have not had an apostle since the days of Paul; but we are blessed with the mercy of knowing the truth; for by the ministry of the Holy Ghost in the heart, we receive these testimonies, and we live in and upon the same subject that the pro-

phets and the apostles did; but we are not anointed as they were, nor have we received the Holy Ghost in the measure that they did; but we receive Him, He instructs us, and He guides us into all truth. Now, in reading of the Apostles, we find they were infallible; but there is not a minister of Christ now, but what he is as fallible as his hearers; and as God instructs us in this, we shall bear with one another, the strong will bear the infirmities of the weak.

We now see the mystery of God about to be opened, the eunuch had been to Jerusalem to worship, and he went up according to God's promise: "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out their hand to thee." He went up to Jerusalem to worship, and he did not appear to know what he worshipped; and he returned as he went; but it altered nothing of the blessedness of his standing in Christ Jesus; and there was something in his mind, that he wanted to know what the prophet meant; and have you not often been brought to a stand like that, when looking into God's Word, what does this mean? What is God's mind on this word? I want to know; I want to have it developed. Then what is the prayer? "Lord, teach me." Observe, that Philip never would have thought to have went to the man, if he had not been bid. God's children are not presumptuous, they are taught modesty and good behaviour; they must know something about people before they associate with them. But saith the angel Jehovah to Philip, "Go, and join thyself to this chariot." "*This chariot*;" God's heart and finger fixed on the chariot: it was not go join thyself to a chariot; but "to this chariot." He specified the very chariot. He went and heard the man reading, and it is very evident he could read the Hebrew Scripture; or, if not, he very likely had the Septuagint; for it was soon afterwards the language that God's glorious gospel was preached in, in all parts of the world. The man was reading in Esaias the prophet, and Philip said unto him, "Understandest thou what thou readeest?" It arrested the man in a moment. "How can I except some man teach me?" What does this carry out? "Except you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Then observe the sweet effect of longing after God's grace and mercy: "Come up and sit with me." There God brought the eunuch down to Philip, and brought Philip up to the eunuch; and the place of scripture that he was reading, was this: "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and, like a sheep dumb before His shearers, so He opened not His mouth." Hath the Holy Ghost instructed you on this important truth concerning Christ in His humiliation, and His judgment taken from Him? For you will find in the mock trial of our most glorious Christ, before the Jews and Gentiles, that He never had any judgment passed upon Him; it was taken away. He was not allowed the privilege of the nation;

that He might sink lower than the lowest of His brethren: He was not to be heard in His own cause, and they wondered that He did not speak. That was God's way: He was not allowed even the privilege granted to a common felon; for we never read they stripped another of his robe, nor do we ever hear they made another bear his own cross; none but God in our nature had that dignity and honour in the depths of His humiliation; nor do we find one that was ever tried by the Sanhedrim, or before the Roman governor, was ever scourged, that ever had their hands tied, that ever were spat upon, that ever were mocked, that ever had a reed put in their hands, or ever had a crown of thorns platted and a purple robe put on. No, none but God in our nature. Beloved, it outmatches the feelings of my heart, when God enables me to think about my precious Lord Jesus. If you did really know these things in your heart, you would be more for Christ than you are for your experience.

"He came forth from the bar of Pilate, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe, and he saith to them, Behold the man." Bless Him, the man, "The man who is the peace, when the Assyrian cometh into the land," and of whom the prophet wrote in Isa. xiii. 13: "I will make a *man* more precious than fine gold, even a *man* than the golden wedge of Ophir." If you have the ministry of God the Holy Spirit, it is sure to make Christ precious to you. There is another thing I must notice, you have it just as God turns it open to the mind: that there was not a Roman soldier would have served another as he did Christ: and it was intended that no other should have it; for when they came to break His legs, they found He was dead already; but a soldier pierced His side, and forthwith came blood and water. Now, that is quite contrary to nature, for blood to precede water; for according to the knowledge of those who know the human frame, and whom I have asked, which would be the first to come forth, they have said water. How then came blood first? It is a mystery; but John in writing tells us that "This is He that came by water and blood; not by water only, but by water and blood." Now, just take this hint: "Forthwith came blood and water." Here blood touched blood; here is eternal redemption for the Church, and "Blood touched blood" in the incarnation and death of the Son of God: blood touched blood, and eternal redemption is obtained. I do like for God to read His own Word, and to give me an understanding in it; for there is always a mystery in Christ; and there is always blessedness in the mystery of faith in receiving Christ, and believing in Him. There is nothing notional, natural, or intellectual concerning Him. Christ is the great mystery of godliness. All you have received of Him is a mystery, all you know of Him is a mystery, all your experience of Him is a

mystery: so we go on *in* the mystery of Christ, *by* the mystery of Christ, in a mysterious union between Christ and the Church. "Blood touched blood," and thus we are made nigh unto God.

We now come to notice another dear mercy, and that is the readiness of God's ministers to preach Christ at any time, and in any place. I have not a doubt but thousands of parsons shut themselves up yesterday to study their sermons for to-day, and they bring them before their people in complete order, and all goes out of the ceiling above, or at the open door. Why? Because God never developed it in their hearts, they had it all in their head. There is that readiness with God's taught children, that no matter what they are about, whether just waking up out of sleep, or in the dark, or in any other position, it matters not, as Paul wrote to Timothy, "to be instant in season and out of season." "O," saith the parsons, "I am out of season." "Be instant in season and out of season." I used to think when God was working in my mind, I had an eye to what they call the sacrament in the Church of England, that if I could get through the week's preparation, I should be fit to receive it; but before I could get to the end of the week the devil threw some obstacle in the way, yet I was as devout as any Pharisee, and as proud as the devil and the old man could make me; but when my God shewed me the difference, when I truly received the bread and partook of the cup, all hell was in an uproar, and I really thought I was just going into it; but, blessed be God, I know I never shall.

But to return, "Philip opened his mouth, and he began at the same scripture and preached to him Jesus." All scripture is folded up in that name, and that name is the fulness of all scripture. And I never shall forget when Jesus was preached to me the first time, by God the Holy Spirit. A thought has just arisen in the mind, and that is concerning the blessedness of God's most Holy Word concerning Jesus, that when He was talking to the Jews (John v. 39) He saith, "Search the scriptures:" that was the Old Testament, because the New was not then written. "In them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." Now, there is always a peculiar feature of blessedness to my mind, that read where I may in God's book, if I cannot see the import of it I know it testifies of Jesus, and I feel satisfied I am reading about Him; for if you observe concerning the Old Testament, Jesus begins and Jesus ends it; Jesus runs through the whole of it; for observe, Moses writes of Him: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." He here speaks of Jesus, the Creator. Then look at the last chapter of Malachi, and at the 2nd verse we have Him sweetly testified of as the Mediator, and such a glorious promise in conjunction with Him, that I am sure we cannot overlook it;

namely, "Unto you therefore that fear (or love) my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings, and ye shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall." Now, take the last verse but one, concerning the Messenger of the Lord of Hosts, pointing to John that was to come, to turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the children to their fathers. There John the messenger was testified of, and where the prophet Malachi ended, there John began; and where John ended, there Christ began; and where Christ ended, there the Holy Ghost began, and his people, the Church, are by Him taught the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. And if we look into the New Testament, it is exactly the same, Christ the Alpha and Omega; yet the dear children of God puzzle and perplex themselves, saying, I cannot understand this and that. Ask the Lord to make it plain, and He will do it. Matthew in his book begins—"The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the Son of David, the Son of Abraham." And when the angel spoke to Joseph about this Mighty Him, he was astonished at the message, for the angel told him—"Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins." No, saith the parsons, it is not done yet. But Jesus said, "It is finished." Who are we to believe, God or men? Why, God, say you. Some may say how can it be? God's children are believers in what God has said, no matter how foreign it may appear to our natural conceptions, we believe it, because God hath spoken it, and He never tells lies. "He shall save His people from their sins." Hath He done it? He has: then there is no more sin to save them from; for He hath either saved us from our sins, or we are still in our sins; and there is no more sacrifice for sin. We believe in Christ to the saving of the soul, and we are as much saved from sin now as we shall be to all eternity; but we are not saved from the feeling of it in the flesh. Ah, say you, it makes me so unhappy what I feel in the flesh. Bless God for it. I would make this remark, it is here you make such mistakes about matters. How? From your feelings, you begin to think you are in a state of condemnation, instead of it being the motions of sin bringing you into captivity to the law of sin, which is in your members, whereby you cry from your hearts, "O wretched man that I am!" "But there is therefore now no condemnation:" there is no sin to a child of God, sin is a complete nonentity: we are saved from sin. And let me tell you, you will never live happy until you really believe it, from God communicating it to your heart. Although we live in the midst of evil, (as said Solomon) yet no evil can befall us; for we live every day in ourselves, sinners; yet we live free from sin before God. We were once dead in trespasses and in sin, but being quickened, we have the feeling as if subject to it, as every man and woman by nature is; but we live in a new life with

God; we live not in the flesh, but out of it; we live in the Spirit, so we live in God and God in us. When God opens this secret to you, you will talk well, walk well, and preach well. Beloved, here stands the glorious mercy, "In me; that is, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing." I would not have it altered if I could, and God never intended it should be; but we dwell in God, in oneness with Christ. Then no sin, guilt, wrath, or death can touch us there. Why? "Because I live (saith Christ) ye shall live also." I want your heart and mind to be taken up with Christ, and what it is to be in Him, and how we stand in Him, believers in Him and members of Him; for as such we have no more sin belonging to us than Christ hath. He put it away by the sacrifice of Himself. "And thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins." This was the first text God preached in my heart, and it made eternal election dear to me. How? "His people." I had been quarrelling about it before; but I will not stop to talk of that now; but I can assure you that ever since I have loved it, although I always find it humbles me, yet I always live and walk in the fulness of it, and which God intended I should walk in; therefore how blessed it is—His people, and they are saved from their sins. How could you go boldly to the throne of grace, if you thought you had sin standing between you and your God? I must be a little particular here. Look at the prodigal, and that poor man, who was a sinner, and he smote upon his breast, and said, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." The poor prodigal, according to his calculation, thought there was something between him and his father, yet he resolved, at last, to "Arise and go to my father." That was a good resolution. "And I will say to him (here comes the particular thing that he raised up, and what he thought existed between him and his father) "I have sinned." Ah, poor sinner, there you are. Yes, says one, that is the very thing. I thought we should meet here. "I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight." God always makes a man honest in a moment. Do you know anything of this heart exercise? But not to stop there; but to have a counterbalancing mercy. What is it? "He fell upon his neck, and He kissed him." Know ye anything about being taken up in the embraces of your covenant God? Do you know what it is to be wrapped and bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord your God? "This my son was dead, and is alive again, was lost, and is found; and they began to be merry." The father and the child were so merry, that the elder son's hatred was called forth. And whatever people may say, I know a little of what it is for God and my soul to sing together in union and communion, "Though once afar off, made nigh by the blood of Christ."

Well, you have not had a very orderly sermon; but what hath

just turned up to the mind, so I have spoken it out: and I cannot enlarge, because we have to sit before the Lord at His table. But what are all ordinances without Christ? There is no real liberty without Christ; there is no real peace without Christ; there is no joy in God through the Holy Ghost, but in the person and fulness of Christ. Then you that know Christ, love Christ, and find you have no life, living, nor blessedness but in Christ, be sure to make much of it, give Him all the glory, and speak as many good words as you can for Him; but never speak a good word on your own behalf. God hath said all good things unto us concerning Himself, His love and mercy towards us, and He saith, "Because thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee." God never intended we should love ourselves. If you go on just like this, "We love Him because He first loved us," you will never quarrel with the Lord, and the Lord will never frown on you. Amen.

THE GOOD OLD PATHWAY.

BELoved IN THE LORD,—"The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." So said our blessed Lord, and so we daily prove it; but how great the mercy, He hath also said, "Ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit." Encompassed indeed we are with infirmities, but not more so than with songs of deliverance. We find the enemies in the land to be strong and numerous, and the Lord takes care that they shall not all be driven out at once for fear the beasts of the field should creep forth; and we must acknowledge that, although we are so much pressed and oppressed by their rage and fury, and say with Paul, "I would they were cut off that trouble" us, it is much better for us that our foes remain. It is very evident that if they were totally destroyed, the ugly beast pride would soon creep forth, and we should be exalted above measure; but the Lord is determined to hide pride from man. Paul did not much approve of the thorn in the flesh, but Paul's God was not disposed to extract it; therefore in love told Him, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and, beloved, His grace is sufficient for us.

"His grace shall to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine."

When dear David was up to his eyes in trouble, so that the people talked of stoning him, we read that he encouraged himself in the

Lord his God; and, beloved, have not you and I been compelled to do the same?

"To whom, dear Jesus, O to whom,
Should needy sinners flee,
But to thyself who bid'st us come?
Our springs are all in thee."

'There in nothing in creatures or circumstances to encourage us as we journey through this dreary waste, but to be encouraged in the Lord our God is consoling beyond description or expression. The Lord says, and He really means it, "Turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope: even to day do I declare that I will render double unto thee:" and we well know that our blessed Christ is a stronghold in the day of trouble; and though we find ourselves prisoners, we are prisoners of hope, and hope maketh not ashamed; for

He is our Hope and only Friend,
Who tells His heart and mind,
In sweetest whispers to the end
I'll prove myself most kind.

It is true he sees it good and necessary to put us into certain positions which we do not approve of, but what is it for? Is it because His love has cooled and His care declined? In no wise: is it not rather as Kent expresses it?

"And all this to prove thee, to stain thy cursed pride,
For grace, though He bless thee, shall surely be tried."

We well know, amidst all our chequered scenes, everything is working together for our good and His glory; but it is now as it was in the days of yore—"Only Jonathan and David knew the matter: the lad knew not anything." No, the natural *lad* which our spiritual Jonathan uses knows not anything of the secret communications carried on between Christ and our souls. Jonathan and David know the matter, and they can joyfully sing together,

"What cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell!
In time and to eternal days
'Tis with the righteous well."

In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endure,
And well when call'd to die."

Yes, it is at all times well, whether we see it so or not; for He rests in His love, and hateth putting away.

"Although the Lord of earth and sky
Knew what we all should prove,
He on the Saviour kept His eye,
And rested in His love."

And He is our rest, and is determined that we shall have no other. Do we need another? Flesh and blood is continually seeking after some new thing; and "there is no peace, saith my God, with the

wicked" old man of sin; but says Jesus to His dove, "In me ye shall have peace." When? At all times. Why? "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He is our peace and prosperity. We have often said, "Send now, Lord, prosperity? How has He done it? By a gale of adversity. He strips us of creatures and clothes us with Himself. He sends adversity in the flesh and prosperity in Himself. "In His days shall the righteous flourish." He will have His own way, and we are constrained to sing,

"'Tis the right way, though dark and rough.
Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough."

Well, beloved, how are you getting on? No doubt you find plenty of room for faith, if you can find faith to occupy the room.

"Could we see *how* all was right,
Where were room for credence?
'Tis by faith, and not by sight,
Christians yield obedience."

"This is the way, walk ye in it." But, Lord, it is a way that I did not bargain for. "I know it, my son." "Be still and know that I am God."

"Choose thou the way, but still lead on,
Nor leave us 'till we say,
Father, thy will be done."

Beloved, do not think that we have forgotten you, or are unmindful of your much care, and many and repeated kindnesses; for we can assure you that it is not so: and had it been the Lord's pleasure to prosper His work by us among you, we never should have had the least desire to leave you; but now it is pleasant to remember that though we are absent in the flesh, we are present in spirit, living in sweetest union in Christ above all the toils and turmoils of this present life. In Him we ever dwell together in undisturbed repose; and He lovingly and graciously says for our comfort, "There shall no evil befall thee; neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Why? "O Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

"O, sweet Pavillion, there I hide;
Blest Refuge, there I flee!
And shelter in Thy bleeding side
To all eternity.

Thou art my God, nor earth, nor sin,
Shall rend my soul from Thee:
Nor death, nor hell, shall intervene
To break the firm decree."

There is no doubt that you all, among whom I have gone labouring effectually, feel much cast down on account of being debared from hearing the Word. May the Lord of all lords and God of all comfort make up to you abundantly this lack of service; and, if His blessed pleasure, send you a man with a double portion of His Spirit, and then you will have no cause to mourn our absence. But if it

is not consistent with His dear will to raise up a Joshua to take Moses' place, may He grant you special showers of blessing in your own habitations. "There is nothing too hard for the Lord." The covenant remains unmoved amid all life's vicissitudes; and whatever changes you are brought to pass through, may you be privileged to sweetly remember that

"Nothing changes His affections,
Abba's love is still the same."

Rest assured, that whenever the Lord in His providence makes a way for us to run down and see how you do, it will be a joy of heart to us to again see you face-to-face. "And I am sure that, when I come, I shall come in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ." Beloved, farewell. "May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing." We need not say how pleased we shall be at all times to hear of your welfare, and receive a line from any of our dear brethren in the Lord. My wife joins me in best love, wishing you all joy in the Holy Ghost, "Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God."

Yours in unchanging bonds,

A. WILCOCKSON.

NO WHERE ELSE BUT THERE.

In Jesus Christ I all possess,
And in Him glory share :
To Him I look when in distress,
And no where else but there.

He is my shady tree of life,
Which all my fruit must bear :
I've peace in Him, amid the strife,
And no where else but there.

He is my garden, wall'd around,
In whom I'm nurs'd with care :
In Him I've all things and abound,
And no where else but there.

He is my heaven of sacred rest,
The fairest of the fair :
I've health in Him the very best,
And no where else but there.

He is my only peace of mind,
When fill'd with anxious care :
Friendship in Him I then can find,
And no where else but there.

He is my faith, and hope, and love,
I am His charge and care :
I'm safe in Him my God above,
And no where else but there.

A. W.

"See Pharaoh's hostile band,
With Word in hand, pursue,
And tow'ring mountains stand
On either hand in view,
As Israel did, the same do ye,
Stand, and His great salvation see.

The cloudy pillar mark,
Lift up thine eyes and see,
To Pharaoh's host all dark,
All brightness unto thee :
Triumphant sing, nor fear the foe,
Still eye the cloud, and forward go."

ZION'S WITNESS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, PRICE TWOPENCE,

EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE SECT WHICH IS EVERYWHERE SPOKEN
AGAINST.—ACTS. xxviii. 22.

EDITED BY

MR. ARTHUR WILCOCKSON,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

VOL. IX.

LONDON:

G. J. STEVENSON, 54, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Also can be had through any Stationer or Bookseller.

Sent monthly through the post, free, by the Editor, 10, Kirkby
Place, Plymouth, for 2s. 6d. per year, or 3 copies, 6s.

The Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Volumes
are still in print, which may be had direct from the Editor,
strongly bound, 2s. 6d. each, post free.

The Lord's poor supplied monthly, *gratuitously* and *post free*, upon
receipt of their names and addresses.

1867.



LONDON:
T. EDMUNDS, ROLLS PRINTING OFFICE.
ROLLS BUILDINGS, FETTER LANE.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
To the One Church	1
The Way He Hath Led Me	7, 65
The Pathway of "True Light"	13, 83, 137, 193, 278
Poverty versus Riches	17
Sermons	20, 25, 49, 97, 121, 172, 200, 221, 258
Communings by the Way	23
But Christ Is All and In All	33
The Two Positions and Conditions	36
Christ Alone Exalted	39
Glorious Truths for Living Children	45
Beloved Sons of God	58
A Faithful Epistle to a Dying Man	62
To Miriam	64
Never Man Spake Like This Man	71
A Bill from the River	73
Christ the Object and Subject	76
A Feast at the Lord's Table	78
Secrets worth Knowing	80
A Line from America	88
Crumbs from the Master's Table	90, 109, 130, 157, 188, 211, 217, 245, 265
Hitherto the Lord hath Helped us	103
The Key of the House of David	116
A Child in the Faith	118
To the Saints in the North	125, 145
Short and Sweet	129
Spiritual Secrets	134
Christ the Life of His People	142
Love and Sympathy	150

	PAGE
The Absorbing Theme of Union	153
Blessed and Eternal Truths	165
Sweet Responses	167
To the Household Children	169
No Restraint to Love	177
To our Friends in the North	178, 227, 263, 275
The Rich versus Poor	183
To Joseph on the Hill	205
Real Spiritual Relationship	208
My Hopes and my Fears	236
Comely in His Beauty	238
Notice of New Books	240, 284
Silver and Gold the Lord's	241

POETRY.

The Glorified Throng	48
Groundless Fears	11
Blissful Anticipations	120
Security in Christ	166
Spiritual Supplication	226
Consoling Considerations	283

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER, 1866.

No. 97.

TO THE ONE CHURCH.

MAY the Lord enable us, in this our annual address, to write for His glory and the good of His own children scattered abroad ; for He alone knows the needs and necessities of His blood-bought saints. He can speak a word in season ; He can suit the blessing to the need of His weary and heavy-laden sons and daughters. To Him exclusively we would now look for matter and wisdom, for counsel and guidance. If He condescends to lead the pen in writing, and blesses His family in reading, we shall then be furtherers of each others joy in the Lord. We shall then heartily and mutually ascribe all "praise, honour and glory to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever."

"Without me ye can do nothing," is a truth that the Lord's children are daily and hourly learning. There are many things that we think are within our power of carrying out, and we do not so much as acknowledge the Lord in them ; but when He is pleased lovingly and wisely to frustrate our creature designs, to thwart our fleshly purposes, and hedge up our way with hewn stone, then, and not often till then, we are constrained to bow before Him, confess our folly, and feelingly say, "O, Lord, I am oppressed ; undertake for me."

"Take me, O Lord, and work thy wondrous way :
Make me in future know no will but thine,
And while below, by grace, a Christian shine."

As natural creatures we at all time desire our own will and way, and do not like the least opposition thereto ; but the Lord, for most

wise purposes, sees fit to lead us in a pathway exactly opposite to that which flesh and blood would choose. Again and again is He pleased to entirely overturn all our fleshly plans and schemes, and we find it often a hard matter to reconcile His dealings with the love of His heart. Indeed we are, as the poet says,

“ Too blind to fathom wisdom's ways,
Or think 'tis sent in love.”

The Lord frequently in His providential leadings and dealings says, “What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.” In fact, He has promised to “lead the blind by a way that they knew not, and in paths that they have not known;” therefore why should the living children be astonished to find themselves in strange places, surrounded by strange circumstances?

“ Could we *see* how all was right,
Where were room for *credence*?
’Tis by *faith*, and not by *sight*,
Christians yield obedience.”

The Lord well knows what He has appointed us; and He deals in weight and measure according to eternal and unalterable arrangements. “The lot,” we read, “is cast into the lap, and the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord.” We, therefore, cannot add one cubit to our stature in any sense, or make one hair white or black. Times of sorrow, times of affliction, times of temptation, times of persecution, times of darkness, times of deadness, times of barrenness, times of weakness, and times of unprofitableness, all are fixed in love, settled in purpose, and carried out according to the good pleasure of Him who arranged everything for His Church, and performs everything in His Church upon the solid and immoveable ground of eternal relation with Jesus. Kent sings,

“ We'll now the sacred song begin
Where God began with us.”

And we are well assured that our God and Father began with us in Christ, deals with us in Christ, talks to us in Christ, watches over us in Christ, supplies all our need in Christ, washes us from our sins in Christ, feeds us with food convenient for us in Christ. We were loved in Christ, blest in Christ, secured in Christ, preserved in Christ, saved in Christ, called in Christ, justified in Christ, and glorified in Christ. In fact, the Lord never intended to deal with us only in Christ, and as we are the body of Christ, we are loved as Christ, blest as Christ, and taken care of as Christ. The poet says, and we join him,

“ Thy thoughts, O Lord, are fix'd on Christ,
There let mine settle too.”

He is a glorious object; He is a delightful subject. We should not be thinking of what we are as Adam's sons, but what we are as the sons of God. We should not be looking at ourselves, as bearing the natural image of the earthly Adam, but as bearing the spiritual image of the heavenly *Adam*. In looking unto Him we are lightened, and our faces are not ashamed: but in looking to ourselves, we are darkened, and hang down our head like a bulrush. The Lord has told us that we are not to remember the shame of our youth or the reproach of our widowhood any longer, and a good solid reason He assigns for so glorious a mercy, saying, "Thy Maker is thy Husband, the Lord of Hosts is His name." He has also said, "And my people shall never be ashamed." Why? He is the health of our countenance, and our God; and what He is now to us and for us He will ever remain. He is "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

Beloved, in commencing another volume of our periodical, we would acknowledge before the Lord that without Him we can do nothing for the benefit of His own children; for we are well assured that though each page may contain the truth as clearly as it can possibly be written, it must be made spirit and life to the reader, or it will do him or her no real good. Power belongeth unto God, and when He is pleased to put it forth there must be the sweet effects experienced in the heart. When the Lord spoke to dead Lazarus in the grave, what power had he to obey the royal command? He said, "Lazarus, come forth; and he that was dead came forth." He who gave the command fulfilled the command that He gave. Had He left Lazarus to himself, he would have remained there long enough. And as it was literally with Lazarus, so it is spiritually with all God's living children. If the Lord commands in the letter of His Word, He fulfils those commands in the spirit of His Word in all the elect vessels of mercy. There are thousands of commands in the scriptures, and the whole of them are kept by the Spirit in the body of Christ: and yet these very commands in the letter are killing. The Lord says in His Word, "Be careful for nothing;" but the child of God finds that with Martha he is careful and troubled about many things, therefore the commandment comes home, sin revives, and the child of God, in himself considered, dies; but the Spirit gives life: and he is joined to the Lord and one spirit. When a saint of God reads in the Word the portion—"Be careful for nothing," and he finds himself full of anxious care, he condemns himself, and calls himself anything and everything but an obedient child. How is this? He forgets that the Lord must work in him to will and to do of His own good pleasure. He cannot obey the Word; for he finds himself bound hand and foot. He loses sight of the glorious fact con-

tained in this dear portion: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." The Spirit of the Lord is the Spirit of truth, and the Spirit of truth is the Spirit of Christ, and he that is joined to the Lord is one Spirit. The Spirit alone gives life. If the child of God is filled with care, overwhelmed with perplexing difficulties, and the Lord is pleased to say, in the power of His Spirit, "Be careful for nothing," the whole burden would in a moment be removed, and the living child would at once be the subject of real obedience to the Word of the Lord. He who commands His children, obeys in His children. If a saint of God is brought into a certain position by the Lord in His providential leadings, and he feels much agitated by surrounding circumstances; so much so, that he is ready to call the Lord to an account for dealing hardly with him, and the Lord is pleased to say with Almighty power, "Be still, and know that I am God;" what effect would it have on his mind? He would be as still as a stone. The language of his heart would at once be, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth Him good." Why this wondrous change? "Where the Word of a King is there is power." We are aware that there are thousands in our day who talk much about precept and practice, and boast of their love to the preceptive part of God's Word, whereas they never fulfilled one precept in their life. The Lord says, "Love your enemies." Is there to be found a man or woman in Christendom who obeys that precept? Not one. Many say they do, but saying is not doing. The Lord not only commands us to love our enemies, but says, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." Who obeys that noble command? Not one. But perhaps some are ready to say that there are numerous instances on record where persons have manifested acts of love and kindness to their most inveterate enemies. We do not doubt but there are instances of this kind, but from what motives did they arise? This is the thing. We believe that there is not a drop of *pure* love in old Adam. We are compelled to confess that the whole constitution is impure. If so, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one." All that we do as creatures is to be seen and admired of men. And all that we do in a religious point of view is to be seen and admired not only of man, but God Himself. Is it possible? It is true; and those who know their own heart must acknowledge that what we are now saying cannot be controverted. Fleshly religion belongs to Adam the first, but spiritual to Adam the second: and the children of God often find themselves performing religious exercises in the flesh. This may be known by the slavery and bondage it produces; but the service of the Lord is perfect freedom; "for where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty,

"And no where else but there."

Religious exercises and spiritual operations are vastly different. One is performed by the creature, the other by the Lord Himself. How often we say prayers, but how rarely we pray! How often we compliment the Lord, but how seldom we praise the Lord! Lip utterances and heart breathings are very different things. The flesh often talks fast when the spirit is silent. Adam the first covers the ground, when the second Adam is out of sight. The prayers of Christ *in* the Church, are as pure as His prayers *for* the Church: and as Christ alone prevailed *for* us, He only prevails *in* us. "Ye are complete in Him, and accepted in the Beloved," is the grand secret revealed alone to living sons and daughters. May the Lord give us to understand more of the following portion: "Then shall ye be brought to discern between the righteous [Christ] and the wicked [Flesh]; between Him [Christ] that serveth God, and him [the fleshly Adam] that serveth Him not." The Lord has promised that a seed should serve Him; "but not seeds as of many, but of one; and to thy seed, which is Christ:" and "if any man be in Christ a new creature, old things are passed away, and, behold, all things are become new."

But, beloved, we must here refrain from this line of things in this our yearly address, although we feel that "it is good to be here."

Beloved, we would now acknowledge the Lord's goodness in bringing us through another volume of our Magazine. We feel sure that had the Lord left us to ourselves, we had not been able to struggle on to the present time. Give up, has often arisen in our mind, and spread like a dark cloud over our spirit. Why go on with a work that neither gives God glory nor His Church benefit? Why persist in publishing a book that nearly every sect dislikes? Why continue to labour with a publication that does not realise one penny profit? Look at other religious publications, see what a wide spread and a thick spread they have, whereas the Witness is welcome but here and there. By all means give it up: and shall we give it up? Beloved readers, shall we discontinue the "Witness?" Is it true that you never realise any benefit in perusing its pages? Are you never refreshed in reading the truths it contains? If it is made a blessing to your souls, need we say do all that in you lies to spread it far and wide. Our friends are few, our enemies numerous. Will you try to augment the former and diminish the latter? Will you prevail upon those who love the truth and are prejudiced against us to read for themselves? See what you can do for us during the coming volume. We live in a day in which error abounds to an almost overwhelming extent, and the Lord's real children appear to be very thinly scattered up and down the earth; and even some of these seem to be nearly hid

among the rubbish of a fair show in the flesh. Respectability is the order of the day in the professing world. The true worshippers, which are to be found among the poor, as a rule, are despised and set at nought, and Zion is less cared for than ever. Well, the Lord knows His own, loves His own, takes care of His own, and will bring all His own to hear His voice, fear His name, love His truth, see His face, sing His praise, and dwell in His blessed presence for ever and ever. Tried they may be while here, tempest-tossed they must be sailing through the stormy sea of life, and often faint and weary; but the dear Lord, whose they are, will at all times appear for them at the needed moment, and will always give them strength equal to their day. Each and all shall be able to say again and again to His praise,

“When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good !”

Yes, beloved, near to your soul He has always stood. Though you have seen Him not, He has been there, faithful to His love, oath, and blood. Not one thing has failed, not one promise has been broken, not one word of His has fallen to the ground: and if He has proved Himself faithful in the past, is He not the same now, and will He not be the same for ever? Indeed He will. “Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.”

“Trust not to the creature, however allied,
Lean not to the fondest for aid.”

For “the best of them is as a briar, and the most upright sharper than a thorn hedge.” Therefore “commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass;” “for faithful is He who has promised.”

Beloved, we must now say farewell, and acknowledge that we have not written hardly a word of what we intended. May the Lord, however, make up any lack of service, and pour His own love into your heart; may the Beloved Bridegroom of your soul shower down His choicest blessings upon you; and may the blessed Spirit the Comforter take of the things of Christ, and show them unto you: and then

“The earnest grace, so rich and free,
Will make you long His face to see.”

We know not, beloved, what a day may bring forth. Time-things are changing, earthly things are fading, and natural persons are failing; but, amid all and through all, beloved, be of good cheer;

for "there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

We now commence the Ninth Volume of our work, but know not that we shall live to finish it. Reader, you are now reading the first number of the twelve, and know not that you will live to read the last; but if you can join the poet, and say,

"My hope is fix'd on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness,"

it will be all right with you, whether living or dying; for you are His and He is yours. Fear not then, trembling child of God, it is at all times well with you. Your Lord is watching you with the tenderest solicitude, and will see to it that your enemies shall not oppress you beyond their prescribed limits. "So far shalt thou go," is the word of your best Friend; but an inch beyond He will in nowise allow. The name of the Lord is your Tower of safety. Shelter in Him, lean upon Him. Leave you He will not, forsake you He cannot.

Near to His heart you ever lie,
Dear as the apple of His eye:
Then fear not hell, though hell molest,
All things are order'd for the best.

THE EDITOR.

8, Kirby Place, North Road, Plymouth, 8, 9, 1866.

THE WAY HE HATH LED ME.

(Continued from page 271, vol. viii.)

I WILL now inform my readers how I got into the printing business, and what a source of trouble it has been to me hundreds of times. But I have proved in this, as well as in every other instance of the Lord's providential leadings, that I could not alter one thing in time which was fixed in eternity, that to enter into business, though a crooked path, was a right one, and that I could not do without the business, although it has never realised me a penny piece. What I mean about not being able to do without it is this: It has caused me more trouble and exercise of mind than anything else that I ever had to do with, and has been a means in the Lord's hands of causing me to preach many a good sermon, pray many a good prayer, compose many a good hymn, and write many a good article for the comfort and consolation of God's children scattered abroad. Paul could not do without the thorn in the flesh, and Peter could not get on without Satan's sieve, and I could not manage without the printing business. Will the reader charge me with egotism

in saying that I have preached good sermons, prayed good prayers, &c.? If so, Paul is liable to the same charge; for he said that he was chief of the Apostles, and yet he acknowledged that he was "nothing." In another place he said that he laboured more abundantly than they all, and then nobly adds, "Yet not I, but the grace of God in me." "Where is boasting, then? It is excluded." Bless God it is, and we feel no disposition in our heart at this moment to say one word to our own praise, but acknowledge before Him that for our best action in the flesh and brightest thought in nature hell is our desert; but, blessings for ever rest upon His holy name, we have the full assurance, by the infallible testimony of His own Spirit, that heaven is our portion. If the words that the children sometimes use seem to savor of a fleshly or creature boasting, their heart does not mean it; for the Lord says, "A new heart will I give them;" and I am sure that they mean—

" All the glory,
All the glory, Lord, be thine."

We are told not to take notice of every word which is spoken. This is the thing—Is the heart right? Yes, child of God, the heart is right, and why? It is God's gift, and it is a good one, depend upon it: it is a perfect one, rest assured. It is in this new heart Christ dwells, and He often makes it burn within you while He lovingly communes with you by the way. When His voice is heard, His power felt, whatever the storm, however great the tempest, all is hushed, all is peace and quietude. How true it is that

" No other voice can calm my breast,
Or still the raging sea:
But when He whispers, ' In me rest,'
I'm lost in Deity.

O how His voice draws out my heart
In burning hot desire!
And, O, such love He doth impart,
My soul is all on fire!

I burn with love intensely warm,
I feel a heaven below;
Am not afraid of wind and storm
When He His face doth show.

And if His voice be now so sweet,
Whilst in this mortal vale,
What will it be when we all meet,
And nought but love inhale?"

The printing business belonged to my brother, but the plant was the property of my uncle, who had for some years retired from it, and was living at Weybridge. My brother hired the plant of him at the nominal sum of fifty pounds (£) per year. One morning when I was at his office on business connected with the "Witness," which he printed, he told me that our uncle wanted him to purchase the plant, as he wished to put one of his sons into business in the country, but did not want to touch his funded monies. He offered my brother the plant at the low sum of £500, but my brother could not spare the money out of his other business, or he would purchase it.

The first thing that my brother said to me that morning was, "I shall have to leave the business," assigning the above as the reason; but he added, "I shall be exceedingly sorry to give it up." He then suggested that I should purchase it, he supply money to carry it on and manage it, and we mutually and equally share the profits. He, of course, knew that I had no money; but my wife's mother, who was living with us, had. Would she advance it? I promised him to think it over, and let him know. I need not tell my reader what a source of anxiety it at once became. It was an important matter which required much consideration and special direction. At times I felt the Lord would make a way for me to have it, at others it seemed impossible. One thing especially inclined me favourably toward it, and that was the "Witness." I knew the "Witness" was not paying its way, and felt sure that if the business was disposed of, our periodical would cease to exist. What shall I do? how shall I act? were the daily and hourly questions on the mind. Many prayers, with sighs and cries, it caused to the Lord to direct, to show His mind and will; for I had no desire to entertain a thought of it were it not His blessed pleasure. One portion especially would rest upon the mind—"Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." When this portion was fresh on the mind, then I felt sure of having it; but when it passed away, I felt afraid of entertaining the thought. But time and space would fail to enter into all the *pros* and *cons*, which passed and re-passed. Suffice it to say, that after waiting a few weeks for my decision, my brother told me that uncle had again been and he wished to know without further delay if he intended to purchase the plant. Eventually the Lord made a way in His Providence, and the plant was purchased. It appeared a doubly safe investment, inasmuch as the business was paying a good profit, and there was a prospect of its being required by Government to make room for the completion of the Record Office then and still in course of erection. However, I soon had to prove that to go into business was to launch out into a deep ocean of trouble, and could I have foreseen one thousandth part of the sore burden that it would cost me, I had never entertained a moment's thought of it. But this was wisely wrapt in the secret of the future. The Word of God says, and I have every reason to believe it true, that "it is NOT in man that walketh to direct his steps:" and the prophet once said, "I know, O Lord, that the way of man is not in himself." I believe that it was as much settled by the Lord that I should have that business as my call by grace; and I have proved scores of times, and the Lord's children too, that it was most needful for me. How many times have I gone before the children in my public ministrations bowed down to the ground under the heavy weight of business troubles,

and how frequently has the Lord used it as a means of comforting His own blood-bought children.

I had been in the business but a very short time when my brother wanted me to sign my name to a guarantee that he paid Two Pounds per week to clear a debt of over a hundred pounds. This was the first time that I became surety for another, and I have no hesitation in saying that it will be the last. Times and again it seemed as though I should have it to meet, but in each instance my God, my own covenant God, made a way for my escape. I think it was a source of deep trial to me nearly three years. But at last the Lord lovingly delivered me, for which I desire to bless and praise His name. Every little while during that time I was receiving a letter from the creditors to say that they were compelled, *though reluctantly*, to apply to me to fulfil my engagement in meeting the payment which my brother had failed to meet. As the reader may imagine, these were letters that required to be spread before the Lord: and, bless His dear and holy name, He appeared for me, and never suffered me to pay one farthing of the amount. Surely God is good to Israel. If He is good to no one else, I know He is to me; therefore I find it a joy of heart to speak well of Him. It has seemed to me sometimes as though I engaged all His heart and mind, as though He had no one else to attend to, watch over, and take care of: and yet we know that ten thousand times ten thousand bow before Him, that He is the God and Father and Kinsman Redeemer of a number that no man can number, that all beings and things were created by Him and for Him, that He is before all things, and that He upholds all things by the Word of His power: and we know that what the poet says of Him is strictly true:

"No less Almighty at His birth,
Than on His throne supreme:
His shoulders held up heaven and earth
When Mary upheld Him.

See, then, from what beginnings small
Our great salvation rose!
The strength of God is own'd by all,
But who His weakness knows!"

One morning when I reached the office there was a note on the desk for me from my brother, saying that he had heavy liabilities to meet, and he *must* have a hundred pounds before night—could I borrow it for him for one week? I at once went to a friend, who willingly lent it me for the time specified; but the week passed over, and another, and another, yet my brother could not pay me back. Next week he would pay without fail, but it came and went, and fail to pay it he did. No one but my God can know a tenth part of

the trouble this caused me. Days and nights of bitter anguish have I experienced concerning that hundred pounds. My friend who had kindly lent it, though it proved no kindness to me, was very patient, although it caused him great inconvenience. As my brother promised me, I promised him, until I was sick and tired of promises. Were the promises of our God like these, I know not what would become of us worms of the earth; but I am a living witness to His faithfulness in every promise that He has made me; and many times I have been enabled to rejoice in the full confidence of faith that the Lord would accomplish *this* and perform *that* when there has not been the slightest ground for it from the appearance of things; but He says, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment." The Lord says, and He means every word in its fullest latitude, "Blessed is she that believed, for there **SHALL** be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." "The strength of Israel will not lie:" and,

"He who whispers pardon'd sin
Was never known to lie."

Another of our poets says, and that most truthfully,

"The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises."

When He speaks a promise in the heart of His children, they believe the words that Jesus has spoken. They say, "It is the voice of my Beloved." They can then sweetly respond to the following blessed verse:

"Enough, my gracious God,
Let faith triumphant cry,
My soul can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die."

Having occasion to go into the country to preach for a few weeks, I begged of my brother to call and pay my friend in the mean time, which he once more faithfully promised to do. I now felt sure that ere I came back the money would be paid, and told my friend that he might confidently expect it. But, alas! when I returned I found it was still owing, and my heart was ready to break with disappointment. What to do I knew not. Would the Lord deliver as He had ever done? In His own time He appeared, and it was done in this way. I found it quite necessary to take all money transactions into my own hands, and for the future to receive all and pay all. For this purpose I borrowed two hundred pounds, paid my friend the hundred that I had borrowed, and thus my mind was eased of that long and heavy burden. Things now went on more smoothly, and I was glad at heart; for it was indeed a great treat to get a little breathing time. But I have ever found that when it is easier

and smother in one direction, it is harder and rougher in another. Therefore to say that I have ever gone a week since I have known the Lord without either passing through the furnace or flood, would be wrong; and yet I can in all confidence say that I would not have walked in any other way. Why not? Because I have proved, over and over again, that my troubles have been as needful as my joys, my difficulties as necessary as my deliverances. Reckon in this way, child of God, and then you will not be far out. When they told the Lord that one whom He loved was sick, the Lord was pleased to stay away until the loved one was dead. Why was this? Could it be a proof of love to let Lazarus die? No, says Nature, love would have immediately restored him. Not so, says Grace; for if there is no death, there can be no resurrection: and it seems more glorious to raise from death than to prevent death. Therefore Lazarus must die, and death and resurrection were both certainties. Christ said, "The time cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live:" and He also declares, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Hence the life of Christ is the life of the Church, and each member is

"Sav'd in the Lord, for ever sav'd,
And in life's bundle bound."

I thoroughly believe that every event connected with the children of God is fixed by a covenant God: and however much they may complain, or whatever reasons they may assign for finding fault, it is all fruitless and futile; for the Lord will not vary in His purpose, or alter the thing which He has most wisely fixed upon. May He again and again say to our souls, "Be still and know that I am God."

"And is the path I'm call'd to tread
The one that all our fathers trod?
Would not another do instead?
'Be still and know that I am God.'"

I soon expended the hundred pounds, and knew not how I should struggle on until I received the quarter's accounts. I well knew that if I could manage until then I should be all right again. But as man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward, I was doomed to another tremendous knock down; for when I sent to a Company, whose bill amounted to about £70, to know if they would kindly pay it, as I was pressed for money, judge of my great disappointment at hearing that the bill had already been paid to my brother and receipted by him. I cannot convey in words a tithe of what I passed through on account of so severe a reverse. My heart was too full for utterance. Really, it was too bad. After getting two

hundred pounds and putting in the business, spending the whole of it on wages, paper, &c., and then to be served in that cruel manner! Well, "He giveth no account of His matters:" and He says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Days and nights I carried this heavy burden; but the Lord brought me through in His own way and time, and enabled me to manage much better than it appeared possible to do. I need not enumerate the many things which the enemy suggested to my mind under these severe and painful trials; but my reader may imagine that he was not backward in adding to my trouble. Had not the Lord given me special grace I should sometimes have been distracted under the pressing weights. These troubles were unknown to the children among whom I laboured; for I found no pleasure in bringing them into the pulpit. When there, I wanted the Lord to enable me to speak of Him, and not weary the people with my complaints: and blessings for ever rest upon His precious name, He was specially good to me while there; for I generally lost my burden while preaching

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(*Continued from page 255, vol. viii.*)

THIS being the experience of the Lord's family, every religious fool must be answered according to his folly (Prov. xxvi. 5). As for human accountability and man's responsibility, I find myself, from sheer necessity, compelled to leave it all in the hands of Him who stood surety for a stranger, took my cause in hand, and smarted bitterly on account of it. Christ alone is accountable for my well-being here, and hereafter too, as my Surety, Husband, Friend, and "Brother born for adversity." He must and will provide strength, help, deliverance, food, raiment, and every other blessing, both temporal and spiritual; yes, our Beloved and Almighty Judah has lovingly engaged to bring all His little brother Benjamins safe through every evil, trouble, trial, and danger, right home to His Father's house; for of His hand are they all required. How sweet the thought!

So, little Benjamin, cheer up,
 Why thus disheartened be?
 Through every trial, hellish troop,
 Thy Jesus sure will see
 That all thy needs are here supplied,
 And see thy Father's face beside.

It is a sweet mercy for the children to ponder over and meditate upon, that their great account, their immense debt, was brought in to Christ and settled by Him; so that He who is their wonderful Counsellor, Advocate with the Father, kind Intercessor, Lawgiver, King, and Judge, has eternally delivered them from all blame, and everlastingly purified them from every blemish. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

When I am on the mount, feel joyful, happy, in prosperity of soul, and peace flows as a river, I can do no other than sing, take down my harp from the willows, and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." The time of singing of birds is then come, the winter is past, the rain over and gone, the clouds, mist, wind and tempest are removed, and on this sunny hill, this elevated mountain top,

I love to sit, I long to stay,
And sing delightful all the day.

There is nothing of man here; it is all the Lord's doings. He commands us to rejoice in the day of prosperity; and here He is glorified with praise; but He also says that the days of darkness shall be many. There are to be the days of adversity, the times of war, and the number of months of vanity; so that I have to descend the mount, return to my own place, grope again in darkness, wade through trouble, and fall before every temptation. Here the Lord will be "glorified in the fire;" and here I am necessitated to wait the return of spring, when I again realise joy and comfort. This is the spot where the late Arthur Triggs and I have to part company; for here he gets far before me. I find no fault with him in this matter; for if the Lord appointed him many sunny days, all is right, and this is the secret of it. The Lord sovereignly bestowed upon him the "joy of faith," the "comfort of the Spirit," and much permanent peace; whereas it is my appointed lot to grope in the dark, sink in the mire, be tossed on the waves, and, at times, to feel a thousand hells within. Because Mr. Triggs was so highly favoured of the Lord, and his writings have been made a blessing to my soul, I like to make honourable mention of his name. He was indeed specially blessed of the Lord, and was peculiarly led into the mysterious union and grace-relationship of the Church to her glorious Head and Husband. While Arthur Triggs was blest with the company of Messrs. Great-heart, Great-grace, and Valliant, together with young men and fathers, who are strong as oaks and tall as cedars, I am most in company with the little ones, such as the weakly (Psa. vi. 2), the sick (1 Co. xi. 30), those that halt (Psa. xxxviii. 17), mourn sore like doves (Isai. lxi. 13), the faint (Prov. xxiv. 10), feeble and sore broken (Psa. xxviii. 8), and the

fearful among the children (Isai. xxxv. 4). I am nothing but a poor weathercock, full of changes, full of sin, full of lust and uncleanness in all its forms. I start at a shadow, run before a flea, fall over a straw, and am as unstable as water, which is one reason why I do not excel. Indeed I find myself as poor, weak, in-and-out, crooked, and rickety, a thing as ever entered the spiritual door of gospel Zion: and yet, to show the gospel of grace, there are blessed seasons when this dead lump is drawn out and acted upon by the powerful constrainings, bright shinnings, and spiritual quickenings, of the blessed Spirit; so that my poor heart is truly astonished, my soul is captivated, and my spirit is cheered. It is then I leap and run, mount and fly, with the foremost; for I feel as strong, lively, and happy as any little busy bee in gathering honey from every opening gospel flower. At such times I cheerfully take my harp from the willows, and joyfully play the highest note to the praise of the glory of His grace who hath made me acceptable in the Beloved. It is then that I can sing and make melody in my heart to the Lord.

The Rose of Sharon now is found,
To shed its fragrance all around,
The Lily of the Vale sweet,
Where all the charms of beauty meet.

But methinks I can hear some one say, "If you can move only as you are acted upon, what is the use of the command, precepts, and exhortations of the Word?" Why, they are just like the rest of the Word, only a dead letter, and of no saving use until made spirit and life by the Lord of life and glory. "The words that I speak unto you," says Christ, "they are Spirit and they are life." When the Church says "Draw me, and we will run after thee:" and, "I will run the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart;" do you imagine that she was so foolish as to think that she could run without His drawing and enlargement of heart? What caused Job to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him?" Because his faith was drawn out and acted upon. What caused David to pen the 46th Psalm? The Lord had enlarged his steps, warmed his heart, strengthened and drawn out his faith, and blessed his soul. What was it that made the Prophet so confident as to elicit the following noble determination? "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall be fruit in the vine, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat: the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall, yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation." Because his faith was encouraged, drawn out, and acted upon.

What made Peter the Arminian say, "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not I?" His little faith was not in exercise for want

of being drawn out and acted upon. Poor fellow! But what made Peter the Calvinist say, "To whom shall we go? for thou hast the words of eternal life." How came his epistles to be so full of free grace, so that he was enabled to feed the lambs and sheep, comfort the afflicted, give the sincere milk of the Word to babes, and strong meat to the young men? He was drawn out of his Arminian self into Christ, where he was lost in wonder, love, and praise, at the fulness, freeness, richness, and glory of gospel grace. This made him what some would term an Hyper-Calvinist and Rank Antinomian. You hear no more of Peter's bragging and boasting after this sifting. He found to his cost that there was no more dependence to be placed in the so-called *inherent* grace than in Satan himself: and yet I believe that there was more inherent grace in Peter at his lowest ebb than in thousands of the most polite Arminians of the present day.

Poor Peter went to Jericho.
 But what befel him there?
 They knock'd him down and beat him so,
 And stript him almost bare!
 They broke his bones and daub'd his face,
 And robbed him out of all his grace.

This severe sifting or schooling did poor Peter good. He was thereby necessitated to look for grace where alone it was to be found: and it does my poor backsliding heart good when I think how he was saved from his weakness, folly, and shame; for I know what it is to experimentally follow afar off, fall before a maid, and creep into the hall: and I know a little of the sweetness and meltings caused by the all-powerful look of Jesus. It was this which prevented Peter from going through the devil's sieve. Blessed schooling! Profitable teaching! And bless and praise the Almighty Jesus who caused it to work together for his good and the Lord's glory.

After the good Samaritan had found poor Peter, raised him up, healed his wounds, set his bones, cheered his heart with gospel wine, paid his fare, and took care of him, He ordained him a bishop and preacher of "the glorious gospel" of free grace. He was appointed and anointed by the Archbishop of our spiritual Jerusalem. In reading his epistles we find him all for grace, sound and clear, without a shade of Arminianism. Yes, the sieve of Satan did him good; for there he found that

His jewels of inherent grace
 He could not keep one day;
 In Jericho, that cursed place,
 They all got stole away:
 This treatment led him to the spot
 Where "God is love" and changeth not.

The children of God know and feel after they have had a few plunges into Job's ditch, that grace is not in their keeping; and they are thereby led to look more unto Him in whom dwelleth all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge: and by seeing the fulfilment, perfection, and beauty of the commandments and precepts in Christ alone, they, by faith, take hold of them as their own; and bless and praise the Lord for the rich mercy. This is rendering the obedience of faith, which alone can bear the scrutiny of heaven. All other obedience is esteemed as dung and dross. Faith will have nothing to do with anything but Christ. Faith is the victory that overcometh the world, sin, flesh, and satan, death and hell; and this conquest alone is found in Christ. By faith we live, move, walk, run, fight, rejoice, and sing, and all is in, by, and through Christ. In fact, the whole of religion in doctrine, practice and enjoyment is in Christ; and all the rest belongs to the world, the flesh, and the devil: and the devil and his agents do all that in them lie to make the best of it. Christ substantiates every promise, blessing, doctrine, and precept; and every grace of the Spirit; for the Holy Ghost takes of His and shows unto us. Is faith the victory that overcometh the world? Then Christ is faith. Says He, "Be of good cheer, for I have overcome the world," What is our hope? It is Christ. "Christ in you the hope of glory;" "the hope of Israel;" the hope of His people;" "Jesus Christ which is our hope;" "looking for that blessed hope." What is love? "God is love," and Christ is God. Indeed there is no grace, or spiritual gift of grace, but Christ is the substance of, the marrow and fulness of. "But Christ is all and in all." To know, feel, and enjoy Him as such is indeed life eternal. These mercies tune my heart to sing:

Jesus, storehouse of all blessing,
 Thou unto thy people be:
 In thyself all grace possessing,
 What a fulness dwells in thee!
 Precious Jesus!
 Thou art all in all to me.

(To be Continued.)

POVERTY VERSUS RICHES.

HUNTINGTON, somewhere in his writings, says that those who have an independency among the Lord's children know but one side of God. They may know Him as a God of grace, but not as a God of Providence. This to a certain extent is true; for those who have an abundance of this world's goods, know little if anything of the marvellous ways in which the Lord supplies His providentially tried people. The man who can always keep a surplus at the

bank, and has merely to write a cheque to answer any demand made upon his purse, has no opportunity of sympathising with a fellow heir to the kingdom of God who has to live, as it is commonly termed, "from hand to mouth." I believe that the child of God who has the most trying pathway to walk in Providence—as a rule—is the most deeply taught in the spiritual mysteries of God's kingdom. There is such a deep-rooted independence about us as creatures, that we should scarcely, if ever, go to the Lord concerning things needful for the body were it not that He was pleased to bring us into positions most trying in His unerring providence. Have we health and strength? Instead of praising the Lord daily for so great a blessing, we are apt to abuse the health so signally given us. Have we all that heart can wish of temporal things? Rather than feelingly acknowledge the goodness of the Lord in bestowing upon us unworthy creatures such favours, we are too apt to be most dissatisfied with our lot, and crave something that we suppose would much enhance our comfort that we do not possess. Can this be right? The Lord says, "If riches increase, set not your heart upon them." As a rule, and one with solitary exceptions, very few of the blood-bought family of heaven have riches to set their heart upon. Here and there one, we were going to say, is blest with an abundance of this world's goods; but how often it proves a snare to them. "How hardly," says the man of sorrows, "shall they who have riches enter into the kingdom of God." We read of one praying to the Lord for neither poverty nor riches, and he assigns a very good reason for so desirable a position. Though no man would choose the pathway of poverty, it being so repugnant to nature, yet the Lord's children must acknowledge that their souls are far more prosperous in the pathway of poverty than the pathway of prosperity. That is, those of the Lord's children who have experienced both dispensations. Say, ye tried children of God, when have you been brought most in contact with a precious Jesus? Has it been when your pathway has been strewn with roses or hedged up with thorns? Tell me now honestly if the old beaten path of much tribulation has not been the most prosperous as far as soul-matters are concerned? When you have a certain payment to meet at a certain time, and you know that you can put your hand upon the money at any moment, is there not a kind of independent feeling about you; and, more than that, is there not too frequently a boasting in your fleshy mind on account of being able to pay everybody? At such seasons you forget that your principal creditor goes unpaid. The Lord who gives you gold and silver to meet your payments is entirely forgotten; so that you do not give Him the praise and glory due unto His name. But, on the other hand, if you have a payment to meet at a certain time, and, if not met, your credit, honesty, and position in life are at

stake—nay more, if not honourably met, you and your family are ruined; and you have not a friend in the world to whom you can apply, and have no resources of your own; how about it then? Here is a lawful demand upon you, and nothing, literally nothing, to meet it. This is a case of real necessity, where flesh and blood fail. What is to be done under the circumstances? The Lord now is resorted to. That Lord you have so often abused and slighted; that God who has so repeatedly been discarded; that precious Christ whose counsel has so frequently been set at nought; He alone now is sought after. He is now implored, with many sighs, cries, and groans, with, “Lord, do appear: thou knowest my trying position: thou art well aware, dear Lord, if I do not meet this payment, my family is ruined. Thou are well aware, precious Jesus, how my enemies would exult over me were I thus cast down. Dear Lord, do deliver me. Enable me to meet the demand with honour. Suffer not thy cause of truth to be reproached on my account. I have none to look to but thee: no one to lean upon but thyself. My expectation is exclusively from thee.”

The foregoing are specimens of the heart-breathings and soul-utterances of a living child in so painful a position; and perhaps the Lord keeps the child there to within a few moments of the important time; and, at last, when all seemed the most gloomy, with every way shut up, and certain ruin the inevitable consequence, the Lord lovingly appears. Perhaps first by a blessed promise, to support the mind until the moment of deliverance, and afterwards with the needed amount to meet the payment. Very likely it has come from a quarter never dreamt of. Perhaps from a party who has ever been quite hostile. The money has come, may be in the hand of a raven; but come it has, and at the *right* time too. Well, the Lord has appeared, His hand has been seen, and His goodness has been acknowledged. The child of God has had what he calls a wonderful deliverance. Why wonderful? Because he had no independency, no resources, no money at all to meet the legal claim made upon him; therefore, from sheer necessity, he has been compelled to go to the Lord, and the Lord has granted him a signal deliverance. It is, therefore, called a wonderful deliverance. The Lord's goodness in thus appearing so timely causes the recipient of such unmerited mercy to bless and praise the Lord with all their heart and soul. It makes them feel that if they possessed ten thousand tongues they should all be freely employed in praising their precious Lord for so kind an interposition. Thus the providential favour becomes a spiritual blessing to the living child.

Hence, after all, this is a happier child of God than the one rolling in luxury's lap.

BENJAMIN.

A SERMON.

The Sixteenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

WHAT a noble expression !

"He freely took our lowest place :"

and I hesitate not to say that if the Church had fallen ten million times lower, and had been ten million times more filthy and guilty, and had their hatred and rebellion extended ten million degrees higher, He never would have disowned them, He never would cease to love her, nor can she ever alter from what she really is and ever will be, not only in His sight, but in oneness of nature, of life, and oneness of Spirit ; for Christ and the Church are one. Here it is that God's children frequently raise up disquietude in their minds concerning the awful nature of their fall, making calculations from their fleshly feelings and saying, "Oh, if I was not such a great sinner, I think it would be better." Beloved, there cannot be a sinner too great, too filthy, or too guilty, for our most glorious Christ ; and those that have followed Christ in the regeneration are as much out of sin, death, dying and damnation, as our most glorious Christ is ; and we are as free from law, curse, and wrath, as He Himself is ; but if we measure ourselves by ourselves, it will be very scant measure. Here is our mercy, the Church are like a parcel of ciphers ; but, it is that Great and Mighty One that gives life and blessedness, salvation and righteousness, to the Church : yea, He is our all in all. You that are led by God the Eternal Spirit in contemplation of Him, in the knowledge of Him, have no need to trouble yourself at anything that you are, but rejoice in what Jesus Christ is. "Ah," says a poor soul, "you don't know how I am troubled." And you will be as long as you are pondering over what you are : you will never have peace nor happiness in the old tabernacle as long as you look at yourself. God never gave you eyes to look at yourself. What a parcel of fools God's children are, they will look at themselves, when our mercy is to be looking *out*, looking *off*, and looking *up*, to "behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world."

But now for the text, and as the Lord shall open it, shall say a few words on it. "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phill. iii. 14). Look at it and mind, it is all in Christ and not in ourselves. We have spoken a little about the *pressing*, and don't you think you will go to heaven

without it; if you do, you will be mistaken. I know what it is to desire to live what is called an easy life, but we never shall have it. Some of you have prayed hard for it many times. Have you got it? No. Well, I will tell you how it happened with me. The more I prayed for ease, the more troublesome everything became; the more I prayed to go on quietly, the more everything was in an uproar; and the more I prayed the Lord to keep the devil at a distance, the more he was let loose, and came in like a flood. Well, say you, was not that disheartening? It was all right. Why? Because it is a right way. Why? That no flesh may glory in His presence, and that him that glorieth, may glory only in the Lord. What is the general religion of the day? Going on so smooth, so happy, so loving, trying what they can do for the Lord. The devil will never oppose such; but as sure as you belong to Christ, you must be stript of everything: the Lord will put death on everything, but Himself. You will then learn a little what it is to love Christ, and you will also begin to think a little about God's testimonies; having a single eye, you will only have a single object, and a single subject; and that is, Jesus only. Then,

"Through fire and flood she goes,
A weakling more than strong;
Vents in His bosom all her woes,
And, leaning, moves along."

O what vitality there is in this eternal mercy! "I press." Now I have been thinking a little this week, and I cannot find one day but what *I press*, and it is *toward*. You that know this secret will agree with me, that it is always going forward, though everything in ourselves may be going to wreck and ruin; and as it is going forward, nothing can retard us or keep us from the mark we press toward; and as sure as we are brought into that position, ere long we shall see Him as He is, without a veil between. Beloved, there is no man or woman can make a right estimation of a believer's life; they may talk about it, and say a great deal about experience, but there is more wrapped up in these two words than all the men in the world can say about it—"I press." Now take the context: "I press toward;" then the glorious subject set before us—"The mark." No one can press towards a mark, if there is none; no one can press toward a mark, if he has not that mark in view and some knowledge of it. "Well," say you, "I think that mark is heaven." Then I don't; I believe it is something more than heaven. "Ah," says another, "I think the mark is our happiness." It is something more than that. What is it, then? Himself. that is the only mark we press toward. God the Father hath but one Christ. God the Eternal Spirit testifies of but one Christ,

and every living child of God hath the same. Who is it? Jesus only, the Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus; and He saith, "No man can come to the Father, but by me." And as we believe it is Jesus only, and as there is no coming to the Father, nor knowing the Father, but by and in Christ; so there is no peace with God but in Christ; there is no salvation and eternal glory but in Christ; and as we are brought to this glorious way of living, we have but one object and one subject, and that is Christ Himself. How blessed it is to have that Mighty Him for the mark we are pressing toward for the prize; and He is "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." "But," says a poor child of God, "I change so in myself." Not a bit of it. I have never changed from being a sinner in my life. People say, Oh my changes, my changes! Let me tell you, if any change could take place, it would just unfit you for Christ. "Why," say some, "where is the parson getting to?" Just where he desires; that is, to be with Jesus only. I never change. I have revolution and fluctuation in feeling, and thoughts; but I am always the same, a poor sinner, and Jesus Christ is always the same, my Saviour. Such a match was never known but by God Himself. Then I say, blessings on His glorious name!

I will now notice a few things that present themselves to the mind, relative to Christ, the *mark*, that we are pressing toward, and we shall begin at Prov. viii. 23. Here we read, "I was set up from everlasting." A glorious mark that. "Jehovah possessed me in the beginning of His way." Here is Jehovah possessing Christ, and Christ possessing Jehovah. How? "For in Him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Men with speculative minds cannot make this out, they want to form in their notions, a pre-existing human soul, that the Lord possessed and brought forth: but if they were to read that dear scripture according to the Hebrew, it sweetly preaches of Christ, and I often wonder the translators did not translate it according to the simplicity of the Hebrew text; for thus it reads: "Jehovah possessed me, the beginning, His way." "Jehovah possessed me," Christ the wisdom of God in a mystery. "Jehovah possessed me, the beginning, His way." God's way is our way, and He hath but one way; the Church hath but one way, and Christ saith, "I am the way." Then He saith, "I was set up from everlasting." Who? The person of Christ. No, says some, it is a pre-existent soul man. But it is the person of Christ that was set up from everlasting, or ever the earth was. "Then was I by Him, as one brought up with Him, and was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him, rejoicing in the habitable part of His earth, and my delights were with the sons of men." Take notice of that mysterious expression, because there

was no time, no days, and no world, then created; for God had not as yet entered into acts of creation, and yet He was daily rejoicing in the habitable parts of the earth: here we behold the Church brought up in union with Christ, as they stood according to the eternal purpose of God, in their eternal election standing in union and blessedness with Christ, and thus they are called the habitable part of His earth, and they are also called the highest part of the dust of the world, although when the Church fell they became the lowest part; and our most glorious Christ saith, "Thou hast brought me into the dust of death." But "my delights were with the sons of men," when there was not one yet born. If you look into Psa. cxxxix. we have the same truth unfolded: "Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect, and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them." A very similar expression to that, called the habitable part of His earth, and His delights were with the sons of men. Has His delight altered since he was set up? No. Did not the fall and rebellion of the Church alter His delight and lessen His love! No. "He cannot love her more, nor will He love her less." Well, then, what was He set up for? As the Head of His body, the Church. Now look into Psa. ii., and what we find there is very blessed. God the Father speaking of Christ, saith, "I have set my King on Zion, the hill of my holiness."

(To be Continued.)

COMMUNINGS BY THE WAY.

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born ~~for~~ adversity."—Psa. xvii. 17.

How sweet, how blessed; yea, how precious, is Jesus to all His tried, afflicted, and tempted people! He is precious in the unchangeability of His person. He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He resteth in His love, and hateth putting away. And we read, "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." Yes, and the final triumph of every saint depends upon the unchangeability of the love of Christ. "God is love," and He must change before one of His little ones can perish; but He is in one mind, and none can turn Him. Christ is the glorious person that sware to His own hurt, and changeth not. He, then, that hath friends, will show Himself friendly. And when does Jesus show Himself friendly to His people? When they are brought to prove by painful experience the fallacy of all earthly friendship: when lover and friend stand aloof, trouble abounds on every hand: when neither sun nor stars appear

for many days; and when they have a tempting devil to contend with. It is when in these adverse circumstances that Jesus endears Himself as the friend that loveth at all times, and the brother born for adversity. Here is dear relationship, and when led by the Spirit to drink a little into the glorious mystery, we rise above all trouble, creatures, and created things, and sing with a holy zest, as we pass along,

"Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

Yes, my beloved, a few more trials, a little more sorrow, a few more silent groans and sighs, and all will be over; and that sweet promise shall be fulfilled in our experience, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." O to have a good hope through grace; to have Jesus formed in the heart the hope of glory; it will enable us to "fight the good fight of faith," and to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Jesus is a friend that loveth at all times, under all circumstances. When I am murmuring and repining, He loves me still the same: when unbelief is rampant, "He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself." O with what tender care and compassion does Jehovah Jesus watch over His people. He is a sympathising High Priest, touched with the feeling of our infirmities. "In all their afflictions He was afflicted:" and,

"He knows what sore temptations mean;
For He has felt the same."

Jesus is a Brother born to minister unto His brethren in their necessities, to feed them with the finest of the wheat, and cause them to drink of the good old wine of the kingdom. But oftentimes when His hand is thus ministering to them, and His arm is made bare for their deliverance, are they ignorant who He is, until He makes Himself known with the heart-cheering, and soul-melting words, "I am Joseph your Brother." O then what tears of joy flow forth, and how we cast ourselves at His dear feet, and cry out in extatic joy, "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth: His mouth is most sweet."

Beloved, are you not witnesses to the faithfulness of your precious Lord? and has He not stood by you when all other help has failed? and though He has been pleased to bring you into adverse circumstances, His object has been to endear Himself as "the Friend that loveth at all times, and the Brother born for adversities."

An earthly brother drops his hold,
Is sometimes hot, and sometimes cold,
But Jesus is the same."

London.

H. P.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1866.

No. 98.

A SERMON.

The Sixteenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

(Concluded from our last.)

As He is set up as King and Head, there must be a body also. Now hear how sweetly the Holy Ghost speaks about it by Paul: "Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, before the foundation of the world." How sweetly the Holy Ghost opens it. We have Christ set up, the Church chosen in Him, and the end the Lord had in view, and the assurance given of the impossibility of any alteration of the truth, "that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love." We must look at another testimony of the Holy Ghost; for it is most blessed in the contemplation of it, and we find it in the closing up of Ephs. i.: "That we should be to the praise of His glory." If the Lord enables you to take this testimony into consideration, being confirmed by Him in the unalterable blessedness of the Church in Christ Jesus, as well as the union subsisting between Christ and the Church, you will believe, that as Christ was set up the Head, so you and I were chosen in Him, the body; and as Christ was set up by God the Father a King, so you and I are subjects of Christ. What then can alter it? Nothing. What is the consequence? "That we should be to the praise of His glory who first trusted in Christ." To have the mind taken up with this dear truth, causes me to look forward, "that my God in all things may be glorified" above and beyond all my blessedness. This I find very blessed day by day, it produces tranquility of mind, and it gives comfort to the heart; for

the blessedness of the Church and God's glory are inseparably united, and the blessedness of the Church will run coeval with God's glory. Are these the mercies the Lord communicates to you day by day; or are you more taken up with your happiness and comfort than you are with the glory of God? I recollect well a saying of a child of God just leaving time. "Oh," said he, "let my Lord be glorified, and it matters not what becomes of me." Some of you may not as yet have been brought to that point, but it is most precious, it is glorious. Depend upon it, such a declaration goes far beyond all creature feelings, and far beyond things people are always puzzling themselves about; that is, their own interest. But we proceed to make another remark, and you will find it very blessed, as the mind is led out in contemplation of Christ, being set up as the Head; all nourishment, all life, and all blessedness the Church hath in time and to all eternity flow to her as being in union with Himself; and as He was set up a King, all the government and dominion; yea, and everything which is in heaven or upon the earth, is under His rule and control. "And the government shall be upon His shoulder;" and He will reign until He puts down all enemies under His feet. Therefore in the contemplation of this, amidst all we feel, amidst all we are the subjects of, and amidst all that Satan raises in the mind; here is the mercy, in oneness with Christ, "I press toward the mark." Then, beloved, as I press toward the mark, the King set upon Zion, wherever Zion the hill of His holiness is, and the Holy Ghost tells us, it is far above all heavens, there shall I appear with Him, and by and bye be exalted with Him. Now, the general talk of professors is about going to heaven. "Oh, I hope I shall go to heaven." Heaven will not do for me. I should not like to go there absolutely, and be in happiness there abstractedly. I do not now think about going to heaven, but there was a time I was uncommonly troubled about it. But I will tell you what I think about, and am looking forward to; and that is, to be with my most glorious Christ, far above all heavens. A few days more, beloved, and it will be accomplished. I tell you, beloved, heaven itself is too low a place for the Church of God, she must be exalted and glorified in Him, who is our God, our glory. Bless His glorious, dear, and precious name, how sweet it is to have holy longings, and a heart full of hungry desires after this day by day: and I would drop a hint here, as some of the little ones may be thinking only about their interest. Very good and very right; desire and think on; but desire and cry unto the Lord for a knowledge of your interest in the person, fulness, blood, and righteousness of Jesus Christ: then, when He gives you an indulgence of it by communication in your hearts, you will think you are in heaven and happi-

ness, and that it will never be altered; but your faith must be tried, the Lord will put death on all your enjoyments, that you may find nothing to look to or trust in, but to be brought simply to love Christ, and brought to experience that His delights constitute our blessedness, that His delights in us are unalterable and unchangeable; for we do not find even our great apostle Paul setting up his experience as a standard, or a foundation to rest on. Ah, he was pressing on, going away from it; and every child of God has something before him, something higher than himself that he is looking and panting after. Thus he is always pressing toward the mark. This shows us the blessedness of living in the Spirit, and walking in the Spirit; living by faith and walking by faith; looking out and looking up; and the dear Lord saith in His promise, "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."

We now come to another truth that is connected with the setting up of our precious Lord Jesus; and that is, God the Father giving Christ to us. Have you received it into your heart? Hath the Holy Ghost confirmed your souls in it, so that you can say from your hearts, whatever may be going on, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." Take this hint; it is not the receiving it that enriches you; but it is the gift that God the Father gives you that enriches you.

"Why so particular," say you, "for if I had not received Him I could not be enriched?"

That is truth: if you have not received Him, you never would have known anything of the mercy; but my hand when it receives a gift does not enrich me; but the gift given does. I want you to learn a little of the particular and precious way and manner of living in Jesus only; you will then live happy and comfortable, and you will delight yourself in the Lord, and will rejoice in Jesus only.

"But," say you, "why do you make these nice distinctions; can you separate the gift from the receiver?"

No, not at all; but you remember Paul had received Christ, and he had seen Christ; but his delight was to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and not to preach of his receiving Him to set it up as a standard of blessedness. Now, do you understand this simple way? and "as ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him." There is an utter impossibility of walking in Him unless we have received Him; but Himself is our glory, riches, life, preciousness; yea, our all in all. And as I have received Christ, and Christ hath received me, "who can separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?"

We will now see how God our Father gave Christ. When did He give Him? Before we received Him; but He did not become known to us until we had received Him; and who would have

thought that such hell-deserving sinners as we were should have ever been the receivers of God's great gift? Yet it is so. And in looking into the closing up of Ephs. i., after Paul had been speaking to the Church about their regeneration; he saith, "What is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of His mighty power, which He wrought in Christ Jesus, when He raised Him from the dead, and gave Him to be the head over all things to the Church." I must confess I can never get over the threshold of that text: it hath been precious to me for nearly thirty years, and I could tell to a foot of land where God dropped it into my heart.

Do observe the beauty, fulness, eternity, and unalterable nature of the truth. God the Father gave Christ to you and me over all things; and whatever we are in ourselves, as the Church, we are the fulness of Christ; and you that know it will prove it, and you will see the utter impossibility for that fulness to be complete if you are left out.

Do think it over if you can, beloved; for even a knowledge of this is more than heaven. And as the Church are His fulness, He fills every member, and He is the fulness of every member. Then how blessed to be going on daily, using the language in holy boldness, "I press toward the mark." But I must make another remark concerning the greatness of the gift of God the Father. He gave us His only begotten Son. There is a little word in John iii. 16, which is greater than all time and all fulness of time; and it is the word *so*—"God *so* loved the world," &c. What is your language? "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief." Then go on, poor soul; it is all right; for Christ is yours

"Ah, but is there not a possibility of forfeiting this gift?"

No; for God must change before you can. "But," says another, "cannot we sin it away?" God does not give it in such a foolish way as that; "for what God doeth, standeth forever." For when He gave Christ the Head of His body, the Church, He gave Him to redeem that Church from sin, and all the consequences of it; and "He hath removed the iniquity of that land." He hath removed every thing that was obnoxious to God; and He hath magnified the law and made it honourable; He hath brought in everlasting righteousness to all them that believe; and He saith, "My dove, my undefiled, is but one." O the depths of the riches!

Beloved, God the Father deals wonderfully in mercies with the Church, but He poured on Christ the fury of His anger, and the strength of battle, and it set Him on fire round about, yet He laid it not to heart, neither acknowledged it. Such was His love. When God laid on Him the iniquity of us all, the full fury of His

wrath alighted on the devoted Head of God and Man, Christ Jesus, the sinner's Surety, Daysman, and Advocate, and there it spent itself, and all the children are free. I want you to read out your freedom, and live according to God's great gift to you.

We must notice another thing: He gave us all things in Him which pertain to life and godliness. Now, you have nothing that pertains unto real life and godliness but what is in Christ Jesus. "Well," but say you, "I like to have it in myself." Now, listen, and I will tell you a truth. You and I have hunger and thirst; our Lord saith, that such shall be filled. Where is the feeling? Not merely in myself as a creature, but as I stand in super-creation in union with my glorious Christ.

We will notice another of God the Father's love acts, testified of by the Holy Ghost; and it is a most precious mark to be pressing towards, and to have the soul confirmed in it, is of more worth than ten million worlds. What is it? How God the Father sent Christ. Is your mind taken up with this, more than with your troubles or yourself? In Gal. iv. you find this truth, "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent His Son." Ah, say the Preexistarians, it cannot be, it was a human soul set up and brought into sonship. Let them say what they will. Do you believe God the Father to be eternal? Yes. Then He could not be an eternal Father if He had not an eternal Son; for there is no father in existence without a son or child, and there can be no child born without a father; therefore this dear relation runs coeval with the unity of the self-existing essence, Father, Son, and Spirit. Do not get exercising thyself about this mystery with thy reason on the speculative conclusions of men: to the law and testimony, there we find God the Father sent His Son. Then He was a Son before He was sent. The incarnation which we shall speak of presently is too dense a mystery for man's mind to enter into; but let me tell you, if He had not been God's Son, in oneness of nature, essence, and eternity, by taking our nature into union with Himself, it would not have lifted us up into relation with God the Father; but it would have been a secondary sort of relationship, and consequently, we should have no communion with God the Father. But "He sent His Son, made of a woman." And there is something blessed in that expression of Paul's: "The woman was in the transgression, and the man was not deceived." It does not say he was not in the transgression; but the man was not deceived. No, nor was ever Christ deceived by you or me: but we have tried hard at it. The woman being in the transgression, Adam, the figure of Christ, went into it with his eyes open on the ground of dear relation. And if you ask why? Because she was "bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh." So in the contemplation of this

glorious mercy He was made of a woman. This John speaks of in his 1st chapter: "The Word was made flesh:" and of this Paul blessedly speaks, in Heb. ii. 17: "In all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren:" and we discover Him in His incarnation, "in the likeness of sinful flesh, in the form of a servant," and yet the most High God, possessor of heaven and earth. I do not wonder at Paul's language to Timothy: "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness, God was manifest in the flesh." The more the mind is led into contemplations of this great mystery, the more we shall be delighted with Christ, and the more precious Christ will be to you. Some have said the Holy Ghost sanctified the womb and sanctified the human nature. Away with such rubbish. If that womb was different from another, He could not have taken our nature. Christ is the fruit of the womb; but not the fruit of the loins. He was made of a woman, and we see Him in our very nature, and what was in conjunction with our nature, He put it away by the sacrifice of Himself. Did you ever take notice of that sweet declaration of the angel to Mary in Luke i.? "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee." I have looked at it many times, and have read a few remarks that men have made on it; but they appear to diverge from the blessedness of the testimony; they place the conception to be the impregnation of the Holy Ghost; but notice: "therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of the Highest." He is not called the Son of the Holy Ghost. I have often said it, and still believe it, that commentators often darken counsel with words without knowledge. We will now look to the unfathomable testimony of the Holy Ghost by Paul, in Phill. ii., concerning this very dear mercy; see the beauty of it, and also the standing of the Church, whatever religious people may say to the contrary: "Let this mind be in you." The grand point is, Have I the mind of Christ? Paul saith, "With the mind I myself serve the law of God." Stop, Paul, is it not your mind? "With the mind;" and, saith he, "we have the mind of Christ, which was also in Christ Jesus, who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man." "He humbled Himself." I must drop a hint here, as in by-gone days I was much exercised about it, and I used to work hard to keep under the old man, and I tried to humble him; but he always outwitted me. I have tried to be as humble before God as possible, but I never could get it to the thing exactly, and at every failure I have endeavoured to be more diligent to do it; but Jesus humbled Himself, and none but that Mighty One could do it, and He became obedient

unto death. And as the members of His body, we go down into the depths of His humility by precious faith, and come up in resurrection blessedness, exalted far above all heavens in Him. I thought last night I should not have spoken to you ten minutes; but amidst all my foolishness, God abideth faithful.

But, again, it is said, "He descended first into the lower parts of the earth:" and I believe that to be the mercy for a child to understand, first, the humiliation of the Son of God, before he will have a right apprehension of the exaltation of Christ. I bless my God, He keeps me thinking more about His humiliation and condescension, than He doth about His exaltation; for it is in these depths God shews me how everything is put away, and how Christ did everything for me, and it is in these depths, the Holy Ghost instructs me, what Christ did, and that I stand eternally free before my God; for He underbottomed all. Moses and Jacob both preach the same thing: "The deep that lieth under." And, depend upon it, the depths of the humiliation of Christ is the foundation of the exaltation of the Church; and, depend upon it, when God hath settled you there, and you have taken root in the infinite depths of the humiliation of Christ, you will spring upwards, and as the Holy Ghost saith, and bear fruit upwards. There is another mercy in connection with this, as God the Father sent forth His Son, it was not only to take our nature into union, but to stand in our room and stead and take all the consequences of our sins upon Himself, so that the Church is answerable for nothing. Oh, say some, this is really too bad; what! responsible for nothing? No, for the doctrine of creature responsibility is an insult to our Surety and is sure to bring the children into bondage.

"But," say you, "if you go on like this, all the people will turn wild."

This is the very thing to make them happy. What? The whole responsibility on Christ: if you have not seen Christ standing in your place, you have not had any peace yet. I do not say you don't know Christ, that is not my province; but whilst you have a disposition to take part to yourself and give part to Christ, you are no better than Christ despisers, and know not what it is to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free.

As I am a dying man, I like to speak of God's truths as I believe them, and have received them into my heart; it must be Jesus only. For as He hath stood in my room and stead, I am not under the law. Indeed! No, bless God, there is no law can touch me. Why? "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth;" and as we are in Christ, we have got the other side of the law, we have on the law's honours, and stand without spot or wrinkle, in the sight of our God. "Thou art all fair, my

love; there is no spot in thee." God the Father did not send Christ to do part and leave part for you and I to do; but in John xix. He saith, "It is finished:" and "He bowed His head and dismissed the Spirit." Who? God in our nature. "Emmanuel, God with us." O my soul, my hearers! what an everlasting, eternal, and unalterable subject this is, to have the heart and mind taken up with—"Made of a woman;" so that whatever sin brought in, and death by sin; whatever the consequences of it were, and we have the feeling of it as sinners, yet it is well for us to know, that only our most glorious Christ had the substance. Yet our feeling of the working of sin is always of an aggravating nature, that seems to rend the caul of the heart, and fill the mind with dismay, with the thought of wrath to come; but when God opens the subject and brings us into a knowledge of Christ's humiliation, and instructs and gives us an understanding of it, we receive, know, believe, and rejoice in the mercy, that He put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and we hesitate not to say, there is no sin standing against the Church of God; for sin is a complete nonentity. I know that word has made a sad bustle amongst the parsons and professors; but it does not alter the truth. Beloved, if I were permitted to think that I had one sin standing against me, of all men I should be the most miserable.

"But," say you, "do you not feel sin?"

My feelings are just like yours; but I don't live by my feelings, I live above them; my feelings are not my life, my life is in Christ, and Christ is my life. I don't live by my feelings, yet I cannot live without them. If you were just to ponder these things over, you would go on daily as happy as I am.

"But," say some, "how is it you are so happy in your trials and troubles, what is the reason of it?"

I live in the Lord; I do not live happier in myself than you do, my happiness is in the Lord.

"Ah," saith another, "you have no troubles."

My troubles are in myself, my peace is in Christ. Well, then, I "press toward the mark." Christ set up, Christ given, Christ sent, and Christ all in all. And He saith, "I came forth from the Father." What for? To carry up our nature with Him, in union with His Godhead, which never was in heaven before. yet He was the Son of the Father and the same Lord Jesus Christ that He will be to all eternity.

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy: To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

BUT CHRIST IS ALL AND IN ALL.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Though time and space separate the members of the Church of Christ as they stand joined to Adam earthy, and dwell in tents of clay, yet it is a consoling thought to know that neither time nor space can interfere with them as they stand joined to the Lord and one spirit. Paul once said, and we join him in saying, “Though absent in body, yet present in spirit.” This is a dear privilege common to all the saints. In Christ we all meet, in Him we all commune, in Him we all worship, and in Him we sit and sing—“The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted.” There is no meeting-place like Christ; there is no such elevated position as Jesus. In Him we live above all that we are in the flesh; and not only do we live *in* Him, but live *upon* Him; so that He is life, and life’s sustenance. He is the life of God, and the bread of God. He is the Spirit of life, the water of life, the light of life, and the love of life. He is the bond of love, the seal of blood, and the royal robe of spotless righteousness. He is the house of banquet where we feed, the food upon which we feed, the royal host who invites us to feed, the servant who waits upon us when we feed, and the Spirit who inspires us to say after the rich repast, “He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.” Christ is the altar that sanctifies the gift, and He is the gift that the altar sanctifies. Christ is the Priest who offers the burnt offering, and He is the burnt offering that the Priest offers. Christ is the object of our worship, the subject of our praises, and the Spirit who inspires both praise and worship in our hearts. What dear Hart says in one of his hymns is perfectly true:

“All our prayers and all our praises,
Rightly offered in His name,
He who dictates them is Jesus,
He who answers is the same.”

The Word of God declares that “Christ is all and in all.” This we heartily believe, though we too often forget it. We never can make too much of Him, but we can make infinitely too little. He is the theme of our song, the joy of our heart, the strength of our mind, and the girdle of our loins. He is the love of God to us, the love of God in us, and the love of God for us. He is the blessing of God, the mercy of God, the promise of God, the covenant of God, the Word of God, the grace of God, and the Spirit of God. He is the anchor of the soul, the stay of the mind, the

support of the spirit, and the staff of the hand. He is the bread of heaven, the water of life, the sword of the Spirit, the shield of faith, and our faithful God. He is the peace of God, the rock of ages, the tower of strength, the tree of life, and the plant of renown. He is the woman's promised seed, the Church's righteous head, the children's elder Brother, and the sinner's only friend. He is the city of refuge, the harbour of safety, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. He is the milk of the Word, the strong meat of the Gospel, and the good old wine of the Kingdom. In a word, "I am Alpha and Omega." Indeed, beloved, the time would fail us to tell out a millionth part of what Christ is to us, for us, and in us; and when He lovingly makes himself known, through the Word, to our souls, how we rejoice in Him as one having found great spoils. How we sit and sing in Him! How we say, from the very bottom of our heart, "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless and praise His holy name!" It is then we triumph in Him, lean upon Him, and yet fall at His dear feet, singing,

" 'Tis joy enough, my all in all,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly."

We wish no other position, we want no other condition. We know that we are loved in Him eternally, blessed in Him perpetually, and saved in Him everlastingly. We are well aware that nothing can interfere with relationship, touch childship, or cause a dissolution in membership. What the poet says we can heartily respond to:

" Heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus,
Long ere time its race begun;
To His name eternal praises,
O what wonders love hath done!
One with Jesus,
By eternal union one."

There was a time, beloved, when all of us were entire strangers to this eternal grace relationship, but our ignorance could not alter the thing which was gone out of His lips. As we were loved in Christ, chosen in Christ, blessed in Christ, saved in Christ, preserved in Christ, and called in Christ, nothing in time or eternity can interfere with us. He is all to us, all for us, all in us, and He lovingly says, "O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me." All our natural relations may forsake us, all our fleshy friends may turn their back upon us, but what of that when He has said, "I will never leave thee, and never forsake thee."

"And if our dearest comforts fall
Before His sovereign will,
He never takes away our all,
Himself He gives us still."

"This is all our salvation and all our desire;" "for whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee." Yes, Himself He gives us still. He may blast our gourds, spoil our fleshly schemes, and take away our idols, but what is it for?

"All to make us
Sick of self and fond of Him."

He may deal out affliction, lead us to walk in a rough pathway, take us through fire and through water, and spread a cloud over the face of His throne; so that, like Jonah, we shall cry out, "I am cast out of thy sight:" but by and bye we shall hear Him say, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God."

"Then we hold such sweet communion
With our Saviour, Brother, Friend;
Sing His love, the bond of union,
Matchless love, without an end;
Hallelujah!
Hallelujahs now ascend."

Beloved in the Lord, do not think that we have yet forgotten you; for that were impossible. We often think of you, and desire the Lord to cause the best of blessings to rest upon you. May the chief Shepherd feed you Himself upon Himself; for you know that He has said, "They shall not be ashamed in the evil time; and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied." And He has also said, "And my people shall be satisfied with my goodness;" and those who are satisfied with His goodness are very dissatisfied with their own. Yes, and they all acknowledge that they are unworthy that He should come under their roof; and yet He is pleased to consider them worthy to come under His. There He treats them as real friends, although they have done everything to provoke Him to be wrath with them. In fact, He tells them that He will not be wrath with them, nor rebuke them. Surely this is wondrous love, boundless compassion!

"He takes the rebel to His breast,
And treats him as a son,
And says as far as east from west
His sins are ever gone."

Well, then, surely we may join dear Kent in singing,

"If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside:
The law gave sin its damning power,
But Christ my Ransom died."

And now, most dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, I must say farewell. The Lord bless you, the Lord keep you, and the Lord cause His face to shine upon you. Amen.

My dear wife, who is now upon the bed of affliction, joins me in the very best love of our heart, wishing you peace and prosperity; health and wealth in Jesus, that

“—— friend who sticketh fast,
And keeps His love from first to last.”

Believe me affectionately and for ever, yours in Him,

A. WILCOCKSON.

London, March 17th, 1866.

THE TWO POSITIONS AND CONDITIONS.

BELOVED OF GOD,—I duly received your warm epistle, and I hope it is the forerunner of many more of like nature.

There are two natures in a child of God, one is human the other divine; one is earthly, the other heavenly; one is carnal, the other spiritual. “That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.” “These are contrary the one to the other,” and can never assimilate in the slightest degree; for “he that is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous let him be righteous still.” This is God’s unerring decree. He has declared it, and His Word endureth for ever. Here are the two seeds, the one is Agar, which gendereth to bondage; the other is Jerusalem above, which is gloriously free: the one is the seed of the serpent, the other the seed of the woman which has bruised the serpent’s head: the first is the life of the flesh, with all its sinfulness, the other is the life of Jesus, with all its dignity, beauty, and perfection. The first leads on the broad road to destruction, the other is the way to life, and, says Christ, “I am the way.” “He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die, and he that eateth me shall live by me.” This is the only life worth living; but the flesh cannot live it. The carnal nature would be godly and pious, but it is offensive in God’s sight. It is Cain’s burnt offering void of blood; it is free-willism ignoring the one great theme of unmerited grace; it is Arminianism worming its way to Jesus by certain comings of its own manufacture. It is the idolatry of the vast multitude who worship gods of their own device, from self to blocks of wood, stone, and metal. But this is far from sufficient for God’s redeemed flock. It is the way they walked in the foolishness of their minds, being blinded and dead with sin’s foul corrup-

tion. It is the way the carnal nature revels in, because it knows not God. But the Lord's people walk in newness of life. They walk and breathe and talk in Christ their living Head in all things.

" And while he lives they ne'er can die;
For they are His by Covenant tie."

And Christ declares, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore. Amen." This is cause for great rejoicings of heart. The indestructibleness of Christ's life applies equally to all the children of God, because they are partakers of the Divine nature. What a gracious privilege! What a sovereign bounty! That the dear Lord should so humble Himself to redeem His own Israel, and give them His own life to live, seems incredible to flesh and sense. Reason rebels at this glorious act of matchless love. Sight and sense declare the finished work of Jesus to be foolishness; but the people of His care know that

" Whom once He loves He never leaves,
But loves him to the end."

They also know that Jesus is the good Shepherd, that He has given all His sheep eternal life, and none shall be able to pluck them from His firm embrace of love. Nothing shall separate them from the love of Christ; for they are dear to Him as the apple of His eye: they are bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh; they are bound to Him by the everlasting bands of the new Covenant: they live in Him, move in Him, and in Him have their being—yea, their sole existence. They must abide for ever, because that which is born of God, sinneth not, and that wicked one toucheth them not; neither can they sin, because they are born of God. Now the soul that sinneth it shall die, and the soul that doeth righteousness it shall live. Therefore the children of God cannot die, because in their union oneness with the Lamb of God they cannot sin; but inasmuch as they do righteously in their righteous Head, they live for evermore. Death and hell have no more sting for them. Earthly remorse and pangs of sorrow interfere not with their eternal security in the glorious Rock of Ages. The strife of tongues is not heard in this pavilion of love, blood, and salvation. The din of war has no place in this repose of unutterable peace. The ranklings of sin doth no more perplex and annoy the soul in this state of heavenly perfection and freedom from evil. But here in the bleeding heart of a precious Saviour the soul sings her songs of triumph, shouts her eternal anthems of never-ending gratitude to the King of kings, and Lord of all lords, for His unspeakable gift, praises the Lamb who is worthy; for He has washed the robes of the saints, and just men made perfect, in His own blood, and made them white as snow. He has brought them up out of great

tribulation, and set them up upon the Rock that is higher than themselves. This is the hope set before us whose eyes are opened, and whose understandings are enlightened. This is the consolation of Israel which dear old Simeon saw, and when he beheld the sight was enough, and his soul was released from the mortal coil which had bound him so long.

I was thinking of Paul and Silas singing in prison. Though the rude hands of man had scourged them with thongs, and made their feet fast in the stocks; though all around them was dismal and dark; their souls were lit up with heavenly fire, and they actually sang praises to God for His goodness and His mighty deliverances. Although men could (by God's direction) cripple and torture and bind the body—the natural man—they could not control the divine life; they could not alter its breathings, unless to incite to a greater fulness. No. Paul and Silas full of the Holy Ghost forgot the pinions and the bands, and in their sweet intercourse with Jesus they lost sight of the trying time-things, and Christ exalted was their song. He was the only subject of their uplifted praises. He it was who had lifted them up above the mire and clay, and had put a new song both in their hearts and mouths, and they then made melody to the Lord.

Here we find a sweet mercy. In the midst of the tribulatory pathway, when winds of tempest and temptation whistle around you; when the clouds of natural life are black and threatening, so as to obscure the light beyond; when the present life is a thick mist, and the future is an unknown quantity, the dear Lord is sure to appear to His own, in His good time of love, and give them a glimpse of His glory. This contrasts with the dimness of earth, and the soul delights in the dazzling lustre of the beauty of Christ. This is truly bread to the hungry soul, and water—yea, the waters of life to the thirsty. This is light to the dark, and gladness to the mourners. Jesus is then a sweet resting-place to His own; He is a shadow from the heat of men and devils: He is a covert from the storm of the natural elements of carnality and selfishness. He is a rock into which the righteous run and are safe. He is a shield of fire to protect them against the terrible blasts which issue from the bottomless pit; and, though the storm rages without, He says, "In me ye shall have peace;" and, "No man shall set on thee to hurt thee;" and, "With me thou shalt be in safeguard." These are cheering words, full of sweetness and love; fragrant with comfort and protection; and issuing from the mouth of Jesus, with a divine power, they melt down the poor soul in deep contrition at the throne of mercy.

I have said far more than I expected. I was short of letter paper and so took this; but had no idea of filling more than half.

I have not been from home to-day, as our children are not well. There is no one here now to lift up the standard of the Cross of Christ in its integrity. True, many attempt to speak out the truth, but they only utter lies of their own invention, coupled with traditional doctrine. The fulness of the body of Christ; the entirety of the Church of God; the eternal salvation of the election of grace; the finished work of Jesus; the banishment of the sin of the Church in the Adam head; the perfection of the Church in her glorious Head and Husband; these are things not dwelt upon, because they are represented as dangerous ground by modern parsons. Is it so? This excuse stamps their own ignorance. If they knew "the gift of God," they would not hesitate to declare the full counsel of God, they would not cut and carve and deal out indifferent messes of raw meat as they now do, but would send out Benjamin's lot with a plentiful hand. We cannot alter things. This is God's province; all things are ordained for the good of the Church, and that is equivalent to the glory of Christ. We can only exclaim,

"Tis the right way, Lord, lead me on
From this vain world up to thy throne;
Where reason fails, may faith approve,
And wait till all's explained above."

"Stand and see the salvation of God" is a wonderful command. "Though He tarry, wait for it," is no less astonishing to him that will be doing; but it is God's way with His own people, and they stand and look on while the Angel of the Lord does wondrously.

My wife joins me in the best of wishes for yourself and yours.

Very affectionately yours,

G. STEPHENSON.

Hull.

CHRIST ALONE EXALTED.

Seventy-ninth Letter.

THE REAPER TO THE GLEANER.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—We are the children of the Everlasting Father, bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord our God, joined to Him and one Spirit, and passed from death unto life, and shall never come into condemnation. Soon the "Reaper" and "Gleaner" shall sing "harvest home" in meridian sunshine, all darkness, death, dying, afflictions, sorrow and sighing, will for ever flee away and be eternally forgotten. We shall then fully enter into the joy of the Lord, see our most glorious Christ as He is, and

be everlastingly like Him: and then, with open face view, without a veil, it will be Jehovah thy everlasting Light, thy God, and thy Glory. It is now very blessed, in the assurance of the love and faithfulness of our Lord and God, to walk and live by faith in Him, through all darkness and crooked things, knowing and believing that the eternal God is our refuge, and that underneath are the everlasting arms. It is a truth but little known and acknowledged, that we, the children of God, are not so much living for our happiness and blessedness as for the Lord and His glory. He has chosen us for Himself, to lay out Himself upon us, to expend His love and mercy for us, that we should be to the praise of His glory. In the knowledge and belief of these truths we trust in Christ Jehovah, not by fits and starts, but at all times, pour out our heart before Him, and freely say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Thus our faith and hope are in God, who is the author and finisher of faith, and the God of hope who filleth us with all joy and peace in believing.

I find but few companions who live and walk in this sure and living way. You may hear rivers of words about "my experience, my thoughts, my sufferings, and my temptations;" but I leave them to talk on, without condemning them, and with you go on in oneness of heart, in the unity of the spirit and bond of peace, saying, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain; I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." The Lord says, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hands. Because I live, ye shall live also." Our precious Lord Jesus is our eternal life, and it is in Him we have eternal salvation, eternal redemption, and He Himself is our eternal inheritance, and eternal glory. As we receive Him, Christ Jesus the Lord, the Father's unspeakable gift to us, so we walk in Him at all times, in peace with God through Him who is our peace, and who has made peace by the blood of His cross. In inseparable union with the foregoing truths there is another of unspeakable blessedness, namely, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh." My troubles and afflictions are in, of, and concerning the flesh; but above and beyond this I live happy in the Lord, as said Moses in his closing words in the wilderness: "Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord! the shield of thine help, who is the sword of thine excellency, and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places." Bless the Lord, O our souls!

As the children of God, being heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, there is not anything but goodness and mercy for us, and nothing against us; for "if God be for us, who can be against us?"

As this is true, and the true God and eternal life is our portion and inheritance, we may freely say, without let or hindrance, in the dark or light, in life or death, "But God who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sin, hath quickened us together with Christ (By grace ye are saved), and hath raised us up together with Christ." I believe that the word *together* implies something that is real and unutterable in life, without death, and declares that we are partakers of the first resurrection; that is, partakers of Christ the resurrection and life, and cannot die any more; for we are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection. Thus we are raised up together with Christ, and made to sit together with Him in heavenly places. O the depth of the riches!

Dearly beloved, in addition to the former truths, being members of Christ, we shall at all times abide in Him, as He Himself saith, "As thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." If we do believe this with the heart, and so live and walk by faith, surely we have no need to trouble and perplex ourselves about the changeability of the feelings of the flesh and the things of time and sense. We are dead, and our life is hid with Christ in God; but it will be as the Holy Ghost by Paul expresses it, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose." And it is on this wise we find it good while we look not on the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; and so we endure as seeing Him who is invisible.

All that is called religion, and stops short of these divine realities, will not avail us anything in death. As I am nearing that important time, I hail it with pleasure, that as the Lord is my life, so I only live in Him, and that when I close my eyes on time and time things, it will be with me, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The thought of this warms my heart and animates my mind as I now write to my sister Ruth who is the married wife of Boaz, the Mighty Man of wealth, who hath redeemed her and raised up the name of the dead. I will join her in all the freedom and fulness of reconciliation to God by the death of His Son, as saith the Apostle, "Giving thanks unto the Father who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, having delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son, in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace."

Time is too short to give a full detail of things that are eternal; but we will say as one in olden days said, "My meditation of Him

shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord." This I will say, I am fit for nothing and no one but Jesus the Son of God, and Jesus only is fit for me: and He knoweth that I say the truth, that heaven without Himself would not, yea, could not, satisfy my soul. I thank and bless Him daily for His gifts and love acts, but it is Himself, "Immanuel, God with us," who is our all and in all. He is Jehovah our righteousness, the great God and Saviour, our Jesus Christ, the King eternal, the King of glory, and Alpha and Omega.

I often think of the way and manner the Lord brought us face to face to speak of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us; and I frequently speak of the time I spent with you, and how our heart burned within us: more especially that day when a man was hung at the jail. As I passed by the place of execution to come to you, the Lord spake in His Word, saying, "I have eaten ashes like bread: I have mingled my drink with my weeping." Bless Him, O my soul, I shall not forget it whilst I remain in the wilderness; for my Bethel visits cannot be forgotten. The God of Bethel says to us, "O, Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me."

In the remembrance of the love and mercy of our own God toward us, I now come to you in love to enquire after your health and peace, believing that you will say, with one of your sisters, "It is well." I would also enquire after the few sheep that are, with us, of the house and lineage of David, our own brothers and sisters in the Lord.

I am glad that the Lord inclines the heart of lady Lucy Smith to be kind to you. The Lord bless her.

I have been down to Plymouth on a visit to the children there, but was shut out from my former Bethel on account of a water wall being raised which I could not get over or go through; therefore I preached in Mr. Bulteel's chapel. I shall be glad to hear from you and others of the children.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

Eightieth Letter.

THE GLEANER TO THE REAPER.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—It was very kind of you to write to me again so soon. I am grieved to hear that you are suffering so much pain. All things are possible to Jehovah Rophi. "Thy God whom thou servest continually He will deliver thee." If He has more work for you to do in His vineyard below, you shall again

be made strong to labour: and if not you will have a final deliverance from all mortification and corruption within or without; for there there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are forgotten, and God Himself shall wipe away all tears. The great point of anticipation is, we shall see our precious Jesus face to face, and ever more be drinking in bliss from His lovely, life-renewing countenance. Even now in the desert He is our refuge and strength, and very present help in time of trouble. Sometimes the heart is overwhelmed within me, but then I am led to the rock that is higher than I. And O what a safe covert, what a blessed hiding-place is He! He is known in her palaces for a refuge. He is the Man that stood in the gap, and on Him was poured out the indignation against our sin. In Ezekiel **xx.** 30—1, there was no man found to stand in the gap, and therefore the judgment fell upon the guilty; for our God is righteous that taketh vengeance, and He will by no means clear the guilty. Most precious did my glorious Surety show Himself through that lattice to my soul, as standing in the gap for me, and enduring all the fiery punishment, being taken and dealt with as the guilty party. Thus He was not cleared till every stripe had been inflicted, and every farthing paid. He the holy Jesus was made a curse that I the guilty Barabbas might be released; for judgement must fall upon one of the twain. He was taken under my guilt, I was released in His innocence; and in Him am most completely and honourably justified. Praises for ever to His precious name! I see it is thus He is our covert, having Himself borne the horrible storm and tempest. It now cannot reach us; for we are safely hidden in the cleft of this precious living rock, in which we have living bread, and from which flow living streams to refresh us when faint and weary in the wilderness. Again spring up, O living well, and we will sing unto thee! In thee are all our springs, and thou art all our joy. Cisterns must break, creatures must fail, the grass must wither, and the flower thereof fade; all beside thee must be proved a very vanity; but thou art the same, thy years fail not, and thy love knows no fluctuation; and thine own word is, "Continue ye in my love." So be it experimentally unto me a feeble worm, while my heart sings, and my lips re-echo, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

" Worthy to sit enthroned above,
Worthy of all our praise and love:
Worthy for ever there to reign,
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain."

Dearly beloved in our changeless Friend, as we have commenced another year, we may well set up a new Ebenezer in His name who has helped us hitherto. Very eventful to me was the last;

for at its commencement I seemed near home ; but since then deep have been the waters and sharp the trials, but rich the consolations, and sweet the Paschal Lamb, though with bitter herbs it has been eaten. At times the Word with power has been "Stand still," just when to my feelings I ought to move. At other times the same well known voice has said "Go forward," just when it looked to me that I should be still. But my blessed Guide knew what He was doing, and foolish and willful as I have often been, I must say to His praise, "He hath done all things well." "The ways of the Lord are right ways;" but they are as much above my ways as the heavens are higher than the earth.

All praise for the past; yea, and for the future too; for however dark may be the lines to the eye of sense, all will be in covenant love; and these deep waters will flow sure, and never fail, however low may run the outward stream. Many of the royal seed have proved that earthly store bred worms, took rust, and made wings, and fled away to other hands; but their treasure remained the same, and they could still rejoice in their better and enduring substance. "Happy art thou, O Israel (whatever be thy outward condition), who is like unto thee, O people, saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thine excellency, and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places." O, the wonders that unworthy I should be one of this favored people, and inherit the lot of love through all the changing scenes of the wilderness! I would praise my King and my God, and trust Him without a waver as you seem to do; but, alas!

"Whene'er my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner still;"

yet through all He abideth faithful. Hence, one of my wilderness songs is, "He restoreth my soul." Truly He is the Rock of my heart, and my portion for ever. The heart of David is sometimes moved as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind; but still covenant securities remain unshaken; and however shaken in we cannot be shaken out of them. Yours in our best Beloved,

RUTH.

GLORIOUS TRUTHS FOR LIVING CHILDREN.

My Brother in union with Him, Jesus the Son of God, the "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is (mark), and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty," our Brother, the seed of the woman, the Son of the virgin, whose name

is Holy, and who is Emmanuel (or God) with us; and the mercy is for the family of God, as he hath said, for their comfort, "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;" and the Holy Ghost saith, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight; these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Again the Holy Ghost saith, for the comfort of His family, "Thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God: thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken, neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hphzibah, and thy land Beulah; for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married." This marriage union between Jesus Christ and His Bride was all settled in covenant love from everlasting, as the Holy Ghost saith by Micah: "But thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He (Jesus) come forth unto me (the God of Israel), that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings have been of old, from everlasting." Our dear Jesus tells us Himself of goings forth in covenant love from everlasting, as the head and Husband of His people, his espoused Bride: "The Lord (saith our Jesus) possessed me, in the beginning of His way, before His works of old; I was set up (the wisdom of God in a mystery) from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was; when there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water, before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth, while as yet He had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world; when He (God) prepared the heavens I was there; when He set a compass upon the face of the depth: when He established the clouds above; when He strengthened the fountains of the deep; when He gave to the sea his decree, that the waters should not pass His commandment; when He appointed the foundations of the earth, then (mark) I was by Him, as one brought up with Him, and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before him (our God and Father), rejoicing in the habitable part of His earth (the Church), and my delights were (not shall be) with the sons of men. Now, therefore, hearken unto me, O ye children: for blessed are they that keep my ways; hear instruction and be wise." What a mercy to have an ear to hear the voice of wisdom (Jesus), "who is made of God unto us (poor fools) wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, that according as it is written, he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord." "Blessed (saith Jesus) is the man (not blessed shall be the man) that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors: for whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall

obtain favour of the Lord." But on the other hand He saith, "But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul; all that hate me love death;" and hence it is that the Holy Ghost saith for the comfort of His family, while here in this world of sin and death, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God; set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth: for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God; when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him (and be like Him) in Glory." The Church, the body of Christ, the beloved family of God, eternally appeared with Christ in Glory, and the mercy is for them, that they ever will appear with Him (Christ) in Glory; for neither sin nor the author of it, that is, the devil, can ever make any change in or alter the standing of the family of God, the subjects of their Father's love in Jesus Christ; and the Holy Ghost saith that they are sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called. Again the Holy Ghost saith, by Paul, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, according as He (God our Father) hath chosen us, in Christ, before the world began, that we should be Holy and without blame before Him (God our Father) in love." Here the family of God have their sure dwelling, as the Holy Ghost saith by John, "God is love, and He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." "There is none like the God of Jeshurun," saith the Holy Ghost by Moses, "who rideth upon the heavens in thy help, and in His excellency on the sky: the Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms; and He shall thrust out the enemy before thee, and shall destroy them. Israel then shall dwell in safety alone, the fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine, also His heavens shall drop down dew. Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency, and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places." It was eternally settled by Jehovah in counsel of old, from everlasting, that His beloved ones, who were taken captive by the devil at his will, should be delivered from the captivity of sin and death, and translated into the kingdom of His (God our Father's) dear Son. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Brother, the Word made flesh, had covenanted with the Father and the Holy Ghost that He would come down into this world and destroy the works of the devil for His brethren, as the Holy Ghost saith by John, "He that committeth sin is the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning: for this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works

of the devil." The Holy Ghost is very blessed by Paul, and saith, "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He (Jesus the Word made flesh) also Himself took part of the same, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." What a mercy for the family of God, that although they are subject to bondage, yet they are not subjects of bondage; for their glorious Jesus hath made them free from the bondage of sin, corruption, and death, and the Holy Ghost translates them into his kingdom, where He reigns King, and where princes shall rule in judgment, and a man (the Man of sorrows) shall be as an hiding-place from the wind (of God's fiery wrath against sin), and a covert from the tempest (of destruction), as rivers of water in a dry place (take notice), as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Our Jesus, King in Zion, invites His family who are weary with the world of sin and misery from day to day, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Yes, the yoke of Jesus is easy, and His burden is light, and every child of God, taught by God the Spirit, is brought to know and to realize the truth of it in their own soul, with Paul, "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty (saith Paul) wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." Our glorious Christ hath delivered his family from the bondage of sin and death, and made them free from the law of sin, and so "there is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit (take notice); for the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death; for what the law could not do, being weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh (not sinful flesh), and for sin condemned sin in the flesh (of His body, the Church), that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled (by us? No.) in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Therefore the Holy Ghost saith, "To be carnally minded is death (and the living children of God know it), but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." The Holy Ghost is very precious by Paul to the Church of God at Rome. "Now (saith Paul) the God of hope fill you with all joy, and peace (not by, but) in believing, that ye may abound in hope, by the power of the Holy Ghost." Our God in covenant, for the comfort of His family, saith that when God made promise to Abraham, because He could swear by no greater, He swore by Himself, saying, surely (mark) blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee: "and so, after

he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise. For men verily swear by the greater, and an oath for confirmation is to them an end of all strife, wherein (take notice) God willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of His counsel, confirmed it by an oath, that by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us, which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast (no foundering of the vessel of mercy with this anchor Christ in you, the hope of Glory), which entereth into that within the veil (God Himself), whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an High Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec."—Adieu for the present,

J. TARRING.

THE GLORIFIED THROG.

On Zion's glorious summit stood
A num'rous host, redeem'd by blood :
They hymn'd their King in strains divine,
I heard the song, and strove to join.

Here all who suffer'd sword or flame,
For truth, or Jesu's lovely name,
Shout victory now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.

While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast their soul ;
And scenes of bliss, for ever new,
Rise in succession to their view.

Here Mary and Manasseh view,
The dying thief, and Abraham too ;
With equal love their spirits flame,
The same their joy, their song the same.

O, sweet employ to sing and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace:
And spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity !

O, what a sweet, exalted song,
When ev'ry tribe and ev'ry tongue,
Redeem'd by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there.

GROUNDLESS FEARS.

Why, drooping saint, dismay'd ?
Doth sorrow press thee down ?
Hath God refused to give thee aid,
Or does He seem to frown ?

What groundless fears are these,
That make thee mourning go ?
Here's precious blood and promises,
And full salvation too.

In darkness or distress,
His love's the same to thee ;
Without declension, more or less,
Immutable and free.

Should guilt disturb thy peace,
Or Satan harass thee,
Behold the Saviour's righteousness,
That sets the guilty free.

Though He afflicts thy mind,
'Tis not that He'll destroy ;
Eternal wisdom ne'er designed
To give thee always joy.

Your days of trial then
Are all ordain'd by heav'n ;
If He appoints their number ten,
You ne'er shall have eleven.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. IX.

DECEMBER, 1866.

No. 99.

PRAYER AND SERMON OF MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

DELIVERED AFTER HIS PARTIAL RECOVERY FROM A SEVERE ILLNESS.

MOST kind, gracious, and indulgent Lord our God, the faithful God, Thou hast made us witnesses of Thy truth, that Thou keepest covenant and mercy with them that love Thee; and with our heart, whilst we bow before Thee in the dust of our nothingness, we can freely declare before Thee, that it is of Thy mercies we are not consumed; and because thou changeest not, we are before Thee again in this Thine house of prayer, the same poor, needy, helpless, and empty sinners that Thou hast brought together many times before; and still find the blessedness and truth of Thy Word—"Without me ye can do nothing." But is it not our mercy also, most gracious God our Lord, that we are exactly fit for Thee, and suitable to Thee? Whatever may be going on, there can be nothing wrong, and nothing can unfit us for Thee; therefore will it not be for Thine honour and glory to come forth in Thy wonted loving kindness and tender mercy in the fulfilment of Thy Word, in glorifying Thyself, in magnifying Thy mercy, and in extending mercy unto us: not only to teach us how to pray, and what to pray for; but to supply all our need according to Thy riches in glory by Christ Jesus? Thou hast said, "In all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee." Men may inscribe it on places, and they may record it in places, and may talk about it; but it is Thy almighty *record*, and the blessedness of the same by demonstration, that our souls are longing after again at this time: and being fully persuaded that we cannot ask too much of Thee, we desire in holy freedom, as Thy children, by the Spirit of adoption, to cry, "Abba, Father," in the name of Thy beloved

Son; in whom Thy soul delighteth, to ask of Thee for a Father's blessing, and for a child's portion. Thou art, precious Lord Jesus, the bread of life; Thou hast said, "He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me." May we know, precious Lord Jesus, by the demonstration of Thy Spirit, what it is to eat of that bread of life, and what it is to drink of the streams of that river that maketh glad the city of God; "that we may eat and drink and be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house." Yea, Lord, that our souls may delight in fatness, and so sit before Thee as little children, in the simplicity of our hearts, and receive the words from Thy mouth.

Precious Lord, do Thou increase our faith in Thee, and do Thou help us at all times, believing in Thee, whatever may be passing or repassing, whether in the furnace, whether in the flood, whether in darkness, or in the midst of crooked things, that Thy love to us and Thy delight in us is such, that to us and for us Thou art ever fulfilling Thy Word, watering us every moment. O how very precious it is, Lord; and we would bless and praise Thee for it; that nothing can injure Thy Church, nothing can be an evil to Thy children; for Thou hast not only said, "I will preserve you from all evil;" but Thou hast said, "There shall no evil befall thee:" and Thou hast also said, "I will surely do Thee good:" and we believe it, Lord; for everything is good to Thy children, and how can it be otherwise, Lord, whether it is life, or death, or any other thing? Therefore how sweet, by the demonstration of it, by making us witnesses of Thy Word, according to Thy mind and will, we can in oneness of heart, in the unity of the Spirit, and in the bond of peace, declare before Thee, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose." As Thou art interested in every one of Thine before Thee, may we be so taken up in heart and mind with that mercy in its unchanging nature whilst we are before Thee, that we may even lose sight and sense of our interest in Thee, and have the heart, mind, thoughts, and affections taken up with Thy interest in us. Do Thou enlarge our hearts and minds to take in a little of the fulness of Thy Word concerning us, being joined to Thee and one Spirit. Thou hast said, "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye." There is another mercy, Lord, we would have an understanding of, and that is, we neither live for ourselves, nor die for ourselves; so that "whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; therefore whether living or dying we are the Lord's." O let this reign predominant in our hearts and minds, amidst all the things Thou hast fixed for us, even afflictions and chequered scenes, that our mind may be stayed on Thee, that the peace of God may rule in our hearts, and the Word of Christ may dwell in us richly. It hath

cheered Thy servant many times since Thou hast laid him down in a little affliction; that is, the assurance of the truth of it, "Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever;" and according to Thy will and mercy we are before Thee in Thy house of prayer, and Thou knowest there has been a word uppermost in the mind this morning, which Thy servant asks to be manifested—"Out of weakness made strong;" so that Thy strength, Thy mercy, Thy love, Thy goodness, and Thy truth may be made manifest in each of our hearts; so that Thou wilt give him strength and ability, the articulation of the tongue, and the opening of the mouth to speak a few words to Thy children, according to Thy truth. Give him, Lord, what to say and whereof to affirm; be Thou honoured, be Thou glorified, be Thou exalted, and be Thou extolled, and do Thou make it a time of refreshing from Thy dear presence. We pray Thee, to hide pride from us; we pray Thee, to keep Satan at a distance from tempting us, molesting and disturbing us. Do Thou give the hearing ear and the open heart; and do Thou make a dear communication of Thine own Word to comfort each of Thy children, that the joy of the Lord may be our strength, and that Jesus and salvation may be increasingly precious. There are a few words, Lord, in thy book which are precious and unalterable, and the desire of our hearts is that we may have an understanding of them: "Ye must be born again;" and "Christ is all and in all." Make them sweet, precious, salutary, comforting, and edifying. May our heart and mind be so taken up with Jesus, that we may forget our weakness, emptiness, affliction, and chequered scenes; and do Thou so bless us, O Lord, for Thy great name's sake, that we may rejoice together in Thee. We would beseech of Thee, O Lord, to bless Thy own ministers, bless Thy own Church, and bless Thy own Word. Send Thy Zion prosperity, confirm the sinking knees, lift up the hands that hang down, lift upon us the light of Thy countenance, and make Thy children joyful in Thy house of prayer. We ask all blessings, Abba, Father, in holy freedom, as Thy children, at Thy heart and hand, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

THE SERMON.

"Sin-burden'd soul, with tempest toss'd,
Thy bark shall ev'ry storm outride;
Grace once receiv'd can ne'er be lost,
Nor hell from Christ thy soul divide."

And the Holy Ghost declares that "Nothing shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our

Lord." It is unspeakably precious to have the love of God shed abroad in the heart, but remember where our security and blessedness is, it is in Jesus Christ. There God our Father put us, and there Jesus keeps us, and because we are in Christ, we know Him; and how sweet the poet writes—

"Jesus, Thy Godhead, blood and name,
O, tis eternal life to know!"

It is right and proper for us to know our sinnership, and to feel our need daily; but the real happiness of a child of God, with the peace of God ruling in the heart, is in the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Eternal God, a receiving of Christ, being in Christ, living in Christ, and walking in Christ; and as the Holy Ghost confirms you in these glorious realities, and you can say with Paul, "I knew a Man in Christ," whatever may be going on outside Christ, hath nothing to do with you in Christ.

"Come," say some, "do not talk like that, you are getting on your high places again."

O no, I live there, in Christ, the High and Lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity. It is a mercy, and I do esteem it a peculiar blessing, that I have no one in heaven, no one on earth, but God the Father's All. I have thought that the work and ministry and testimony of the Holy Ghost is of that nature, that He will never let a quickened soul of His sit down satisfied in anything short of Christ; and as He opens to the heart, the fulness, preciousness, and suitability of Christ, He also confirms us by love, power, and unction, that "All are your's, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." You must bear patiently with me; for I find I shall not be able to get on fast; and I would observe, by the tender mercies of the Lord, and in His love both to you and me, He hath brought me nigh unto death since I last saw you. No doubt the enquiry will be,

"How was your mind?"

All right.

"But how was the state of your mind?"

Perfection.

"How is that?"

Because we have no mind, but the mind of Christ. What poor and vague expressions God's children use, making our remarks on things that are eternal and unchangeable, and talking of them as if they were like ourselves, changing every moment. I have found happiness, peace and tranquility, without the least disturbance; yea, I have been as happy in the Lord as I possibly can be on the earth; no doubts, no fears: bless the Lord, O my soul, nothing came between me and my precious Lord Jesus! So that come death, or life, it was all right. In that state the Lord hath kept

me from my leaving you until now, and here I am, through God's mercy, "In peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord." I have been aware for years that it does not depend upon me what I shall preach; but upon the work, power, and ministry of God the Eternal Spirit; and if He demonstrates in our heart what we read just now, "I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day," I believe come what may, if I am in Christ, which, bless God, I am, there is no sin, no devil, no death, nor anything can add one grain of anything to me, nor take anything from me; and I do love that expression, "Ye are complete in Him." A few minutes at times the Lord left me to consult with my feelings, and I felt what a poor and worse than broken reed I was, yet the thought was sweet, "I knew a Man in Christ." And again, "A new creature in Christ," and the sweet mercy, "Joined to the Lord and one Spirit," and "Christ is all and in all." What can we want or have more? Before I read you a text, I would thank you with all my heart for your kindness towards me, manifested in enquiries after me; and I have also to thank secret friends for communicating to my necessities, and as no doubt some of them are within the hearing of my voice, and as they have done it secretly, may God reward them openly. Then I desire to bless God with you as His Church for His tender mercy, and His boundless compassion to each of us, and for His goodness and mercy in restoring and bringing me here in this place, that I would sooner stand in as a beggar, than I would have a mitre or be a crowned head and know nothing of a precious Lord Jesus. The highest honour I aspire to is "Preaching peace by Jesus Christ, He is Lord of all." All fleshly honour, with the gratification of pride and vanity of the mind, will be of no avail when the Lord saith, "Come up higher." There is one word in God's Bible I am not exactly perfect in; and that is, "to be content with such things as ye have, (for there are many things I have, I should like to get rid of) for He hath said, I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." Do you believe it? "Ah," saith a poor soul, "I cannot help believing it." And neither can I; for we are believers in the Lord Jesus, and believers of the Word of God. And there is another mercy I would just hint at; for I know I have liberty to speak to my friends; that is, as the Lord leads us on day by day, to be living witnesses of His Word, not because it is written in the Bible, but because the Holy Spirit hath demonstrated it in our hearts and minds, and hath made us witnesses of the truth and blessedness of it, that He hath given us to know the truth, and the truth hath made us free.

I shall now read you the text, which the Holy Ghost has recorded, and it is a complete testimony concerning Jesus Christ.

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."—Jude 24—25. And what child of God can refrain from putting his hearty Amen to it, whether he is in the dark or in the light; whether in the fire or whether in the flood? And as we are enabled to put our Amen to it, it is more than assent or consent; and then how blessed, in the knowledge of the same; and the consideration of it, that Himself, Jesus the Son of God, is the Amen. I have often found, when looking at or when thinking of anything short of the person, fulness, and suitability of Christ, what a bewildered state I get into; but when He is the only object and subject, what an ocean of eternal fulness opens to the mind in the person of our most glorious Christ. If the prophets were now present, they would tell us that Christ was their object and subject. "For unto Him gave all the prophets witness." Go round about this land, and search out what are called places of worship, and hear preachers by the thousand, is it Christ? Nay, anything but Christ. You will get doctrine, you will get discipline, you will get church order, and many pretty things beside; but where will you find a man that stands before the people, with two words only for his subject from time to time; that is, "Jesus only?" Scarce no where. God having made us witnesses of His truth, we bless God for His Bible, and we love it; but the Lord has shut me up this last fortnight, that I have not been able to see to read; but there has been a secret correspondence kept up between God and the heart, and by it the Lord's Word has been fulfilled; that "when He the Comforter is come, He shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Therefore I have freely told my precious Lord, that although He has shut me up from reading His Word, yet He would enable me to speak to you if I was blind; and in that way the Lord hath brought me before you; for if my salvation depended upon reading a chapter to you, I could not do it. But our salvation is in Christ. What is salvation? Christ. How is salvation manifested? "Ye are saved in the Lord with an eternal salvation." These things are among some of the precious, glorious, dear, and unchanging mercies that have been very familiar with me in their blessedness, that the same Jesus, the same salvation, and the same dear and precious friend of publicans and sinners, would be the same to me in death as He is to me in life, and will be the same to all eternity. There is another mercy I would notice, and it is no small mercy to know, that as the members of Christ, we have nothing to do about living or dying, and we have nothing to do to make or mar our blessedness; it is all in Christ; and the Holy Ghost hath given us a word

or two, which endears God the Father's Christ to us—"There Jehovah commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." Then let us add another word, and it is most precious, "Because I live, ye shall live also." What can we have more? Nothing; for "Christ is all and in all." What poor, perplexed creatures we are, when it is Christ and self, self and Christ; how we then cut and contrive, and how we endeavour to perform what is called the practice of piety, and how diligent we are in what is called duty, until we are brought where the dear man was found, "Sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in His right mind." Let me add a remark more, and it is sweet and precious: A sister of our's was very diligent in what is called using the means; for she had spent all her living, and it is a sweet mercy when our's is all gone. "Ah," saith she, "if I may but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be made whole." She had a heart for Christ, and she had a mind for Christ. How was it with her? "The issue of blood was staunched, and she was made whole from that moment." May the Lord open this sweet subject: and He said, "Daughter, be of good cheer; thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace." Now, if we look at the epistle of Jude, and compare it with Paul's, Peter's, James', or John's, we find a consistency in their expressions, and we find one and the same subject in view; and if they had only written their epistles in the past week they could not have written more to the point, concerning things that are taking place in our day, than they have, although so many years since they wrote them. Solomon in his day said there was nothing new under the sun, yet what new doctrines, forms, shapes, patterns, &c. are brought forward and presented to the people by our knowing ministers who are enemies to God and Christ; but who are doing the work of the devil. Then what a mercy, though we have natural ears to hear their statements, and eyes to see their mode of performing their religious service, we have no heart to receive, and no mind to believe it; for having a new heart, and faith given unto us, we believe God's Word; and having the mind of Christ, nothing can contaminate it, and nothing of these things which are called "damnable heresies," can amalgamate with the pure hearts and minds of God's children. Beloved, we have not an apprehension yet of the fulness and greatness of God's mercy towards us, but being kept in the simplicity of our hearts, we are constrained to reject everything that God dislikes, and to love nothing but what God loves, and to receive nothing but what comes from God. Herein and hereby are distinguished the living children of God, from those in a state of nature, whose propensity is to drink in every damnable heresy; but what a mercy to be "kept by the power of God, and preserved in Christ Jesus!" Think over these truths; for we have no power

to keep ourselves or preserve ourselves; for even now, if not kept, we should try hard to run away from the Lord our God. Such is sinful flesh; anything but Christ; but for a believer, nothing but Christ. Let me make a remark here to some that have a heart full of longing desires, that sometimes think, "Well, it is near now, I shall soon be set at liberty, and I then shall walk in the full assurance of faith." Should a cloud seem to come and hide Him from sight, remember, it is as safe under the cloud as in the light of the sun. "But," say you, "I do not like it." Perhaps not; but you are to like what God the Father likes. Some of you may not be able to see anything on the right hand or on the left, you are cast down, and are meditating things against yourself, and wonder where the scene will end. But here is the mercy: "Lo, I am with you, even unto the end of the world!" This truth hath been very sweet to me during my illness: "Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire? True, O King; live for ever. I see four, and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." Mind, wherever you may be, as living children, and as living members, the living Head is with you. Some may be so hedged up, that you can see no way of deliverance; but thus it stands, "He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." You may be in something similar to Daniel in the lion's den; but he was God's Daniel there, as he was when under the King in command. Who was with Daniel? His God. Who is with you and me? The Lord our life and light, the Lord our righteousness. What said Daniel? "My God hath sent His angel and hath shut the lion's mouths, that they have not hurt me, forasmuch as before Him innocency was found in me." And if you have Christ in you the hope of glory, you have innocency in you. Let me say another word. Whatever Satan or your carnal mind may say against it, such and such only stand innocent before God with Christ, free from condemnation; "For who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?"

This apostle (Jude) addresses the Church as all the other apostles did; that is, in Christ, and their epistles are of that nature, that a person must be in Christ to have an understanding of them. You may have your Bibles engraved with your coat of arms in gold or silver; and once I thought a fine Bible was a necessary thing; therefore, with the few pence I could gather together (I had no bank to go to, only Huntingdon's "Bank of Faith," that is, in Christ,) I purchased a large Bible, I took it up in numbers, and had it bound very nicely, it looked very pretty to natural eyes, I tried to feed myself with the comments, and the more I tried to feed myself with them, the more I found leanness in myself, and strange as it may appear to some, yet the Lord put me completely out of love with THAT fine Bible. Therefore let me now have my little

Bible, or a Bible without notes and comments, and let God give me my eyesight again, I would sooner sit all day to read it, than I would have all the self-interpreting Bibles in the world, or all commentaries written upon it. Not that I despise such; for there are many that can walk with crutches that cannot walk alone. But to this sweet epistle of Jude, the brother of James, who spoke a word very true to the Lord Jesus after He had said, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" What fulness there is in that expression, and what blessedness that the Lord should constrain the man to ask the question, and that the Holy Ghost should record it and hand it down for our comfort; and it is so suitable to God's children in all ages, at all times, and in all circumstances; for the Lord will assuredly bring us to know our ignorance, and, in the knowledge of it, say, "how can we know the way?" and then also will be expressed, "Lord, teach me; Lord, direct me; Lord, guide me: Lord, uphold my goings in Thy path, and direct my steps." You thus see the fitness of a child of God in accordance with the Word of the Lord: for the blessedness of the opening of the heart of the Lord, when He saith, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." It is a great mercy to be divested of all self-sufficiency, and from all self-dependance, to be coming up from the wilderness leaning on Him the Beloved, finding His grace sufficient for me, and His strength made perfect in weakness. The Holy Ghost by Jude hath given us some very particular things, and they are especially addressed to the Church: "Sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called." That is the opening, then he comes to a dear testimony; but it is too low for the religionist of the day, because it is not fashionable. What is it? "The common salvation." Beloved, ponder over these sweet truths; for a knowledge of them is of more worth than heaven, and it is recorded that it was "the common people that heard Him gladly." Just look at a common sinner, worse than broken to pieces; yea, absolute nothingness, yet he has a common salvation, and that common salvation is God's salvation. I do not intend to say anything contrary to God's truth, sooner the Lord stop my tongue; but as it is a common salvation, it is so common and so low, that the rich, the opulent, the proud, and the Christ despiser, have no desire to bow before God, to receive God's common salvation; but if they can do anything that would recommend them, they are pleased; and if they suppose God accepts their acts

they then consider they have done their duty; but I never read in my Bible that ever God accepted the acts of any one but Christ; and He accepts the persons of all the elect in Christ Jesus.

I now desire to bless the Lord that He has enabled me to speak these few words, and I hope and trust the Lord will open more and more the hearts of the children to receive His Word, that we may live and walk in a growing familiarity with Jesus the Son of God. A few days more at least, or it may be only a few hours, this life will end with me; then, what a mercy, to be living daily ready to depart to be with Christ which is far better. Amen.

BELOVED SONS OF GOD.

“Beloved, now are we the sons of God.”

AND was there ever a time when we were not sons of God? Never. We were the sons of Him in eternity. We are the sons of God through time, and shall remain sons to an eternal day. Nothing can interfere with sonship; no one thing can destroy eternal relationship. Christ told His Father and our Father, His God and our God, in the 17th of John, that He was loved before the foundation of the world, and blessedly adds, “Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me.” This is an eternal stronghold for every living child, an everlasting foundation for each blood-bought son or daughter. Can we question the Father’s love to the Son of His love? Not for a moment. Why then should we ever doubt His love to us? If we are loved as Christ, blest as Christ, cared for as Christ, why should we for a moment be disquieted concerning our eternal safety and everlasting well-being? The love of the Father to His Son is the foundation of our hope, the staff of our mind, the stay of our soul, and the note of our song. Christ is loved. We are loved no less. Why? Because we belong to Christ. Christ is blest. We are blest no less. Why? Because we form the body of Christ. Christ appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and in Him is no sin. We are as free from sin as He is. Why? We are “the members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.” Christ our life died unto sin, Christ our life lives unto righteousness. What is the blessed effect? “Because I live, ye shall live also.” “Likewise reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ.” Christ did nothing without His Church. Indeed He cannot be named without His people being included; for

“Christ and His Church are one
In love's eternal tie :
The work for her is done,
Nor can she ever die :
He holds her up with arms of love,
And calls her His pure, spotless dove.”

“Beloved, now are we the sons of God.” We well know what it is to be a son of Adam, but we as yet know but little of our spiritual sonship. We bear the image of the earthy, as natural creatures, and mourn on account of our wretched deformity; and we bear the image of the heavenly as spiritual creatures, and rejoice on account of so blest a condition. But we know more of the earthly than the heavenly while in the time-state; and yet we can hear Him say, “Beloved, now are we the sons of God.” Suppose we look upon it as the language of Jesus the Son of God, speaking to His own brethren, how sweet and precious the consideration! He is the Son of God, we are no less the sons of God. He is the heir of God, we are no less heirs of God. He is the Beloved of God, we are equally loved of God. “Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me,” is the foundation upon which we build. This alone is our refuge and strength. No gates of hell can prevail against us here. Neither flood nor flame can move us here. Here we have solid footing. Here we have blessed standing. We may be termed presumptuous, but the Word of God and the witness of the blessed Spirit in our heart warrant the presumption, if it may be termed such. The 17th of John is quite enough for us if there were no other portions in God's Word. But we well know that the Scriptures abound with most precious portions to show how united are the children to their Parent, the members to their Head, the sheep to their Shepherd, the branches to their living Vine, and sinners to their glorious and precious Saviour. What the poet says is perfectly true:—

“What from Christ that soul shall sever,
Bound by everlasting bands !
Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus th' eternal covenant stands :
None shall pluck thee
From the Strength of Israel's hands.”

How many there are among the living children who do not know that they are “the sons of God.” How is this? The Spirit has not witnessed sonship in their heart. When He the Spirit of Truth is come, in the power and blessedness of adoption privileges, then these living members will be able to realize Christ their living Head; these living children will be able to say, with-

out the shadow of a doubt, "Abba, Father." But until then they cannot enter into the joy of their Lord, they cannot sit down with Christ in His Father's kingdom, they cannot eat, drink, and be merry. However, these are equally safe with the more advanced of the Lord's children. Just as secure are they, but they do not know it. In God's own time they shall; in His own time they must. How is this? "Because ye are sons, God hath sent for the Spirit of His Son into your heart, crying, Abba, Father." The Holy Ghost is not sent forth to make us sons, but is sent to simply make known the fact, declare the blessed reality. He is the Spirit of adoption by whom we are enabled to say, "My Lord and my God." He is the Spirit of truth by whom we realise the truth, love the truth, rejoice in the truth, and feel that we would rather part with our earthly all than give up one particle of truth. If He is the Spirit of truth, He must be the Spirit of Christ; for, says Christ, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." Therefore to have the Spirit of truth, is to have Christ: and to possess Christ, is to inherit substance; and all is shade beside. Hence we read, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." "Now the Lord is that Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." This honour have all the sons of God.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God." Yes, even now, though all time-things seem out of order. Though everything of an earthly nature seems all bustle and confusion, all stormy wind and tempest, all like the din of war and clash of arms. Christ said the foxes had holes, the birds of the air nests, but He had nowhere to lay His holy head. Do not the children in their measure tread in the self-same pathway? Are they not often like Noah's dove, without rest for the sole of their foot? They are crucified to the world, dead to sin, strangers and foreigners here; but alive unto God, and love to hold sweet communion and fellowship with the Man of Sorrows. They are not of the world, even as He was not of the world. They can join the poet in singing:—

"There's nothing here deserves my joy,
There's nothing like my God."

Sometimes these sons of God, these heirs of bliss, these blood-bought children, seek rest outside the Ark; but they find nothing but angry waters there, nothing but trouble and confusion there. Indeed they prove that the Canaanites are still in the land. The Lord could drive them all out if His will, disperse the whole band if His blessed pleasure; but He sees fit and sees it good to let them remain. Hence He says, "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." And though the thorns of the wilderness

surround her, and the briars scratch her, yet she is still His love, His dove, and undefiled. She loses nothing but odour and fragrance by her close proximity to the thorns and briars. This her Beloved feeds upon. Every sigh and cry arising from the Bride is like so much fragrance to the Bridegroom. It all bespeaks union, it proves relationship. She finds that she cannot do without her Lord; and He intends that she should not. When all is calm and quiet, Christ may sleep in the ship's hold, but when the storm arises, by reason of a great wind that blows, then it is, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" We live independently as much as possible; but the Lord will have us bankrupts—nay, paupers. Child of God, is this the truth? or is it a vision out of our own heart? Do you not manage as well as you can? do you not go on as long as you can, without going to the Lord, without looking to the Lord? Come, now, are we not near the mark here? Hence, are not the trials, the losses, the crosses, and daily besetments, dealt out to you in weight and measure by your best Friend? Are they not most needful for you? Could you go on without them? We think not. The Lord well knows where to raise an enemy, and He equally knows where to send a friend. Our blessed Jesus did not travel far without meeting foes as thick as leaves in Autumn. Shall we expect to pass on without coming in contact with a few? Are they not called happy who endure? Are we not told to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ?" Shall we marvel, need we be surprised, when we meet with opposition? Is not the trial of our faith precious? Can the fires be heated and Jesus not know all about it? Can the lion roar for his prey, can the dog bark at the sheep, or can the enemy come in like a flood, and the Lord be indifferent? Child of God, will the Lord allow you to be oppressed, driven, and tossed about, and not appear to the rescue? Certainly not. Is it not true that

"When the heart is torn and rent,
The troubles are by Jesus sent?"

Why does He send them? Need we answer this question? Will not every child of God answer, Because I cannot do without them? Flesh and blood would do without them. But the Lord never studies the wishes of our old nature; does not undertake to please old Adam. At all times He seeks His own glory and His child's good. Shall we wish Him to swerve from this rule? Do we want Him to alter His all-wise and all-loving arrangements? In looking back at the past, have we not had repeated cause to bless Him for doing that which seemed good in His sight? Indeed we have. Has He ever upset one of our fleshly schemes too many?

Not He. Has He taken away one thing that would have been better retained? Can we not heartily sing,

"I know in all that has befall,
My Jesus has done all things well."

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God;" therefore never mind the few troubles of the wilderness; be not discouraged by reason of the roughness of the way. Cheer up; for all roughness, darkness, sorrow, sighing, and crying, shall soon be done away. All shall be left finally behind. There will be no night there, no tempting devil there, no lying tongue there, and no lion shall be found there; for

"A few more days and we shall rise
To take our portion in the skies,
And sing, without a throbbing breast,
All things were ordered for the best."

We sometimes long for the hallowed moment; look forward with joy to the blessed time; when it will be "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." We shall then know in its fulness the blessedness wrapt in these glorious words, "The Lord shall be thine everlasting Light, thy God, and thy Glory." But, beloved, even now are we the sons of God; therefore have good cause to lift up our head with joy. How many thousands and tens of thousands of Adam's sons and daughters are living without hope and without God in the world, and why not you and I? Say, why not you and I? Beloved, farewell,

· EDITOR.

Plymouth, Sunday, 14th October, 1866.

A FAITHFUL EPISTLE TO A DYING MAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken in addressing a line to you. Yesterday, Mrs. B——, with grief, told me of your illness, and of your dissolution, to all appearance, being at hand. From the knowledge I have of you, from past kindness to me, and remembering our once speaking a few words together upon the best things, I felt in my heart sympathy towards you. I do hope, my dear sir, that you know the Lord Jesus, my great Master, he having first known you; I do hope you love the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, he having first loved you. I trust you have received the sentence of death in yourself, that you should not trust in yourself, but in the living God. What a mercy it is to be saved from all fleshly dependances, from trusting to mere

empty forms, and to have all false refuges of lies swept away ! O the blessedness of being founded on the rock of eternal ages ; to have the witness within, that we have been stripped by the law, and clothed by the gospel ! We must be taught by the Holy Spirit to look to Jesus for everything, and then He will be precious to our souls : in a word, we must be nothing at all, and then Jesus Christ will be to us all in all. Bless His holy name, He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. They that hope in His mercy shall prove that He is plenteous in redemption ; they that earnestly seek pardon, justification, and sanctification, through His atoning blood, shall never be put to shame ; and they that depend entirely on saving grace, shall prove that the everlasting arms are underneath them, and that the eternal God is their refuge. What a mercy if you can say,

“ Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.”

To human appearance family bonds and fraternal ties will soon be snapped asunder ; and the spirit must appear before Jehovah's awful throne. But what a happy change, if my dear friend is about to sleep in Jesus ! It shall be well with thy precious soul ; it shall also be well with thy sorrowing partner, and it shall be well with thy offspring ; for these shall never want for a kind Providence to watch over them. You may confidently leave them in the kind hands of your heavenly Father ; and while glancing, by the eye of faith, at the happiness which awaits you, you may even say in the arms of death,

“ There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.”

May the God of all grace comfort you, give you clear views of your interest in all that Jesus has done, and make you “ meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.” And O may temporal and spiritual blessings descend from God upon all that are near and dear to you by the tender ties of nature. My earnest prayer is, that light, joy, and peace may now burst in upon your soul, and that the glories of the Lamb may overwhelm you in holy extacy. I fancy I can see the poor tabernacle almost imperceptibly withering away ; and also that I hear my respected friend saying,

“ A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul.”

Bear with me another minute, my friend. Is thy soul really safe ? Art thou clinging to a precious Christ, and entirely looking to Him to fit and prepare thee for thy future state ? I will not ask

thee in the delusive language of some, "Hast thou made thy peace with God?" but, I will ask thee if Jesus has made thy peace? for "He is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us." If you are resting upon anything of your own, I tell you honestly, as a servant of Jesus Christ, that you will not be able to look my Lord and Master in the face either with the least confidence or joy; but if you loathe yourself, your good works, and bad works, and will have nothing short of Jesus in His fulness and completeness, then you shall reign with Him in His presence where there is fulness of joy; and dwell at His right hand where there are pleasures for evermore. May grace, mercy, and peace, be with you, and all that pertain to you. So prays a hell-deserving sinner, and one of the unworthiest of the servants of Jesus Christ,

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

TO MIRIAM.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—You have left your album, requesting me to write a few lines in it; what shall I write? I fain would write some very consoling truth to you, suggest some sweet and cheering thought; for indeed your pathway of late has not been strewn with flowers of pleasant odors, there have been but few sounds of sweet music and the cheer of youth. No bells have rung in for you the happy dance of matrimonial bliss; as yet no bride and bridegroom tripping through fields of living green; and scaling hand in hand the mountain path strewn with wild flowers and rippling streams,

"Where the forest's warbler chants his lay,
And the eagle's shriek bespeaks his chase for prey:
As yet no linking heart to heart in bonds of love,
And looking through the future as some sweet flowery grove."

But cheer up, my young maiden friend, all these things are only sublunary, transient: yes, very evanessant, like fleeting shadows, when touched by mortal hand, seem to have no substance. Our whole life, however joyous, is but as a tale that is told; aye, even but as a vapour that appeareth for a moment, then vanisheth away for ever.

Amidst such a changing, dying world, where shall the spirit rest? In precious Jesus!

In Him who hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. In Him who says, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

In Him who counted His life not dear unto Himself, but freely gave it up for His people. In Him who magnified the law and made it honourable, and went to the end of it for righteousness sake. In Him who suffered the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God. In Him the beloved in whom we are accepted. In Him in whom we have no spot, wrinkle, or any such thing. In Him in whom we stand complete, lacking nothing. In Him by whom we have access by one Spirit unto the Father. In Him who is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. In Him in whom there is no condemnation. In Him who declares Himself to be the Way, the Truth, and Life.

Yes, my dear young friend, I recommend this glorious God-Man, Christ Jesus, to you; for He is a most precious Husband, Brother, Friend, and all that such an one as you and I can possibly need in time and throughout Eternity; for possessing Him we all possess; we walk with Him in white, in that wedding garment which gives us right to sit at the marriage feast. Fear not, then, the dissolving of your earthly house; for we have a building of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where our everlasting song shall be, Jesus is mine, and I am His!

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauties are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through Thee absolv'd I am
From sin, and fear, from guilt, and shame

This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
'Tis everlasting, ever new."

Then how good it is to be lost in Him! We are nothing, He is the first and last, and all in all to the soul, so that we know when He, who is our Life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in Glory, where sorrow, pain, and death are done away, where the inhabitants never say they are sick.

Yours in Him,

E. WALKER,

Fulton Street, New York.

THE WAY HE HATH LED ME.

(Continued from page 18.)

Our chapel being much out of repair, it was suggested by the friends that it be closed for a fortnight or three weeks for the purpose of repairing. A meeting respecting it was held one week night after the service, when it was decided by those present that it be painted,

cleaned, &c. This meeting was limited to a few of those friends who were in a position to do something considerable towards the expense. A friend being there who was a builder, he was asked what he thought the expense would be, when he told them that he thought about £30. He, with each of the others, with one exception, put down his name for £5. This exception was a man who was first and foremost with his tongue, but he could use his tongue better than his hand. When the others had given down their names, he confusedly excused himself by saying that he would consult with his wife. The result was that he gave *nothing*: and yet to hear him talk about a precious Jesus, you would have thought that he would have done anything within his power to further the preaching of His glorious Gospel. No matter when or where you met this man, it was always "bless His dear name, precious Lord Jesus;" but I have often questioned whether he ever knew experimentally the sweetness of the name of Jesus. In prayer, he was one of the most free and fluent I ever knew; but, alas! there are thousands who can chatter like parrots, and are ignorant of the name and fame of Jesus. At a collection, and we only had four in a year, he would ransack his pockets for a *four-penny piece*, when a poor widow woman who earned her livelihood and supported her family by hard work would give a *half crown*. This man lives in independent circumstances. So the reader will see that the rich are not always the greatest supporters of the cause of truth. We believe that Zion's best friends are found among the poor. Here and there we meet with an honorable exception; but they are few and far between. These rich professors think that they are most useful to the cause of truth, but I am too short-sighted to see it. It is true they are thought much more of by the people; but not by the parson, in my case. They think that if they give a shilling or two towards the support of truth, something very wonderful is done by them. They hope the Lord will appear, and enable the place to be carried on; but He must not insist upon doing it at their expense. No, no. They have Zion's welfare at heart, but they take good care to keep their money in their pocket. They love a precious Lord Jesus, and speak well of His dear name, but they would keep His servants as poor as Himself when He said, "Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." The Word of God says, and we are constrained to believe it, "The love of money is the root of all evil." Such characters believe it is a great virtue to keep the *dear pastor* poor; for it makes him preach better. Does it? It may in some cases, but it acts differently with me. My opinion is, that those who really love God's truth, will do all that in them lie to support it, and keep their minister comfortable.

This I have proved all through; and these very misers, or covetous professors, cannot conscientiously disprove what I say. They profess to love the Lord Jesus very much, but I have lived long enough to prove that they love their gold infinitely more. "How hardly," says the man of sorrows, "shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God?" I once very much offended one of these rich professors, and have no doubt I shall now offend a few more in relating the circumstance. It was collection Sunday, and I was speaking of how much more the poor contributed to the cause of truth than those who were in affluent circumstances, naming as an instance the poor widow who would give her half-a-crown to the rich professor's fourpenny piece. I little thought that I was doing myself an injury; but it appears that I was; for there was a friend (?) who was well to do in the things of this life who intended to give a sovereign, but was so annoyed with my remarks, that he gave only a shilling: and he was very proud of what he did; for to my certain knowledge he told several of his worthy deed. "Verily they have their reward."

Like all old buildings, the chapel was found to require a much greater outlay than was first thought necessary; so that instead of thirty pounds, it cost between ninety and a hundred. The friends subscribed about half of the amount, and the other part I had to pay myself. Legally, no demand could have been made upon me, because I had nothing at all to do with the matter; but the friend who did the work was very kind in waiting until the Lord enabled me to pay. I do not here insinuate that the chapel could have been done up cheaper; for I think it was done most reasonably. But those who ordered it to be done, ought to have seen all the expences paid, and they would have spared me many a sigh and cry under my burden. However, the Lord was very good, and His arm did not fail, though the creature's gave way. He sent the money in His own way, after keeping me waiting about two years. I have no reason to find fault with the Lord; for I always found Him a real Friend when I had no other. He never failed me, and I am not now disposed to think that He ever will.

We were all very much pleased with the chapel after it was done, and often found it a very precious spot to our souls. The Lord was there, and that was enough. We had nothing exciting to keep the people together. There were no lectures, tea-meetings, church meetings, or dissolving views, to please flesh and blood professors. There was living food for living children. There was the glorious Gospel of the blessed God without money and without price: and we could say,

" 'Tis milk, and 'tis honey, 'tis oil, and 'tis wine,
'Tis food all immortal, 'tis food all divine."

Freely we had received at the hands of our sovereign God, and we freely gave to those who had hungry souls to feed. The "Witness" was well circulated among us, and most of the friends took from three to a dozen copies each every month to spread among their friends. This was a great help to me. One man who was a bosom friend of the late noted prize fighter, Tom Sayers, but who professed to be called under our ministry, succeeded in selling from 150 to 200 copies monthly. We do not say that he was not called by grace, but subsequent circumstances have made us question it. We only hope that he is a child of God. The Lord used him to circulate our periodical in a special way. If a few would do half what this man did for the "Witness," it would pay us a good profit for our labour. But there are but few who care for the things brought forth in it monthly; for free grace professors generally do all that in them lie to suppress its sale instead of increase its circulation. They are continually finding some "*damnable error*" held by us in its pages which they are very assiduous in drawing the attention of our friends to; but we are only treading the footsteps of our blessed Lord. They tried to catch Him in His speech, but He always foiled them; and He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." I leave them in His hands, and I have no doubt that He well knows how to manage them. Christ tells us that offences must come, and He adds the "*Woe be*" to those by whom they come. If we think to go on without meeting with interruption we shall be much mistaken. If we expect universal admiration, we shall much deceive ourselves. It is enough for the servant to be as His Master. If they called Him Beelzebub, we must not count it strange to be called by the same infernal name. The world loves its own. Empty professors belong to the world; hence they hate God's truth, and God's truth-loving children must expect more frowns than smiles, more hatred than love, more blame than praise, from all such. If Christ be followed, the Cross must be carried. If Christ be loved, the flesh must be crucified: and as it was with Christ, so it is with us, it is not professed enemies who oppose, malign, and slander; but those who professedly belong to the same family, love the same glorious truth, build on the same solid rock, hope in the same blessed free grace salvation. These are the characters who prove themselves Zion's worst foes, God's children's greatest enemies. A friend's garb they wear, but an enemy's heart they possess. A brother's tongue they use for a while, but subsequently display the serpent's sting. Their words for a time are softer than oil and sweeter than honey, but by and bye are superseded by drawn swords.

Never mind, ye children of God, they have their reward, and you have yours. They are rewarded according to their works, and

you are rewarded according to Christ's. Had you your desires, you would share no better fate than do they; therefore there is no room for creature glorifying, but much cause to bless and praise the Lord that

"Thou art all of sovereign grace that yet
Do not at others do."

One of the most blessed instances of the Lord's carrying home with power His own Word among us I will now relate. One Sunday morning, about 2 o'clock, I was awake with the following portion: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" I told my wife that the Lord had given me a word to preach from for some one. I felt as assured of taking the portion for my text, and of it being blest to a child of God, as of my own existence. I preached from the portion in the morning with great sweetness and blessedness, and felt confirmed that it was a special sermon for some one. In the evening a man came up to me as I was, with my wife, leaving the chapel, and sweetly testified of the Lord specially blessing the Word to his soul in the morning. He came nearly 200 miles to hear that sermon, and assured me that if I had been in his company as he travelled by rail the day before, and could have heard him pouring out his soul to the Lord, I could not have spoken more suitably. He said it appeared as though the Lord had told me all about him, and He carried the Word home with such almighty power, that he was lost in wonder, love, and praise. I felt a sweet union of soul to him, which I believe no natural death will dissolve. Little did I think then, and little did he imagine then, what a short time would disclose. In the prime of life, in the full bloom of health, a thought was not entertained that he was so soon to succumb to the cold embrace of death. But so it was. The last time but one I saw him at the chapel he came in the vestry just to say how happy he felt under the Word that night, and left a parcel in my hand, which on opening I found to contain *five sovereigns*. This was an expression of his love to me as a servant of God by whom he had received the Word with power. He needed none to tell him what he *ought* to do for the cause of truth; for love constrained him to be liberal.

The next and last time he heard me he was blest to that degree that he knew not whether in the body or out; and I shall never forget the text and sermon to the day of my death. If ever the Gospel was preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, it was on that memorable occasion. The words of the text were these: "All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee?" In a day or two I received a note to call and see the dear man upon

the bed of affliction, which proved his death bed in about a week. Never can I forget entering the room. I could hardly believe that the wreck which I saw before me was the man of whose life one would almost take a lease but a day or two before. He had suffered extremely in his body, and the day before he was tempted by the great adversary almost to his wits end. But when I entered the room his countenance lit up and beamed with holy delight. He grasped me by the hand, and the blessing that poured from his lips broke me down at the feet of our precious Lord. He preached most gloriously from the sermon that he had heard on the Sunday. He went on to show how the Lord had blest the Word to his soul, and how he was ready and willing to depart and be with Christ which was far better. His pain of body was forgotten, his natural weakness and exhaustion were lost sight of, while his mouth was opened to show forth the praises of Him who had called him out of darkness into His marvellous light. He did indeed speak sweetly of the glory of His kingdom, and blessedly talk of His power. The love of Christ constrained him to utter forth the memory of His great goodness and testify of His faithfulness. Instead of finding it the house of mourning, it was the house of rejoicing. He could and did sing aloud upon his bed of the triumphs of His God, of the victories of His precious Lord. Great cause indeed had he, as an inhabitant of the rock, to sing and shout from the top of the mountains. He found himself the dove in the cleft of the rock, sweetly hid in the secret of the stairs. There was no occasion for me to offer him consolation upon his dying bed; for he was full as immortal soul could be of the love of Christ, of the joy of the Lord, of the peace of God. His peace flowed as a river, and his righteousness covered him as the waves of the sea. The joy of the Lord was his strength, and with joy he could draw water out of the wells of salvation; for Christ was in him a well of living water, springing up into everlasting life. He needed none to tell him to praise the Lord, to give Him the glory due unto His name; for his heart was full of love, and love makes everything right; and causes the soul to sing aloud of His mercy. It was good to be there, and I should like to witness just such another dissolving view. Indeed it was a dissolving view, one that time and old age will fail to erase from the mind.

It is cheering to a servant of God, amid all the discouragements of the way, to now and then receive living testimonies of the Word being blest to the Lord's children. It makes up for all the hatred and bitter enmity that they have to endure from false friends and sworn enemies. Among the many who profess to hear the Word with power, it is sweet to now and then meet with those who really

possess the Word with power. Among the much false fire, it is encouraging to here and there meet with a flame of real fire. The Lord increase the latter, and diminish the former, if His blessed pleasure.

Other proofs I could give of the Holy Ghost putting the broad seal of heaven upon my ministry were it needful: but I have a greater witness still of being sent of God with His Word in my heart, as well as on my tongue; and that is, "the witness within." The witness of man is great, but the witness of God is greater. Last Sunday week I had a special proof of the Lord being with me. As the congregation were singing the last verse previous to reading the text, I felt that I should have nothing to say to the people. So dead and dark did I feel, that it seemed impossible to preach. It was no consolation to the mind to see a large congregation assembled to hear the Words of this life; for the Word of God was sealed, the heart was shut up, and the mind was dark. Presently the Word came so sweetly and so timely—"I will be with thy mouth." It was enough. I could then preach out my heart and soul to the people. The Lord was with me in speaking, and with His children in hearing, and it was good to be there. I needed no one to say that the Lord had sent me to preach, for I felt the holy anointing in my own soul. The unction from the Holy One caused me to have all and abound.

(To be continued.)

"NEVER MAN SPAKE LIKE THIS MAN."

SUCH was the reply of the officers who were sent to take Jesus to the chief priests and Pharisees. And such is the language of every heaven-born, spirit-taught child of God. "Marvel not," saith Jesus, "the hour cometh; yea, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live. My sheep hear my voice, and they follow me." It is a precious, unalterable truth, that the soul that has once heard the voice of Jesus is passed from death unto life, and shall never come into condemnation. O what majesty, what power, and what sweetness is there in His voice, when He speaks pardon to the guilty, self-condemned sinner! What power there was in His voice when He spake a dead Lazarus into life; for "he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot." "Loose him," saith Jesus, "and let him go." It matters not how fast a poor sinner may be bound with the

chain of sin: it matters not how low he may have sunk into the pit of corruption; or into what a state of degradation he may be in by nature, if Jesus speaks: "Loose him, and let him go," that soul is free in a moment, and "if the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." "The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty; the voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon." Yes, bless His dear name; whether it be a poor sinner wallowing in his sins, or a tall, proud, religious Pharisee, He can conquer all by the word of His power. His almighty Word went forth in creation, "Let there be light, and there was light: He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast." It requires the same power to make a believer. Indeed, the apostle speaks of "the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe;" and although there be some that say man turns a deaf ear to His call, we believe them not; for that would be exalting the creature above the Creator, who is blessed for evermore.

Beloved of the Lord, are you not witnesses of His eternal power and Godhead? Is it not still fresh in your recollection when you heard the first whispers of His love, when the first rays of light broke in upon thy soul, when the blood of sprinkling was experienced, when you as a wandering prodigal was brought home to your father's house, received the pledge of the father's love, when he put the ring on your hand, and you went forth in the dances of those that made merry? O what heart-cheering words were these that came forth from the loving heart of the Father, "This my Son was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found!" And how often since that day have we heard the voice of Jesus; sometimes when walking the crowded streets, or amidst the bustle and confusion of the railway station; or when pursuing our daily avocation, we have found ourselves holding sweet converse with Jesus the Beloved of our souls; and we have been constrained to exclaim, "Never man spake like this man." Nothing can come between Jesus and the soul when He is pleased to appear and commune with us by the way. Not all the powers of earth or hell; but when He withdraws His manifest presence, we then, like Abraham, return to our own sad place; but whether we walk in darkness, or in the light of His countenance, it shall surely be well with us; for the darkness and the light are both alike to Him.

" 'Tis well when on the mount,
We feast on dying love,
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When we the furnace prove."

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. IX.

JANUARY, 1867.

No. 100.

A RILL FROM THE RIVER.

BELoved IN THE LORD.—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. "How good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" We know that there is no unity like the unity of the Spirit, and no bond to equal the bond of peace. The bond of peace is the bond of perfectness; and those who can realise so sacred a tie, so perfect an union, so divine a relationship, have good cause to say, however depressed in mind, shut up in soul, or oppressed in spirit, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." "His mercies are new every morning;" and when His mercies are enjoyed, they are sure to be new to the mind, and it is certain to be morning with the soul. The Angel Christ once said to dear Jacob, "Let me go; for the day breaketh;" but the Patriarch could not find it in his heart to yield his hold of the skirt of Him who was a Jew, but was constrained to say, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Was the Lord angry with him for such determined language, for such holy importunity? Indeed He was not; for we read, "And He blessed him there., Where? In the peaceable habitation, in the quiet resting-place in the sure dwelling. You and I, beloved, know what it is to be partakers of the like benefit, to enjoy the same mercy, to realise the same blessing; and we can feelingly say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." We forget many of them, and sometimes it seems as though they had all taken wing and had gone to the uttermost part of the earth. We then mourn sore like doves; but, like doves, we still dwell in the cleft of the Rock, hide in the secret of the stairs. Indeed we find ourselves, like the conies, a feeble folk; but with them, we are compelled to make our

nest in the Rock: and, as the inhabitants of so impregnable a dwelling, we sing, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted; for He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is His name." Why should we feeble conies wish to be strong in ourselves when we have so strong a fortress to inhabit, so impregnable a Rock to dwell in? What if we are feeble? Christ is strong. What if we have no wisdom? Christ is made of God unto us wisdom. What if we are poor? In Him we possess enduring riches in righteousness. Good cause have we to rejoice and be exceeding glad; for in Him we inherit substance, and can claim untold wealth and treasure. We may present a despicable appearance to the world's eye; be base and vile in our own eye: but He says, "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the Rock, in the secret of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." This is Love's own description of His own bride; and He means, in its fullest latitude, every word that He says. If we are all fair, if we have a lovely countenance, if our voice is sweet, if we are all-glorious within, and if our clothing is of wrought gold, why should we not rejoice in the fact, be delighted with the glorious mercy? There is no reason why we should not rejoice and be exceeding glad. It is true, we often feel our barrenness, and mourn on account of our leanness, and deplore our baseness and ungratefulness, but at such times our eye is not single. The Lord never intended that we should be fruitful in ourselves; for from Him our fruit is found. He never intended that we should be anything in ourselves but sinners; and if we were anything short of sinners of the deepest dye, He never would pay us a visit, He never would hold intercourse with our souls. Simon the Pharisee was not a sinner, but Mary was. To her He devoted all His blest attention. If He directed His conversation to the *good* man, it was to condemn him; but if to Mary the sinner, it was to justify her. So that Simon's goodness was against him, but Mary had no goodness to be against her. Her sinnership was no barrier to love, her vileness was no impediment to blood, her nakedness was no hindrance to righteousness; but her sinnership commended the love of her Saviour, her vileness heightened the blood of her Redeemer, and her nakedness sweetly adapted her for the spotless robe of Jesu's righteousness. Hence, to be a sinner, is to be qualified for the Saviour; to be lost, is to be in a proper condition to be saved. Why, then, mourn on account of knowing that we are lost, ruined, and undone in ourselves? Thousands are equally lost, and do not know it. Why do we? Why are we made to feel the leprosy? Is it that we might pine away in despair of a cure? No, bless God. Christ says, "I will bring it health and

cure." But if we have health, He has nothing to bring us. He healeth all our diseases; and, bless Him, He forgiveth all our iniquities. He tells us that He has blotted out, as a thick cloud, our transgressions, and, as a cloud, our sins; so that we can join the poet in saying of them,

"Sunk, as in a shoreless flood;
Lost, as in a Saviour's blood:
Zion, O how blest art thou,
Justified from all things now!"

Christ died for the ungodly, and our unrighteousness commends His righteousness. If we wish to think highly of Christ, let us believe that He could not do more for us than He has already done. If we wish rightly to estimate His blood, let us firmly believe that our sins are nothing to it. Do not let us imagine for a moment that sin has half the power to defile that His blood has to cleanse. Do not let us think that sin can impoverish near to the extent that His blood can enrich. Why should we wish to be better than we are? "They that be whole need not a Physician, but they that be sick." The Lord told me this once, and it fitted me exactly. Why? Because I was sick as sinner could be, and He was as skilful as physician could be. We therefore could walk together, being agreed. If Christ wants us to walk with Him, and we are too lame to walk, He cures us of our lameness, and then we walk well enough. If He wishes us to see—and, bless God, He does—He gives us spiritual eyesight to behold the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off. If He wishes us to sit with Him at His table, He washes us from all our filthiness, and clothes us with a robe at His own expense, and feeds us with the finest of the wheat. If He intends to endue us with His blessed Spirit, and endow us with endurable riches in righteousness, He says, "What is thy petition, and what is thy request? It shall be given thee, even to all of my kingdom."

Be not cast down then, ye children of our God, for

"Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?"

No doubt that as we prosecute our journey homeward, we shall meet with much that seems against us; but whatever opposes us in this dreary waste, and causes us to exclaim, "All these things are against me," it is sweet to remember that all things are working together for the best, that the Lord will see to it that one hair of our head shall not perish, that the smell of fire shall not pass upon us, and that the teeth of the roaring lion shall never make the least impression upon our precious flesh; for "we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." He will take care of His

own body, He will shield His own flesh. With Him at all times we are in precious safeguard. In Him, under all circumstances, we are hid from the rage and fury of the foe. Cheer up, then, ye children of God, and fear no evil. The Lord is with you. He may hide His face for a time, appear to deal roughly with you for a while; but, depend upon it, Hart was not far out when he said,

“ Our Joseph turns aside to weep,
And cannot long refrain.”

He will soon tell you all about it; for He says, “ What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.” Sing then, beloved, with another of our poets:

“ Knough, my gracious God,
Let faith triumphant cry,
My soul can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.”

Pardon me, beloved, for keeping you so long without a letter. “ The spirit truly was willing, but the flesh was weak.” The beggarly elements have often beclouded the mind, the moveables of this life have frequently blocked up the way; but, thanks be unto God, we can say, with our dear brother Jonah, notwithstanding, “ I am an Hebrew, and fear the Lord.” We may sink fathoms deep, but we find the fear of the Lord is in our heart; for “ the fear of the Lord is His treasure,” and “ the fear of the Lord is a fountain of life.” However much this fountain may appear to be shut up, we possess it still; and none can rob us of our eternal inheritance in Christ.

I must now conclude, with the joint love of myself and wife, and believe me very affectionately,

A. WILCOCKSON.

10, Kirkby Place, Plymouth, 24th November, 1866.

CHRIST THE OBJECT AND SUBJECT.

DEARLY BELOVED IN OUR GLORIOUS HEAD,—I rejoiced to hear by your last that you are better, and able to go up to the House of the Lord. Our times are in His hands, and covenant love runs through all His dispensations towards us, though they often puzzle our finite minds, and seem for the present not joyous but grievous; yet, looking unto Jesus, we are sweetly borne up, and He is our joy in all our tribulation.

I have been for some few weeks in extreme weakness, but He is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever; and though the outer man perisheth and wasteth away, He reneweth the inner man day by day. Oh! the wonder, the miracle, that I have such a hope, such a glorious prospect; and, at times, sweet foretastes of the joy. Eternal praises to the Lamb who bought such a poor, vile worm with such a rich price, even His own heart's blood. Oh! what can I render? What can I say? That from vast eternity the Holy Three had thoughts of love and peace to me; so that though double dyed in the Adam fall, by original sin, and actual transgression, yet the precious blood of the precious Lamb takes it all away; and ere long He will present me with all the Church of the First-born to Himself without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, conformed to that glorious pattern which was shewed to the disciples in "the holy mount," where they beheld His glory: and we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.

"O blissful dawn of endless day,
When sin shall cease and death shall die,
And Christ His glories shall display,
And beam upon my longing eye.

Then wrap't in everlasting joy,
'Midst heaven's innumerable throng,
Thy love shall all my powers employ,
And be the theme of every song."

Oh! Thou Divine Judah, Thou art He whom Thy brethren shall praise, both above and below. The more we know Thee, the more we must praise Thee. Thou art so wonderful, so glorious, so loving, and so mighty in working, often bringing deep things out of darkness, and giving us the hidden riches of secret places; so that however outward things become tribulated or straitened, we have enlargement in Thee, fulness in Thee, and peace in Thee, which passeth all understanding. I find all our blessings and blessedness are in Christ, and as we walk in Him, we have all things and abound; and I really think He dries up brooks and streams that we may come to live more at the fountain. We talk how that in Him we have all we need for time and eternity: He will have us receive it directly from Himself. We talk how blessed it is to trust Him: He will have us know it practically, and therefore lessen stock and store to bring us to it. We often say that in Himself is all our happiness: to try whether we mean it and feel it, He will remove some of the nearest and dearest whose hearts have beat in sympathy with ours. However, thus He deals with some who are very pressing to enjoy much of Himself, and such are constrained to confess that He has done them no wrong, but they have been blessed gainers by things most contrary to flesh and sense. In the place

of trial, the path of tribulation, the hour of affliction, and "the valley of humiliation," many of Zion's pilgrims have had to say, "but we see Jesus;" and to tell how sweetly He was known of them while fed with the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, the heavenly Teacher not being hid in a corner, but opening the ear to discipline, sealing instruction upon the heart, and speaking wisdom among them whom He hath for ever perfected by His own offering. All this lays lower and lower in the dust, while the heart still cries out with holy longing, "That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death."

My body is a little strengthening, and may do so for a season; but the Lord has sent into it that disease which will not cease its operations till it has brought this tabernacle to the dust; but "we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens;" and He who redeemed us from all evil, and has fed us all our life long, has said, "I will come again and receive you unto myself." Even so come, Lord Jesus.

Are you still better and able to preach? Trust also you have more peace and prosperity in the Church; but all our times are in Thy hands, dear Lord, and we are in Thy heart, and Thou wilt water us every moment, and watch over us night and day, lest any hurt us. Indeed, beloved, as I travel on through the changes of the wilderness, I find fresh cause to praise and bless my Covenant God, and to abhor myself; for in my flesh dwelleth no good thing, but we triumph in Christ who is our perfection, and in whom we are complete in the midst of all we feel. Feelings do not alter facts.

Excuse more from a poor weakling. I am very weary, but He is my rest and refreshing; in whom, with kind love to you both,

I remain yours very affectionately,

RUTH.

A FEAST AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—“Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,” and when the dear Lord was on the earth he said of His disciples, “If these should hold their peace the very stones would cry out.” We cannot hold our peace when the dear Lord draws near, and reveals His lovely face, saying, “Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.” At such

times we say, "Come, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul."

One night last week I dreamed that I was invited out to supper, and you were one of the guests. The table was spread, and no one invited any of us to partake of the food. After sitting awhile, you began without being asked. No one else partook of anything; but we all sat looking at you, and a little did not serve you. Well, after you had taken enough, we all went away. I awoke with the dream fresh upon the mind, and wished it was Sunday, hoping that as you had had a good feast, you would be enabled to hand out some of the things that you had tasted to me.

Before I left home on Sunday morning I wondered if there would be anything for me, or if I were only to be a looker on. In the morning I got nothing, and felt very much disappointed; but these words came into the mind, "Your time is always, but my time is not yet come." Well, I thought, it may be that I shall get on better in the evening; and sure enough I did; for after you commenced reading that blessed chapter, and was led out to speak upon it, I felt sure that you had had a feast, or you would never have said what you did. It was indeed a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord to my soul. Indeed I had a feast of fat things, of wines well refined on the lees. I saw, by precious faith, "the King in His beauty, and the land that was very far off." I felt as though I could fly away to be for ever with the Lord, to have nothing more to do with the world, the flesh, and the devil; but to be eternally singing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father: to Him be glory, dominion, and power, now and ever. Amen." I could sing,

"Lord, 'tis enough, my soul is blest,
No will have I but thine:
Thou art my everlasting Rest,
Thy love is more than wine."

That dear text, which was nothing to me in the morning, was everything to me in the evening; and I am sure that you "preached the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." To be able to enter into a little of the blessedness of that dear text is more than ten thousand worlds—Christ made sin and we made His righteousness. It seemed almost too good to be true. I was lost in wonder at such great love to one so unworthy as myself.

"On such love, my soul, still ponder:
Love so great, so rich, so free!
Say, whilst lost in holy wonder,
Why, O Lord, such love to me?
Hallelujah!
Grace shall reign eternally."

The Lord again proved Himself to me better than all my fears ; and I can now joyfully say, " Not one thing hath failed of all He hath promised." No, blessed be His dear name, " Not unto us, not unto us," but unto Him be all the praise now and ever.

Yours in a precious Jesus,

ANN.

Plymouth, November 8th, 1866.

SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.

To Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, sent of God to preach the gospel to Jews and Gentiles.

May peace and love reign in your heart, and may you be filled more and more with the everflowing well-spring of eternal life which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. It must be an honorable office in the Church, to be the mouthpiece of divine wisdom. Some vessels are more prominent than others, but God who is rich in mercy hath given all grace sufficient. He never sends His servants, but He equips them with all the accoutrements of war. He never sends them to expound the Scriptures without giving them the two-edged sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God. 'This is their great weapon, and in the hands of God it divides between flesh and spirit. And it is this which so irritates the people of the world ; and it is the selfsame truth which is eagerly heard by the people of His choice. It is to one party a savor of death unto death, and to the other highly privileged party a savor of life unto life. This latter party is an undivided whole. It is a complete structure. It is a temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. It is the body of Christ, the glory of Christ, the crown of Christ, the wealth of Christ, the fulness of Him who filleth all in all. We shall never get to the depth, the height, the length and breadth, of this glorious mystery. We only exclaim exultingly, " Who can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?" Can the devil? No. Can the flesh do it, or man with his hellish subtlety accomplish it? No. For none of them have any power over the spirit to retain it, or to injure it in any form. It is in the glorious keeping of our eternal Covenant God, who waters it every moment, and shields it with the walls of salvation. There is no dividing or separating in the body of Christ. The union is most complete. It is thoroughly cemented by the living prayer of Jesus when He said, " That they may be one, even as we are one ; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." This one prayer of itself, uttered by the God

of the whole earth, would be amply sufficient to bind the whole Church of God into oneness with Himself: and yet we find thousands declaring openly that the prayer of Jesus is not answered; that the oneness of the election of grace is set aside by the wilfulness of man; that the power of God to save is not sufficient without creature doings; that the arm of God cannot save unless man does his part; and therefore that the eternal unity of the Church is a matter of man's speculation. These are not the bright truths of the Gospel, but infernal deductions drawn from the law of Moses.

Not long ago I heard a big minister preaching up man's repentance, good works, and responsibility, which was equivalent to the world, the flesh, and the devil. It is the sweet consolation of God's people that their repentance is of God, not a Judas performance which leads on the broad road of perdition, but a work of the glorious Lord, who brings them out of darkness into His marvellous light; who opens their blind eyes, and gives them spiritual sight to behold the great treasures of love, blood, and righteousness, in the heart of Jesus. The good works they walk in, are the fruits of the husbandman; for He says, "From me thy fruit is found." "Eat, O friends, drink; yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!" "for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed; and he that eateth me shall live by me." This is the excellent fruit upon which the members of Christ live. He is the glorious Head in whom they walk and are perfect. In Him they do all things; for He strengtheneth them. Then they perform those works pleasing in His sight, and run with ever fresh delight the race set before them, well knowing that the prize, the Crown of Glory, is laid up for them in heaven; therefore they press towards the mark of this high calling, and their sole cry is "to know Him," and "to be found in Him." These works are different from the farthing performances to poor beggars who crowd our streets. They are the evolutions of the armies of heaven.

Then as to this question of responsibility of man. Why need I say question? It is not a mere matter of opinion with those who know the truth; for they are well assured that if one atom of responsibility rested upon them, they would utterly fail of salvation, for all their righteousness is filthy rags, and nothing unclean can enter God's kingdom. Unless Jesus is responsible for you and me, we shall be eternally undone; but if our names are enrolled in the Lamb's Book of Life, from before the foundation of the world, all our responsibility and care rest upon the shoulders of our precious Lord; for He laid down His life for the sheep, and it is impossible for the devil to substantiate one charge against any member of this highly favoured flock. And if the devil cannot do it, then God

will not : for He has cast all their sins behind His back ; so that there is now no condemnation to them, who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit, who by union with the eternal Lamb of God, walk in all the commandments of the Lord blameless. Where is then their responsibility ? Does their salvation rest upon a fleshly action ? No. It was secured in the eternal purpose of Jehovah Jesus. It was wrought out fully and perfectly upon the Cross by the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace ; and it is being manifested now to the children of God living in the world. The salvation of the Church is a settled matter ; for what God doeth, is done for ever. The Church is eternally free ; for her fetters have been destroyed, and she now can walk in the glorious liberty of the Sons of God. Nothing she does in the flesh can alter her standing in Jesus, and nothing she performs can further her salvation. 'Tis true, she grows in knowledge of the love of God. Each member is taught new lessons in this excellent school ; the dear Lord keeps opening our understandings, and shews us more and more of His mind and will. Some of these lessons are taught and learnt when the poor soul is under great trials. The dear Lord leads us into the wilderness, and there suffers us to undergo great tribulation—yes, He appoints all our trials. Not one can appear that He hath not decreed. Not one enemy can confront us whom He hath not raised up. Not one domineering Pharaoh can oppress us without God has specially raised him up, and not one hour longer than God's purpose can he harass and punish us. In the selfsame day and hour the children of God find deliverance from their troubles, and see their enemies cast down in the dust. Jesus never suffers His people to be tempted above that they are able to bear ; but with the temptation He makes a way for escape. This always strikes me as most remarkable. The temptation itself is the means for escape. The trial itself brings the promised blessing. The greatest fear carries with it the sweetest confidence. The despair of Jacob brings with it the blessings of plenty and peace.

You, dear friend, have sailed through the tempest sea of life. You have been wrecked in the flesh, and lost every rag. Then you were sweetly prepared for Him who clothed you with His spotless robe of righteousness, and who, instead of natural wealth, gave you eternal riches, wine, milk, and honey. You have known what it is to be under the cloud of darkness ; to have the glorious sun of righteousness eclipsed ; to lose sight of both sun, moon, and stars, and to sink into despair ; but you also full well know the sweet shinings after the cloud has spent itself ; you have seen the glorious Lord shine again with additional grandeur ; and you were then enabled to identify yourself with that innumerable host which

is gathered out of every kindred, tongue, and people, to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. In the midst of distress of soul, of the tormentings of the flesh, and the spite of enemies, you have a glorious rock of safety. He is a sweet consolation; He is a place of refuge into which the righteous run and are safe. He is a strong tower, and bids defiance to all your enemies round about. They may swarm like bees (rather wasps), but they cannot enter the enclosure of God, the mountain of His holiness, the beautiful Zion He hath blessed, the city of our God. Nothing that defileth can enter there. The devil would like to break down the strong battlements of this impregnable city, but he has never made one inch of success, and I am quite sure he never will; for our God is a strong God. His power cannot be shaken. His will cannot be altered; and His will is that the whole election of grace shall be gathered manifestively into His glorious city, and there reign eternally, drinking full draughts of love, and adoring and praising for ever the alone Lamb who is worthy of all praise. Oh! who shall count the mercies of our God? Who shall measure the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe? Who shall set forth the wonders He hath done for His people, the sweet deliverances He has given them when they were at their wits end, the innumerable tokens of His gracious love in redeeming unto Himself a spotless Church, not having blemish or any such thing—a Church loved as Jesus is loved, blessed as He is blessed, perfect as He is perfect, sinless as He is sinless? for as He is, so are we in this world?

My wife joins me in best love to you and yours.

Yours very affectionately,

G. STEPHENSON.

Hull, December 2nd, 1866.

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(Continued from page 13.)

A FEW more changes, both of troubles and mercies; unthankfully received, brought Christmas round again; but this first anniversary of our wedding-day found a striking change in temporal things. I looked over the past year, and truly it was one of countless mercies, all spent upon an ungrateful heart. The living in Zion know and feel what I mean. This Christmas Day we actually had no food, and none of our old friends came near us; and my poor wife did not know what to make of it; but I was enabled to look up, while

she did nothing but look down. We had our gleaned corn by us, but it was not thrashed out. What particular circumstances led to this state of poverty I cannot now remember; but sure I am that it was not by chance. What I have experienced since of changes of circumstances, and what I have seen in the religious world, plainly prove to me that all things are for the very best. Whether by fire, storms, hail, wind, snow, or vapour, all was right and fulfilled His Word (Psa. cxlviii. 8). I was now learning a little of the emptiness of the world's friendship, both profane and religious. This is needful for every child of God to know; and if any poor soul wishes to know what kind of treatment to expect from the world, and particularly from the pious world, I would refer them to 11 Cor. xi. 23—33. There they will find a little of their tender mercies; and if they want to learn a little more, I would direct their attention to Paul's book of martyrs—Heb. xi.

I now took notice that old Mrs. Envy and her friends, who were so much cast down the year before, when we were surrounded with prosperity, now seemed joyful and happy to think that I was no better off than I should be. I have seen and felt much of this. There are some; yea, and pious people too, who cannot bear to see you do well; for at such times their pious, tender, envious hearts are fit to break with grief. O how pleasant it is to them to see you come down! What a sweet, diabolical feast they then enjoy! Cannot the poor and needy of the Lord's children join with me here? Surely they cannot travel far in the wilderness without being discouraged on account of the roughness of the way; without knowing what it is to have their hearts saddened, their names cast out as evil, their bread taken out of their mouths, their characters assailed, and nothing but poverty and the workhouse staring them in the face. Their pious friends and neighbours rejoice to see them come down. Bless their tender hearts, they can show a deal of hypocritical pity before your face, but inwardly how full their cup of joy! Yes, ye poor of "the flock of slaughter," I do believe you know some little of the path, and grace can make you praise the Lord for it. Why? Because they cannot touch your inward peace, your sacred springs of joy.

"Yes, do, beloved, bear in mind,
One precious drop they cannot find:
'Midst all our sorrows, mix'd with gall,
There is a something sweetens all."

And that *something* you know a little of. Come, beloved, is it not Mary's "better part?" Is it not the "new name" in the "white stone?" Is it not "the secret of the Lord with them that fear Him?" Is it not the witness within? And is not all this found in that holy joy, that sweet peace, that good hope which maketh

not ashamed? Are not these things, and thousands more, to be found in our all-lovely Jesus? To know Him is indeed eternal life. Is not Jesus in His all-glorious person and perfect work the bundle of myrrh (Songs i. 13)? What a cluster of eternal and inexpressible beauties! What a sweet and fragrant smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia from His righteousness, the beautiful garment of salvation! Yes, beloved, I do think that you know a little of this "*something sweetens all*." Surely you have been to the "mountains of myrrh," and the "hill of frankincense?" Yes, methinks, by your calm and sweet countenance while there, you felt the day break, the sun rise, and the clouds and gloomy shadows of every description to flee away; and Jesus the only salvation, the alone object, to captivate, take hold of, and hold fast your heart, and kill you to all but Himself. At such times you have found your affections drawn out like the "chariots of Ammi-nadib," sweetly drawn into the chamber of love, to hold sweet solace with your best Beloved, and joys that the world knows nothing of. How abundantly this makes up for the hardships, trials, crosses, and afflictions by the way. Here we learn something of the secret which He reveals to His beloved ones. How lovely thus to be led, step by step, through the Book of Psalms, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes, into Canticles, or the famous "song of songs" of our glorious Solomon, then to enter into the secret bliss and enjoyments of unquenchable, undying, and unchangeable love. Beloved, thus to know, to love, and enjoy Jesus is the "one thing needful;" and I am sure—

This to experience, feel, and know,
Will smoothen all our path below.

These things dead professors know nothing of, cannot understand, will not, cannot receive; and you will find nothing of this in any of our modern spiritual workhouses. You may hear the cracking of the whip, see the shaking of the rod, and feel a little, if not a deal, of the bondage engendered thereby, should you be induced to enter them: and I can tell you by experience, and painful experience too, the best thing you can get there, in the long run, will be an hungry belly, an aching heart, a barren soul, a dry breast, a guilty conscience, broken bones, and leanness in your face, with a good knock or two for coming; for you never will get any real good there. I mean—

Amongst the men who preach by notes,
Lean on their paper crutch;
These starve the sheep, but feed the goats;
For I have found it such.

But stay, dear soul, at Zion's hill,
That sacred, lovely place,

Your empty vessel there to fill,
With all the sweets of grace.

'Tis here they do not preach by notes,
They do not need the crutch;
These feed the sheep, but starve the goats;
For I have found it such.

You will always find it best to keep within the fold, to glean in the same field with Ruth, and always "to come at meal times," to dwell with the people of God, and willingly cast in your lot with them, "not forgetting the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is;" looking for and expecting troubles; for it is the appointed lot, and it is "the wicked who have no changes," neither are they in trouble like other men; but we, beloved, may

Be feeding on the mount to-day,
And sing, rejoice, and long to stay,
To-morrow may come down below,
Where strong temptations plague us so !

In the midst of destitution before described, I and my wife kept things to ourselves, being ashamed to let it be known we could not afford a supper at Christmas, and we did not like to borrow; for who would lend in such a case? Yes, I do believe Mrs. Envy would, with pleasure; but we did not like to ask her; "for who can stand before envy?" The wheel of time kept turning up new changes, trials, sorrows, privations, and enemies of all sorts, not only of the world, but of the professing Church; but I had generally a good nose to smell the difference between a goat and a sheep, which is a needful blessing in my case. We found the appointed number of cloudy days and dark nights, both in temporals and spirituals, with some of Job's "months of vanity and wearisome nights;" and, I must add, many pleasant helps, mercies, and discoveries of gospel grace. In short, I was now learning two lessons at once: the vanity of the creature, "the vain help of man," the folly of leaning upon an arm of flesh, of looking within; and the all-suitability, glory, riches, and fulness of gospel grace. Notwithstanding being thus taught and grounded in these truths, I feel such a stupid, dull, and almost unteachable dunce; for I am always acting contrary thereto in my feelings; so that I am an Arminian in feeling and a Calvinist in sentiment; but one thing I will say, that is, I have in some measure learned where my strength lies; and that is a sweet mercy; and I have also learned some little of my weakness, and that is another sweet mercy, and a great mercy too. The Great Teacher "sent from God" knows how to deal with me, and His teaching, and His only, "makes wise unto salvation;" and what a deal is found in that word "*salvation*;" or, more properly speaking, "*salvation of the Word*." What countless mines of eternal riches! None teach like Him. Letter teaching, letter reading, letter preaching, and letter meetings, are of no use, savingly, without Him. You and I, dear reader, must have it direct from the spiritual teacher sent from God. I do not despise reading and preaching in the letter, for if sound, it does good; but

we want the power of the Word, or to hear the teacher's voice in and with the Word. Letter reading or preaching may inform the judgment, and make a man wise in the letter of the Word. Much may be and is done in this way, and Providence has the chief hand in this for the outward good of the Church. I derived much information about this time in reading Elisha Coles on "God's Sovereignty," which book I much liked at that time; but I have not seen it since. The works of Gill, Hawker, Toplady, Bunyan, and Huntington, have done much to enlighten the head; but we want the Word made life and spirit. "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life," said Jesus. I bless the Lord for the light I have received from many good men's works; but I desire to praise Him more, and love Him too, for condescending to teach me Himself, without the teaching of man; though had I known the way before which He meant to teach me, my poor cowardly flesh would have cried out, "Not this way, Lord; any way but this; Thou knowest I cannot bear this: do bring me some other way." But now, having gone through much that the Lord saw good to bring me, I do not, I cannot, find fault; and I do believe that

All has been ordered for the best,
And for His glory too;
I wish to trust Him with the rest,
I know He'll bring me through.

Why? Because He has engaged, in everlasting faithfulness, so to do; and it is the right way, the safest way, the best way, and the appointed way: as such, it is the way that is sure to humble the creature, and bring down to the dust all boasting in the flesh, on the one hand, and exalt the sovereign grace of God on the other: therefore,

I do expect at times to fall,
And feel forsaken quite,
Yet hope to find; yea, after all,
Rejoice that all was right.

I can truly say for myself that, "I neither received the gospel from man, nor was I taught it by man; but by the revelation of Jesus Christ" (Gal. i. 12); for it is seldom I can hear, on account of my deafness; and the way He has been pleased to lead and instruct me has been mostly by contraries. He has, blessed be His name, taught me light by darkness; strength by weakness; wisdom by folly; riches by poverty; salvation by misery; and holiness and sanctification by pollution, sin, and uncleanness; but I don't expect any of the worldly-wise fools to believe this.

Now, I beg a little indulgence, and mark what I am about to

say. The five points, so much talked about in all our so-called gospel churches, which are the glory of our land, which many can believe, disbelieve, put on, take off, like their Sunday coat, when occasion requires; which thousands of carnal critics have spent their time and wisdom in to no purpose; which thousands profess to love, and thousands more hate, ridicule, and blaspheme; which so many can alter, soften down, and modernize, to make them square with the views, tastes, and feelings of Mr. Muddy Pate, and his sister, Mrs. Tender Flesh, alias Charity, and this to the dishonour of the Saviour, and discredit of the gospel; I did not learn in their suitableness in the school of nature; for my old Adam nature kicked against them with all the vehemence of an Arminian Pope, and so infernal has been the rage or hatred in my feelings against these fundamental doctrines, I have wished that I could kick the Almighty from His throne for His partiality: at the same time I was a letter Calvinist from my youth, and contended in the letter for these very doctrines my flesh hated. My religion was all head work, being a sound Calvinist long before I became an experimental Antinomian. The Lord Himself has in mercy taught me in the best way; that is, He has made me feel the importance of them, and graciously knocked them into me. Nothing else will stand; and not only so, He has made me, contrary to my feelings, to love, delight in, and live upon them. I cannot lay them down, cannot soften, cannot—neither do I desire—alter them; so that I not only believe them, I feel them, enter into them, and cannot do without them. I shall not speak of them as they are arranged in our covenant books; but speak of them in the order I was taught them in experience.

(To be continued.)

A LINE FROM AMERICA.

MY UNKNOWN FRIEND,—And yet well-known, I trust, in the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. I cannot offer an apology for my presuming to address you, separated as we are in the flesh, other than what is contained in the few remarks I may be inspired to make. From what I have seen of you in the pages of the "Witness," I recognize you as a dear child of God, and one of the order of the glorious Christian priesthood, common to

all of God's dear children. So the Apostle Peter denominated the scattered tribes of Israel "a royal priesthood; an holy nation; a peculiar people." And this happy condition is brought about by the manifestation or development of ancient love in the heart of the sheep of Christ, and who are thereby drawn into the gospel fold of the true Shepherd. Here they are made one; and by this manifestation they are made known to be one. And as God is love, so this love is a ruling principle in their hearts. It is also a standing rule in the family of God that if we love Him who begat, we love him also that is begotten of Him. This cannot fail, where the children are led by the Spirit of our Lord and Master. And the union produced hereby, being a spiritual one, being produced by the Father of spirits, the same principle must of necessity actuate all the members, which moves in the fountain Head. It is not so much seen in this corrupt age, in outward church order, or denominational association, as it is inwardly experienced by the subjects thereof, when this holy flame warms our hearts, making our dear Lord more attractive in the holiness and divinity of His character. And is it not indeed heart-cheering, spirit-invigorating, when we reflect upon the heaven-revealed truth that our Father loves all His dear children alike, that they are all very near and very dear to Him? And even when in their greatest extremity they feel as if they were far away from Him, He always loves them the same. He knew what they were in their Adam nature before He manifested His love to them. And if their fall in Adam did not prevent His coming to bless them with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, He certainly will not hide Himself from them afterward, and forsake the work of His own hands. No, no! He never leaves. Blessed be our covenant God! He viewed them with reference to Christ in eternity, and He blesses them along this life's journey for His sake, and for the sake of nothing else. And, my friend, I think you will agree with me that we do of necessity rejoice that we have no personality but in Christ. He is of God all to us, and He is our all to God. Then, again, He is our dwelling-place throughout all generations. He is our building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. I go a step further, and say, that just so sure as we are made members of this family, citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem, just so sure shall we observe the rule of holy living in this house. For God's people are an orderly people; and the more perfect they become in their tuition, the more will they honour the Master, and esteem Him as the chief among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely. And then you know there need be no grumbling here; for we have the best of fare; need be careful for nothing, but by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make

our requests known unto God. Then there is another beauty in this house: there is no housework to do; no servile labour to perform. True, there was once something to do; yea, more than a mere creature could perform. But our dear Lord set all to rights; and when he cried out, "it is finished," and bowed His head and gave up the Ghost, tell me, ye who live by day work, what more was there to do? Blessed be God for Jesus Christ! And not again, since the heavens thundered forth the acceptance of the righteousness of the Son of God for our justification before the throne, in the declaration, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," will any more be done. It is no longer, "Do, and live," "but to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him who justifieth the ungodly, his faith is accounted to him for righteousness."

"Now no more His wrath we dread,
Vengeance smote our Surety's head:
Justice now demands no more,
He has paid the dreadful score."

And what shall I say more, since the kingdom of heaven is open to all believers, and death is destroyed, and him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and hell is non-plussed? Let us go on, if our Father's will, blessing and praising "Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God and His Father." There is no end to the blessing; there will be no end to the praise and adoration. Amen.—Yours in true regard,

A. W. HARING.

Tappan Town, New York State.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"Ye are complete in Him.—Col. ii. 10.

WE shall never fathom the depths contained in this one sentence; and how precious does the Holy Ghost connect it with the preceding passage—"In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily: and ye are complete in Him." We also read, "He hath put all things under His feet, and gave Him to be the Head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him

who filleth all in 'all." We have no fulness without Christ our Head; and He is our Life: and we, the Church, constitute His fulness: and if we are the members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones, we shall sing eternally around His throne, and crown our Jesus Lord of all.

We cannot express one millionth part of the blessedness that this verse contains; and if the Lord is pleased to enable us to realise a little of the glory in our own souls, we shall sing one of Zion's songs, and "long to depart and be with Christ which is far better," "knowing that whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord;" but when we can forget time-things, and lose sight of ourselves, we long to wave the palm-branch of victory before Him, and adore Him eternally without any intermission.

Will our text apply to all here? One thing we may say is, if you are complete, it must be in Him; for there can be no completeness anywhere else. If you are accepted, it must be in the Beloved; and if you are in living-oneness with our glorious Christ, nothing can interfere with your eternal standing. Speak of dignity, we are the sons of God!

"Be this my song through all the road,
That born I am, and born of God."

Talk of pedigree, we are sons of God, heirs of God, and joints heirs with Jesus Christ.

"Heirs of God, joint heirs with Jesus,
Long ere time its race begun:
To His name eternal praises,
Oh what wonders love hath done!
One with Jesus,
By eternal union one."

No condemnation! No separation! "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty," freedom from bondage of every kind. His dignity, His righteousness, His glory, belong to the Church; yea, the Holy Ghost says, "All are yours." He gives unto His children "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Abraham said, "Behold now I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes." In the vision of the resurrection of dry bones, which Ezekiel saw, the Lord said, "Prophecy unto the wind, prophecy, and say unto the wind, Thus saith the Lord God, Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live:" and Jesus, when speaking to Nicodemus of the necessity of being born again (from above), used this simile, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every

one that is born of the Spirit." We also read, "The bones came together, bone to His bone." Again. Our Lord says, "All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee!" These bones were "the whole house of Israel," "whose house are we"—bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh; complete in Him; and what the Christ of God is, such are we, in living oneness with Him.

How wonderful are His words—"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold (that is, the Gentile Church), them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice:" as though He had said, They shall know the exceeding riches of my grace. We know that there is a time when the sheep do not know the voice of the good Shepherd: but, "Behold, saith the Lord God, I, even I will both search my sheep, and seek them out," at the fixed fixed moment, at the settled time; for "there is a set time to favour Zion:" and He did not return to the bosom of His Father until He had vanquished all Zion's foes. When His voice is heard we cry out, "It is the voice of my Beloved."

How is it that we are brought to be believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and realise the riches of His grace, but because our names are enrolled in "the Lamb's book of life"—because we have an interest in Him? "Ye believe not," our Lord said to the Jews, "because ye are not my sheep, as I said unto you." "Yes," says a child of God, "but I fear that I am not one of His sheep; for I have so many doubts and fears. Did I but know my interest in Christ, I feel that I could bound into eternity and "sing more sweet, more loud, and Christ should be my song." You shall yet feast at the Lord's table; for you are His. You have a right—a portion—a memorial in Jerusalem. May the glorious Lord put His hand the second time upon your eyes, and give you to see that you are loved and cared for by the good Shepherd. He hath said, "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish." This is worth ten thousand times more than the riches of the Indies. Had He said that He had given them life for a thousand years it would have been but as a drop in the mighty ocean. Millions of years shall roll on, and yet it will be "eternal life." Some speak of the possibility of falling from grace; but He says, "I give unto my sheep eternal life;" and if He has given you this life, no old age can wrinkle your brow: for you are now living in eternal dignity, in eternal glory. "He that liveth and believeth in me," saith Christ, "shall never die." How can you perish, while your precious Lord lives? None shall pluck you out of His hands! What a guarantee for your safety! Do you believe that Christ is the eternal God? Do you believe that He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, that at all times, and under all circumstances, His

Church is safe in His hand? None can believe in the eternal Godhead of our glorious Christ but those who are His living children; for "He is a stone of stumbling and rock of offence" to the natural professor.

"There shall be one fold and one Shepherd." We have but one Shepherd—Christ; one Bishop—Jesus; and we love the brotherhood because they are all "complete in Him." Their names are enrolled in the same book; they are loved with the same love; and they are redeemed by the same blood. Shall we know each other above? Yes, the disciples on the mount of transfiguration knew Moses and Elias. Peter said, "Lord, it is good to be here: if thou wilt, let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." It was good to be there; for the Lord was there, and they could sing in blissful harmony. We read that Moses said unto the Lord, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory." And the Lord said, "Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock: and it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in the cleft of the rock." He was thus pleased to preach to him Jesus, who magnified the law and made it honourable. Moses died upon the mouth of God, as it reads in the original. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated, to show that the law was as piercing as ever—no alteration in its requirements. Moses truly said, "A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you, of your brethren, like unto me." When Jesus appeared on the mount of transfiguration, it was as though He would say,

"All the prophecies centered in me: the old covenant has nearly passed away, and I, the new covenant, am come."

We believe that Moses, and the Old Testament saints, were just as sinful in the sight of God, in Adam the first, as we are; but what a mercy it is to have an "Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous!" We sin every moment: yes, and can do nothing but sin, but the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

"Sunk, as in a shoreless flood,
Lost, as in a Saviour's blood,
Zion, O how blest art thou,
Justified from all things now!"

There never was a time when the Church was not "complete in Him," and there never will be a time when she will be otherwise than "complete in Him:" and although you may fear and tremble, you are at all times loved and blessed in Him. "Oh," says some poor child of God, "could I but know it, and realise it, and apply it to my own soul, how should I praise the name of the Lord! I see that it is a glorious truth, but O that the Lord would

tell me that I was interested in it! I think sometimes the blessing is coming; but again it recedes, and I fear that I have neither part nor lot in the matter."

Wait on; for if you have these longing desires after a knowledge of your interest in Christ, you shall realise it in His own set time. "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart. "Wait, I say, on the Lord." When He puts a new song in your mouth, you will "sing unto her a vineyard of red wine." "Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof: mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces."

Were you complete in yourself, you would not desire the spotless righteousness of Him of whom Isaiah wrote when he said, "Who is this that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength?" However high your sins may rise, His blood rises higher still, and is sufficient to annihilate the whole of them. All the time that you are seeking completeness in yourself you are turning your back upon His precious blood; but He declares, "Thou art all fair, there is no spot in thee"—"ye are complete in Him." Is He complete? So are we. Is the first-fruit holy? The lump is also holy. Christ is the wavesheaf before the throne; and "as He is, so are we in this world." If you are not as spotless and pure in Jehovah's sight as Christ Himself, there will be no heaven for you; for God will have nothing but perfection of purity there. Child of God, "ye are complete in Him." May this be your stronghold; for there is nothing but imperfection in the creature; but He "hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light:" and,

"A few more days and we shall rise
To take our portion in the skies,
And sing, without a throbbing breast.
All things were order'd for the best.

A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land us on fair Canaan's coast,
Where we shall sing the song of grace,
And see our glorious hiding-place."

"This people (saith Jehovah) have I formed for myself: they shall show forth my praise." Do not misunderstand us. Our completeness is entirely in Christ: our righteousnesses are but as filthy rags—loss, dross—but

"With His spotless vesture on,
Holy as the Holy One."

This glorious standing in Christ, and these blessed realities, belong as much to those of the Lord's children who cannot realise their acceptance in the Beloved, as to those who can; but if the Lord

seal the Word with power in your heart, you will have a blessed entrance into this grace wherein ye stand. You will then long to bid farewell to all connections here below, and, as pinioned on Angel's wings, to soar aloft; for "in the light of the King's countenance is life: and His favour is as a cloud of the latter rain."

May the Lord add His blessing. Amen.

[These " gleanings," our readers will observe, are not connected; therefore need a remark or two.

The lady who writes them down at the time of delivery had no intention of allowing them to pass from her own immediate circle of friends; but at our request she has consented to lend us the MSS. to transcribe. We could much wish that our sister wrote short-hand and then we should get them entire. As usual, when we get one favour we want another. Our object in publishing these " crumbs " is for the benefit of our friends in the *North*, who have not the privilege of hearing the preached Word.

We would, however, for ourselves and our friends, thank our sister for her labour of love. The Lord reward her in her own soul.—ED.]

BLESSED IN CHRIST.

Washed in blood, my soul is pure,
Blest in Christ, I must endure;
Naught can reach my standing there,
Heir of God, with Christ joint heir.

What He is, I am the same,
Free in Him from every stain:
Pure as angels round the throne,
Nearer far, I am His bone.

Close to Him I am allied,
Dwelling in His wounded side,
Resting in His arm's embrace,
Gazing on His smiling face.

Since I've known Him, have I heard
From His lips an angry word?
Since He's blest me, could I trace
Frowns upon His glorious face.

No, indeed, His heart is love,
He delights to bless His dove,
Keep her cleaving to His side,
Calling her His spotless bride.

Sharing with Him all His bliss,
He is mine, and I am His;
Heart to heart we now entwine,
In His glory ever shine.

With Him now I ever dwell,
In Him fear not rage of hell;
Foes around and fiends below,
Cannot harm my soul I know.

Oh what blessings He bestows!
How His love towards me glows!
Bless and praise His precious name,
None can quench that quenchless flame.

A. W.

A SERMON.

The Seventeenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

THE weakest believer is as much a believer as the greatest: Am I a believer? that is the point to know. If the Lord hath been graciously pleased to confirm my soul in it, then it is the work

of God that ye believe. It is as much the work of God whether you are a weak believer or a strong believer; weakness and strength, apparently, appear to be in the believer, yet it is God's sole work to make a man or woman a believer, you know; and it is most blessed to be witnesses of it. "As many as were ordained to eternal life believed." And if we had not been ordained unto eternal life we should never have believed in the Lord, to the saving of our soul. And whatever your state, circumstances, or feelings may be, as sure as you are a believer, God cannot love you more, nor will He love you less. Nor is that all, being thus singularly cut off, separated from what we once were, by being made a believer, there is an everlasting distinction made, and an unalterable separation completed, that a believer can never go back into his old state again; it is utterly impossible; for our Lord Jesus may as soon change, as for a believer in Christ to go back into his old position again. Now a child of God has always the privilege to have Christ always in view, whatever his need may be, whatever he may desire, and whatever he feels necessary to cry unto God for. Prayer only reaches the Father in Christ, and it only goes up to the Father by Christ, and the answer only comes to us through Christ. You that are instructed in these dear secrets will prize Christ; for you find by daily experience there is not the slightest access to or intercourse with God the Father but in, by, and through Him, who is our glorious Mediator. A knowledge of this will make us sound Trinitarians, because we pray in the Spirit, we pray with the Spirit, and Christ is the glorious channel of communication to offer up our prayers to God with much incense. Do mark down another mercy, which has just risen to the mind whilst you were singing that sweet hymn, and you will find it unspeakably precious if the Lord develops the mercy; that at all times, whatever your feelings may be, to rejoice you are identified with Christ, you are always in union with Christ. Then, beloved, on the other hand, whatever depths we may be called to pass through, whatever trials, exercises, or temptations, remember this simple truth—well, my Christ is with me, my Christ hath identified Himself with me; not a state or circumstance but what He is with me, my strong deliverer, my support, my help, my helper, refuge, high tower, foundation, and hiding-place; and He hath told me again and again, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

(To be continued.)

[Our late brother's sermon coming late, we had but very little space left. We regret it; but there will be all the more next month.—Ed.]

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1867.

No. 101.

A SERMON.

The Seventeenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

(Continued from page 96.)

It may be that some of you are in circumstances which greatly distress you, perplex and vex you, and which cause you to have many sleepless nights and wearisome days; but it is only for the mind to be led here, in the midst of the whole of it, my Christ is with me, He is my Christ, I am interested in all He is, and He is interested in all I am; and if there is any discouragement, or any failure, it will certainly fall on Him, and I shall never be a loser in time nor to all eternity. Is the mind led out like this, or are you looking beneath it, at your troubles, trials, exercises, and temptations, and saying, never was any person troubled like me? Ah, beloved, rejoice with me in this glorious mercy, that all our afflictions are the afflictions of Christ. This has been very sweet to me for some time past, that our afflictions are the afflictions of Christ. If you with me can view it in this way, we shall find a happiness in the hidden man of the heart, that nothing can touch, and we shall be enabled to say, "The will of the Lord be done."

Now for the text, "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Phill. iii., 14.

Here Paul speaks of things that the Church of God in all ages shall be brought into an acquaintance with—"I *press*." But it is much easier to quote the words than it is to live in the experience of them. I have heard many professors talk about pressing, but they are generally pressing against the world, self,

and the devil; but a believer presses "toward the mark." How? "More than conquerors through Him that loved us."

Beloved, I find in my declining days, that the truths of God are more simple and precious; for there was a time when I was much taken up with what is called a pressing experience; but not so much now; for I love to "press toward the mark." And it appears utterly impossible to go on according to the word in the text, unless I have that *mark* in view; and unless that *mark* is in view, all the pressing is in the flesh; for if it is in the flesh, I am pressing after an uncertainty, with a supposition that I may attain to heaven at last. But I press toward the mark, being raised up together with Christ, and made to sit together with Him in heavenly places.

But I propose to speak a little about the "high calling of God in Christ Jesus;" and I hope to be very particular on this subject. I do not intend to set aside your fleshly feelings; for I experience corruption as well as you do; but it hath no connexion with God's "high calling," for these things are in the flesh; but God's "high calling" of us is "in Christ Jesus." Do you see the glorious distinction? You will, if you are recipients of the "high calling of God;" for we are called out of darkness, corruption, and bondage, into the "high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Now, mark another mercy. Although we were called of God, we had no apprehension at first it was the "high calling of God in Christ Jesus;" for how long did we dwell, according to our imagination and supposition, in the thought that we were merely called to make a profession; but since then we have been brought to discover by heart-felt experience that the calling of God is to be in Christ. If you will ponder these glorious mercies over, and will mark down what transpires within during the day, you will find everything in and of yourself far beneath that spiritual standing in eternal life, which we have by the effectual "calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Then again, being thus called, with God's high calling, we come into union with Christ Jesus, and are in oneness with Christ Jesus, and always suitable for Him; and not only so, but we live and stand in oneness of nature, life and spirit, with Christ Jesus. Then we may well take up the language of Paul, "Nothing can separate us from the love of God." Where is it? "Which is in Christ Jesus." Bear with me a moment, it is an unspeakable mercy "to have the love of God shed abroad in the heart;" and it is a glorious demonstration of God's love to us and for us; but how many an hour, and day, and may I not say, how many a week since God called us, and caused us to feel His love, have we gone on as if we were dead, and had never felt the love of God in the

heart! Well, is that our rule to live by? Oh no; but bless God for the mercy, that our rule of life and walk is in Christ. If Christ is ours, and we stand in Him, He then is our all in all; and here it is, and here only: We "walk in peace and equity with God." Yet how little you hear of these glorious truths in this our day! Many will preach about their experience. I love experience to my very heart, but my experience is not Christ; and my experience is not my security. Christ is that; for it is in Him we dwell; in Him we live, in Him we are preserved, and in Him we are kept; who is our everlasting life, our God, our glory. I cannot preach my experience for Christ; nor can I preach experience without Christ. We may have the feelings, and know something of the working of the corruption of human nature: we may feel the fullness of the condemnation there is written down in the law of God; we may be terrified about hereafters: we may know all this, and yet die without being partakers of the "high calling of God." But if we are brought into an experimental knowledge of that truth, we know no death can touch it; no sin can come near it; no devil can reach it; no changes can alter it; for we are all one in Christ. I must add, as the mind is taken up with Christ, and you live in the knowledge of Christ, what He is to us and hath done for us, we can well say as David does in Ps. xl. and xli.: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." What more? "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall," not may; "shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

O, my soul, my hearers, what a glorious and eternal mercy to have an understanding of these truths, and to be confirmed in them by the Lord our God! If I were for a short time to speak of the affliction, and the changes in feeling in my mind and thoughts since I left you this morning, why, beloved, it would fill you with misery, and might be calculated to raise mistrust in you; but let it be what it may, take place when it may, wave upon wave be rolling, here is the mercy: "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine." This calms the troubled breast; this draws up the noble mind above all that is passing; this endears a precious Christ; so that we rejoice in Him who hath said, "Where I am, there ye may be also."

Let us, however, look again to the sweet truth, the "high calling of God." The called, calling, and the caller, can never be separated the one from the other. Only think about it: am I called of God? Yes. What is the calling? A "high calling." Who called me? God Himself. "If I go up to heaven, Thou art there, and if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand

shall hold me." Yes, saith the Lord, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Yea, depend upon it, if you are a little more particular about the words of the Lord, and leave the words of men to pass by, and not make your calculations on the ground of creature-feelings, and are more taken up with what the Lord hath wrought and done, the mind will be blessedly enriched, and we shall "rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." When Paul was writing his epistle to the Church at Rome, he breaks out so sweetly, by saying, "**WE KNOW THAT ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD.**" Do you, Paul? O, yes! And why do you know it? Oh, saith he, it is unto all "them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." This you will find goes point blank against the general notions of men in our day; for they are trusting to luck, chance, and fortune; but every one that is called of God, it is according to His purpose. Ephs. iii. 11. Paul had been speaking of redemption, salvation, and acceptance of the Church of God, which he saith is according to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord. Then my calling stands inseparably united to the eternal purpose of God in Christ Jesus. This realized in the heart, constrains us to love God, because He first loved us. So that whatever takes place with a child of God, it is working together for good. Some of you may have many things that are opposing you, which are very trying, and they exercise you very much, and you wish that it was otherwise: you pray hard against it, and the more you pray, the heavier the thing becomes; but at the end, when the set time is come to favour Zion, you will be ready to put your Amen to it, and bless God that it has worked together for your good.

In looking into God's Bible, we read thus of one: "They intended it for evil; but the Lord intended it for good." Having learnt a little of this mercy, I would just drop this hint, as I suppose you, like me, have plenty of calumniators. I cannot go many days without being evil spoken of; for Christ saith, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name sake." Then are we to raise up anything against these things, to try to defend ourselves or to preserve our supposed reputation? Oh, no! for this is the privilege of God's children, in all things, and at all times, "To stand still and see the salvation of God with you:" and, remember, as we are hedged about by God, they cannot come near to destroy, and should they touch you, He hath said, "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of His eye."

I think of these things. I would rather be like Mary, sit still in the house, than take up weapons against a supposed enemy;" "for if God be for us, who can be against us." I do believe if

those that are so zealous for the truth, so pressing in their ways, setting up many things as a standard, if they did but know this secret, we should not have that fighting, devouring, evil speaking, back-biting, and slandering there is now; but it would be as Paul writes to the Church, "Each one esteeming others better than themselves." I have no notion of professors living contrary to God's Word; for we are told to be "careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your request be made known unto God." "But," say you, "I hate them for it." I bless God I hate no man: I love Christ. I have no hatred against any man; and, depend upon it, there is nothing said in God's Bible, that we should hate one another; but knowing that He loves me, that quiets me.

Well, then, we are called according to His purpose: and in the 30th verse we find, "moreover, whom He did predestinate, them He also called." Then if I am called of God, I am predestinated of God; and I was predestinated of God before I was called of God; and being predestinated of God, I was sure of being called. God's predestination was not precious to me before God opened my childship. I have given sad offence to one whom I believe is a brother, because I said I could not believe God predestinated man to damnation. He almost quarrelled with me; but it mattered not, it altered not my belief of God's predestination; that it had nothing to do but with God's own Church in Christ. What! hath God delight in predestinating man to be damned, when He saith, "He hath no pleasure in their death?" May God open His mind to you, that we may live and act accordingly. "We were predestinated to be conformed to the image of His Son." I bless my God it is a peculiar mercy to know and believe; it produces humility of mind, and

"Makes sov'reign mercy dear to me,
And Jesus all in all."

And we are predestinated to the adoption of children. This is another dear mercy to have an understanding of; for if we know it not, as yet we are not able to call God, "Abba, Father;" but if we have received the adoption of children, we can call God Father.

"Yes," say you, "when I am comfortable, I can call Him Father."

My children make no such distinction; for whether they are comfortable or in trouble, they call me father, and I am sure, if you are in trouble, and one of God's children, you can say Father. Some persons would measure childship by feelings. That is scant measure; but my saying Father is not a proof of my childship; for

childship and relationship are in oneness of nature, adopted into the family of God, and "God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father." Take notice of that. It is not left to our own discretion to call God Father: just look at the simplicity of the words, "He sends forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father;" or, as it reads in my old Bible, "Abba, dear Father." It is so precious, I can call Him so, and I love to call Him so.

"But have you no doubts about it?"

There was a time when I had, when I was endeavouring to live by my feelings and changes; when I thought one day I was a child of God, and another, a child of some one else; and when I thought it was not all right, when sometimes I was a little troubled, sad things going on within, I used to question whether it was possible God could be my Father, or that I could be a child of God; but, blessed be God, our childship is in union with Christ, and we stand in relationship with Him, God's dear Son, in whom His soul delighteth. Moreover, whom he did predestinate, them He also called. Now, if you are called, your calling and predestination are inseparable. Predestination being the love act of God, it brings us up into union with the love of God. Then who shall separate us from that love? But observe, how the apostle goes on: "and whom He called, them He also justified." Yon, therefore, see whatever may be said about justification, we have no right knowledge of it, unless we are effectually called of God. There was a time I could argue about justification; but really did not know anything of its blessedness in my heart. Then why did you argue about it? Because I saw it in God's Bible, and I believed it. At that time I was uncommonly fond of what they call eternal justification; that is, I saw clearly the eternal justification of the Church before the fall.

"But are you not so zealous now?"

No; for God will maintain His own truth.

"Well, but are you going to give up eternal justification?"

Oh, no, that I never can; but look into Rom. iii.; and if God hath made you recipients of that truth, it will make you sit quiet at His feet, and bless and praise Him to all eternity. How does it read? "Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." Away with your justification in abstractedness from redemption by Christ Jesus. I pause a moment, as I know these things are not palatable to doctrinal people, that are living on doctrine in the abstract; but we are justified freely by His grace. I shall never forget when my God realized it in my heart, through redemption that is in Christ Jesus: and even when everything is in an uproar, being justified,

I have always "peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Nor is this all; but I believe that at all times, according to the testimony of God, in Heb. x. 18, that being justified from all things, that there is no more sacrifice for sin; and as the Lord communicates the mercy to the heart, of the redemption that is in Christ, I shall never be more justified to all eternity before God than I am now, whether I live ten or twenty years longer. Nothing can be added to God's justification; and, blessed be God, nothing can be taken from it.

"Whom He called, them He justified, and whom He justified, them He also glorified." Sweet is the mercy, and blessed to be led on daily in the knowledge of Christ, of whom Isaiah speaks in the 60th chapter; "Jehovah shall be thy everlasting light, and thy God thy glory." This is just the position of the called of the Lord in Christ. "Thy everlasting light." Do mark down another mercy in connexion with this. I find I cannot be too particular on it. Some of you may be saying, "If this be true, how is it I have so much darkness?" Now remember there is no darkness in Christ, all the darkness is in us. It is said that the moon is a dark body, and the Church is represented by the moon: the moon hath no light of its own, it gets all by communication; so that were the sun to cease its light, there would be no light from the moon: and mark you, the moon has its changes, that is, as it appears to us; and it also is the subject of eclipse now and then: it hath its waxings and wanings as we see it from the earth; but there is no change in the moon since God made it. The moon hath traversed in its own sphere ever since it was made, and I believe it is the earth coming between the sun and moon that makes an eclipse. Well, then, you may be eclipsed, you may feel darkness, you may be the subject of changes, but remember Christ the true light now shineth, and He is our everlasting light. There is another thing I would notice, that although the moon being eclipsed, and being subject to what we call changes, yet it never unfits the moon for the light of the sun. So our feelings do not unfit us for Christ; all the experience, as the called of the Lord, never militates against us or brings accusation against us, or brings us into condemnation before God.

HITHERTO THE LORD HATH HELPED US.

THE Lord says—may He speak it to the reader in the power of His Spirit—"He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven

there shall no evil touch thee." This is the faithful promise of a performing God; and there is not a living child upon the face of this earth who has the least ground for saying that in their individual case He has not been faithful to His Word during the past year. Surely each and all of our readers can join us in saying,

"When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!"

Troubles we may all expect, and neither of us shall have one too many, or one too heavy. They are all allotted us in weight and measure by a faithful covenant God; and He has promised us strength equal to our day. We often look forward and fancy that we can see impassable difficulties in our pathway, and shrink from the future as though we should not be able to bear up under what we can see will be put upon us. How often have we proved, even during the past year, that our fears for the future have been void of foundation, that there has been no real ground for fear, no real cause to be dismayed. The Lord tells us to take no thought for the morrow, which He never would have done had there been the least occasion for it. It is, therefore, very blessed to be able to commit all into His hands, knowing that what Luther says is right,

"Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way."

Christ once said unto His disciples, "When I sent you out without purse or scrip, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing, Lord." If the same question were put to you, would not the same answer be elicited? Would you not be constrained to acknowledge that not one thing had failed of all He had promised? We feel assured this moment that you would be necessitated to say,

"I know in all that has befallen,
My Jesus has done all things well."

Flesh and blood cannot approve of the way in which the Lord is pleased to lead His children; but the Lord never studies to please our old nature. He just carries out His own purpose of love. He ever seeks His own glory, and our spiritual welfare; and in order to accomplish this the old man is daily crucified. We must follow the Lord wherever He leads. If it be in the furnace, there we are bound to go; but no smell of fire shall pass upon us. If it be in the lion's den, there also we must of sheer necessity go; but He will send the Angel of the everlasting covenant and shut the

lions' mouths, so that they shall hurt us not. At all times we are safe, though often we feel as though all was going to wreck and ruin; for "He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps." He also says, "I the Lord do keep it." Yes, He ever keeps it. Child of God, He keeps you. He can just as soon cease to exist as to leave off caring for you. He cared for you when you cared not for yourself: and you have good cause to join the poet in saying,

"Determined to save, He watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death."

Why did He not allow you to pursue the downward course which leads to destruction? Why did He stop you and put His fear in your heart? Why did He make you willing in the day of His power? Why are you privileged to join the Apostle in saying of Him—"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me?" Was it because you were better than others not alike favoured? Was it because He saw that you would be more holy and devout than others? In nowise. Well, then, what was the cause of all the love of His heart toward you? What was the cause of paying so great a price for your ransom as His own blood? Say, why should He suffer, bleed, and die on your account? Can you assign a reason in yourself? Are you better than the ungodly sons and daughters of Adam who perish in their own corruption? Are you a whit better than the seed of the serpent that have no more interest in Christ than devils? In taking a review of your conduct during the past year, as a child of Adam the first, have you any room to boast or glory over the vilest apostate? We think not. Have you not oftener appeared more like a devil than a saint? Have you not exemplified more of the character of the earthly than the heavenly? Can you boast of progressing in holiness—improving in sanctification? Would your best natural thought bear heaven's scrutiny? Would your most charitable action bear investigation? Has your corrupt fountain sent forth any sweet water at all? Has your evil tree yielded any good fruit? Has the Lord ever found a cluster of grapes upon your fleshly thorn-bush? Has He gathered one fig from your thistle of nature? Can you look back with satisfaction upon anything of your own? We think not. At least, if you can, we cannot. Indeed we must join dear Toplady in singing,

"A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing."

Yes, it is as another of our poets expresses it,

"Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song."

In fact, we must of real necessity say, with Paul, "In me; that is,

in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." And our God is not so foolish as to expect it. At least, the Lord says Himself, that men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles; and surely we must give our God credit for being quite as wise as man. What the poet says is quite right:

"When He beheld the chosen race
All weltering in their gore,
Terrific frowns ne'er cloth'd His face,
Nor did His vengeance roar."

Is this going too far? In no wise. Hear how beautifully clear the same poet explains this blessed truth—

"He turn'd His eyes to Jesus then,
And in His bosom saw
His dear delights, the sons of men,
Complete without a flaw."

This is the secret, beloved; and what Kent says in one of his hymns is gloriously true:

"'Twas all of grace, from first to last,
The deed was done, the pardon past;
Secure in Christ were all its heirs,
The curse was *His*, and pardon *theirs*."

Can it be possible? It is blessedly true. The *curse* was *His*, and *pardon ours*. Child of God, surely you can say, "Wonder, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth! for the Lord hath done it." Yes, His own arm brought salvation. He trod the winepress alone. The great Jehovah said, "Let His hands be sufficient for Him:" and we know that they were equal to the work assigned Him, and we can joyfully sing, "His work is honorable and glorious!" We want no better work for the ground of our hope. We wish not to add to perfection. Christ has completed everything for us, and when He reveals the blessed reality in our heart by His Spirit, we are satisfied with substance, and filled with the blessing of the Lord. We then deny ourselves, in all the works of the flesh; forsake ourselves, in all our creature performances, and are perfectly satisfied with "Jesus only." We have nothing to plead before our Father but Jesus; and we are well assured that we shall never need another plea. "This is my beloved Son," saith Jehovah, "in whom I am well pleased." It is more than pleasing to us at this time to believe that our covenant God and Father is ten thousand times more pleased with what our Lord has done than He was ever displeased with our sin. Our sin called down His curse, His blood more loudly called down His blessing.

"Our sin awoke His Father's ire,
His blood destroy'd eternal fire."

Cheer up, beloved, all is well. You have no real cause to fear. All is right between you and your God, whatever misgivings you may have. What Irons sings is blessedly right :

“ One with Christ, for ever one !
Debts are paid, and work is done :
Grace and glory now are given,
We are on our way to heaven.”

“ Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.” And He who has helped us to the present moment, will not fail us in the future. He will ever prove Himself to be without variableness or shadow of turning ; and though “ we believe not, He abideth faithful ; He cannot deny Himself.” And He never denies His children one thing which shall be for their good. Many things the Lord refuses to grant us, because He knows that the possession of them would prove a real injury to us ; therefore it is very sweet and blessed to remember that He will supply all our need. Our needs are real blessings to us, and why ? They adapt us for the supply. Our needs would not be blessings if there was a question about the supply. But as the supply is as much fixed as the need, the need is a real blessing. Christ said, “ Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness ; for they shall be filled.” But what shall be said of those who do not hunger ? They have no reason to conclude that they are blessed ; but have just cause to infer that they are out of the secret of His covenant. The Lord never gave life without hunger ; and He never gave hunger without food. Hence, child of God, though you feel that you cannot feed at His table, you cannot help hungering for the bread of life ; and you cannot help thirsting for the water of life : and you know that nothing but food can satisfy hunger, and nothing but drink will slake thirst. Well, then, although you know it not, you are already blest ; and you have real cause to praise the Lord for quickening you into life. Remember also that the life which you now possess is Christ, and He will sustain His own life in you. Paul once said, “ I live, and yet not I, Christ liveth in me.” Job once said, “ I know that my Redeemer liveth ;” and we read, “ The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted.” Thus they gloried in the fact of the Lord living : and while they thought of His living, the life-blood glowed in them as members of Him who lives. Can the Lord die ? Your life is just as secure. Why ? He is your life. The poet says, and you join him,

“ I know that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !”

Hence our comfort flows from the fact of knowing that He lives.

He not only lives for His Church, but lives in His Church. What did He say to His disciples? "Because I live, ye shall live also." What did He say to John in the Isle of Patmos? "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore." He also further says, "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me;" "for my flesh is meet indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." He alone is the feast of fat things: and those who live on Him, feed on royal dainties, and can say, "He brought me into the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love." He is the house of banquet; and He alone is the Pavilion above the strife of tongues. And how sweetly the poet writes of Him:

"Oh, sweet Pavilion, there I hide!
Blest refuge, there I flee!
And shelter in thy bleeding side
To all eternity.

Thou art my God, nor earth, nor sin,
Shall rend my soul from thee;
Nor death, nor hell, shall intervene
To break the firm decree."

This is all gloriously true; and, beloved, why should you be so anxious about the future pathway? You well know that the lot is cast into the lap; that your times are in the Hands of Him who is Love; that He will see to it that you shall be continuously cared for; and that, however dark and rough the road, you shall be led by a right way to a city of habitation. He says in His Word—may He speak it in your heart—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord:" and He also says, "Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you." Yes, as much for you, as though you were the only subject of His care. "Fret not thyself because of evildoers:" leave them in the hand of your God.

"Commit thou all thy griefs,
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who heaven and earth commands.

What profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care?
To Him commit thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer."

Yes, and what another of our poets says is blessedly true—

"He hears the groans of His elect,
And hates to put away."

You cannot make one hair white or black: you cannot alter His all-wise arrangement: you could not choose so good a pathway as the one that you are now walking in. Rest assured that all is ordered, and well ordered; that all is arranged, and wisely arranged; that all is fixed, and lovingly fixed.

"To His Church, His joy, His treasure.
Every trial works for good:
They are dealt in weight and measure,
Yet how little understood—
Not in anger,
But from His dear covenant love."

'The Lord give you to believe it, beloved, and stay your anxious mind upon Himself. May you

"Roll all your care on Israel's God;
And trust to Christ's redeeming blood."

We must now say farewell, wishing you an increased knowledge of Him who is all your salvation and all your desire.

A. WILCOCKSON.

Kirkby Place, Plymouth, January 3rd, 1867.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given."—Eph. iii. 8.

OF all the apostles, there was not one who preached so blessedly and gloriously as did the Apostle Paul, and yet, under the tuition of the Eternal Spirit, he was contented to say he was "less than the least of all saints;" nevertheless, when writing to the Church at Corinth, he says, "In nothing am I behind the very chiefest apostles, though I be nothing;" and again he writes, "I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am." I believe this is the acknowledgment of every elect vessel of mercy; I believe all the children of God join in this declaration, and confess they are "less than the least of all saints." They feel they are not the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, but the least among the living members of the living Head. I think this is the sure effect of grace. It is "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us." Feeling his own nothingness, the child of God can sing—

"Grace has put me in the number
Of the Saviour's family:"

and if the Lord enable you to realise the sweetness of these two lines, you will sit and sing in heavenly places; you will forget terrestrial things, and long to bask in his immediate presence!

"Less than the least of all saints." Noble expression! In the dust of self-abasement, the apostle could say this, and yet he could glory that he possessed all things. "I have all and abound;" and

he adds, "my God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." The Lord manifested His grace to Paul, because He loved him with an everlasting love, and blessed him with all spiritual blessings in Christ before the foundation of the world. He was

"Saved in the Lord, for ever saved,
And in life's bundle bound."

And, had he not been joined to the Lord, and one Spirit, he would not have been willing in the day of His power: had he not been

"One with Jesus,
By eternal union one,"

the Lord would not have made known to him by revelation the mystery of Christ. How many here know experimentally this mystery? We cannot understand spiritual realities but by the teaching of the Holy Ghost. "If any man be in Christ a new creature, old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." The mere professor of religion can read the letter of God's Word, and he can understand the historical parts, and the narratives contained therein, but he cannot perceive their spiritual import: but all God's blood-bought family, under the teaching of the eternal Spirit, say unto Him, as did the disciples of old, "Declare unto us this parable." It is not enough to say—the Church is blessed, the Church is saved, and not an hoof shall be left behind. The child of God knows the whole family in heaven and earth—the one household—is secure; he knows this glorious host, which no man can number, shall shout "Victory through the blood of the Lamb," and shall sing His high praises round the throne, and join together in the song of triumph—"Unto Him that has loved us," &c. (Rev. i. 5, 6); but he feels this knowledge is not sufficient. He wants to know he is included in that blessed number, and that, by and bye, he shall be among that happy, glorious band.

"And is my name enroll'd?
Do Thou my soul assure:
Am I within that fold,
Which Jesus keeps secure?
Then hold my feet in Zion's way,
Till Thee I meet in endless day."

Ah! this is the language of his heart—the very breathing of his soul. He longs to know that he is a trophy of His grace, a jewel in His crown. What profit would it be to me personally if I knew every one in this town were saved, if I were not assured of my own individual security. Like the good king in former days, I should be constrained to turn my face towards the wall, and entreat the Lord to hear my prayer, and to tell me that He had delivered my

soul from the pit of corruption, and had cast all my sins behind His back. There are doubtless many here who know their interest in Christ, and can take up the language of the poet, and say—

“ This be my song thro’ all the road,
That born I am, and born of God.”

(He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself.) They know they have never purchased or merited this grace; they feel, with the centurion, they are not worthy that the Lord should come under their roof; they know the sand-bank of creature-merit must give way; but Christ is a sure foundation—a foundation that will never give way, and he who builds thereon may sing,

“ On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.”

“ Upon this rock,” saith our glorious Lord,” will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” He did not say that Satan should not come in like a flood, but he shall not prevail. “ I the Jehovah do keep it” (the Church). His Church is no section or party of any visible Church; but this Church is the “ Church of the firstborn which are written in heaven,” and He will instruct all who are within the pale of this Church, and as He is pleased to make known His manifold wisdom, as He graciously opens up fold after fold, how do His living children stand astonished and behold the salvation of God! He (Christ) is “ Head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all.” He never had but this one body, and He never will. It is “ One glorious Head, one body there, which shall at last one glory share.” There is neither Jew nor Gentile, Barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free, but, “ ye are all one in Christ Jesus.” “ God hath set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him.” He set them there in eternity, and “ Ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.” O glorious truth! If in Christ before time, you are in Christ in time, and you shall be in Him throughout eternal day; and if the Lord is pleased to realise in your heart that you are one of His members, you will magnify His name, and sing praises to your glorious King. “ The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.”

“ Christ exalted is our song,
Hymn'd by all the blood-bought throng,
To His throne our shouts shall rise,
God with us by sacred ties.”

How secure is every member of this one Church! every sheep of this fold! "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation!"

"Long as the cov'nant shall endure,
Made by the Great Three One,
Salvation is for ever sure
To ev'ry blood-bought son."

"Unto *me* who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given." Ah, child of God, can you realise it? Can you say it, in the sight of a heart-searching God? We love personal matters. The Apostle says, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God," (not a creature-faith, but His Kinsman-Redeemer's faith—His beloved Lord's faith,) "who loved me, and gave Himself for me." The Lord bestowed His grace upon Paul, he deserved it not, and did we? No! We deserved eternal banishment from His presence, and nothing but His precious blood could atone for our sins. Inestimable blood! The Holy Ghost said by Paul, "Feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." None but the mighty God could redeem His Church.

"In ties of blood, and nothing less,
We claim Thee as our own,
And God th' eternal Spirit bless,
Who makes the kindred known."

Yes! the child of God can claim his glorious Lord, and say, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend. He is the chiefest among ten thousand; yea, He is altogether lovely." I know, says a living child of God, that I never merited His favour. I should have lived and died in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity—without hope; and to hell I should have gone, had it not been for His sovereign grace, but, "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."

"Unto *me* who am *less* than the *least* of all saints." We know many cavil at God's Word, and say, how is it possible Paul could be less than the least? but we understand the Apostle meant it by comparison. Our Lord said, "There hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist: notwithstanding He that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." Did this imply that John was not in the kingdom of heaven? By no means. Jesus also said, "He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger, and he that is chiefest, as he that doth serve. I am among you as He that serveth." Extremes meet in our glorious Christ. He was the greatest, and yet the least—the Highest, and yet "He humbled Himself," and

"made Himself of no reputation"—the glorious Jehovah—King of kings, and Lord of lord—God over all, blessed for evermore, and yet He says, "Our fathers trusted in Thee: they trusted, and Thou didst deliver them But I am a worm and no man: a reproach of men, and despised of the people." How wondrous it seems that the Omnipotent Jehovah, the Creator of all things, should thus condescend and be obedient unto death, even the death of the cross! Who, by searching, can find out God? Who can fathom the Almightyness of His power—the wonders of His love—the riches of His grace! Our glorious Christ came down to raise His Church up from the ruins of the fall, that she might live in *one* life with Him, sing *one* song, and enjoy *one* glory. Oh, the exceeding riches of His grace!

"Unto *me*, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given." We know there was a time when we could not say these words: we were afraid to utter them, because we had not the witness of the Spirit in our hearts, bearing witness that we were the children of God. Did we fear, because we were not blessed in Jesus? No! Was it because we were not saved in the Lord? No! in no wise; but, when the Holy Spirit was pleased to witness adoption in our hearts—when God sent forth the Spirit of His Son into our hearts, crying "Abba, Father," we could rejoice that this grace was bestowed upon us, and sing, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." Jesus said to one in the days of old, "This day is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham;" not after the flesh, but in the faith, being bound up in the same bundle of life, blessed in the same covenant; and in His own time, the Lord will show unto all His blood-bought family His covenant; He will make known to them the riches of the glory of this mystery, which is "Christ in you, the hope of glory." We know if God is pleased to hide a mystery in Himself, we cannot unravel it. He Himself must open and unfold it. "I am" (saith Jesus) "the root and the offspring of David, the bright and morning star." How did the eyes of the wise men glisten—how were their hearts cheered—when they saw the star! It shone into their hearts, directing them to Immanuel. We read, "When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." It led them to Jesus, who came down to ransom and redeem His people. How often, child of God, has it gladdened your heart when, by the Spirit's teaching, the Lord has taught you His own truth! Ah! say you, I long to know that His mercy is manifested to me: I desire to know Him and to know His love which passeth knowledge: I long to forget all things else, and to lose myself in this ocean of love; but I am tempest-tossed: "I am for peace; but when I speak they are for war." Nevertheless,

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," saith your God. "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned." Let Him but speak in the power of His own Spirit, and say, "Peace be unto you," your peace will flow like a river. If He but drop His Word with living power, you will be instantly carried above time things; you will "take root downward, and bear fruit upward;" for from Christ is your fruit found.

The Apostle says, "Unto me is this grace given." He was enabled blessedly to trace all to the fountain. "Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above." It is all rich, free-grace, from first to last. We know it is

"Sov'reign grace o'er sin abounding;"

but have you realised it? have you tasted that the Lord is gracious? It is "to whom coming." Are you following your Forerunner? Are you pressing toward Him through every obstacle? His living children are but passengers here, they are passing through the world, but they do not belong to it. They are strangers and sojourners here as all their fathers were; and if there were no saints of God on the earth, it would not stand one hour. But, say you, are you justified in that statement? Yes. What says the Lord, "Ye are the salt of the earth." If salt were extracted from everything on this earth, all must go to ruin; for salt is the bond, the tie, the preservation. I am not surprised that Paul delighted to dwell on the rich, free, discriminating grace of God. Grace plucked him as a brand from the burning: Grace took his sins: Grace justified him freely.

"Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear."

"Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound." If you do not know this joyful sound, you cannot adopt this language; but if the Lord has indeed spoken peace to your troubled conscience, you will rejoice that not only has He saved Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the blood-redeemed host now before the throne, but that He has also saved you. "But," says one—under a feeling sense of his own nothingness and unworthiness—"has He saved me? has He raised me up? and shall I be with Him in heaven ere long? Can it be possible that I, who am less than the least of all saints, shall see Him face to face?" Child of God! why should you doubt it? Why should fears arise in your mind? If grace saved Saul of Tarsus, is it not equally powerful to save you? True, we can scarcely realise it; when we look into ourselves, we exclaim, "Can ever God dwell here?" and what must be our only reply?—"Even

so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Has He given you the earnest? Has He ever ennobled your soul? It is written, "When they had nothing to pay, He frankly forgave them both:" and another portion strikes the mind, and one we shall never fathom—"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." The men, which journeyed with the Apostle, heard a voice, but they saw no man—they did not realise the same pardoning love. How was it Paul did? Because he belonged to Christ—because he was a jewel in His crown—because his name was enrolled in the Lamb's book of life, and the set time to favour this elect vessel of mercy had fully come. Some say—it is but for you just to believe, and all is right. Ah! true faith is not a mere assent and consent to the doctrines contained in the Scriptures; but we have "boldness and access with confidence by the faith of Him," and we know

*"He makes the believer,
And gives him his crown."*

Had it not been for God's free-grace, Paul would have gone on persecuting His saints; for he says, "I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth;" but God had eternal thoughts of peace toward him, and He directed Ananias to arise and go into the street called Straight, and to enquire for him, for, saith the Lord, "Behold he prayeth!" But Ananias answered, "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to Thy saints at Jerusalem, and how he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call on Thy Name." How quickly, however, did the Lord remove these disputations from his mind, by replying, "Go thy way; for he is a chosen vessel unto me." Ananias no longer hesitated, he went his way, and entered into the house, and putting his hands on him said, "Brother Saul," (thus he claimed relationship with him) "the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight; and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Rich, sovereign favour! We shall have an eternity in which to bless Him for His grace in having met us. I am constrained to say—"Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given," when I look round upon thousands in this waste howling wilderness, who are strangers to God, who are in the gall of bitterness, in the bond of iniquity! How blessed "to know the love of Christ"—to be filled with all the fulness of God, which is to be filled with God's Christ! How grand and glorious! How simple, and yet how sublime! Surely this is "the manifold wisdom of God!" How many here can take up this language? I know, if the Lord enable you to adopt it, you will acknowledge you are utterly unworthy of His favour, and

you will put the crown on the head of your Kinsman-Redeemer, and ascribe all the glory to Him—"To the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made you accepted in the Beloved."

"A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land us on fair Canaan's coast,
Where we shall sing the song of grace,
And see our glorious Hiding Place!"

May the Lord add His blessing. Amen.

Tuesday, November 27th, 1866.

THE KEY OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID.

Isaiah, xxii. 22.

If we attend to the literal meaning of the history before us, we shall see that the prophet refers us to Eliakim. This Eliakim was one of the chief treasurers of King Hezekiah, a minister of the state, and master of the household. He was one of Hezekiah's ambassadors that was abused by Rabshakah, the ambassador of Sennacherib, king of Babylon. Doubtless, Eliakim was a type of Christ, who is the chief minister of the Sanctuary, the treasurer of the church, having the care of all her riches, is faithful to his trust, and, however much abused by self-righteous pharisees, will defend his Father's household, and take care of his property. We shall briefly notice

1. The house of David.
2. The key and its use.

First, the house of David. The word David means beloved, pointing us at once to Christ, the beloved Son of God; and the house of David here means the Church of Christ, which is a choice dwelling, desired above every other habitation, an everlasting rest for God, and abundantly blessed with the choicest provision. The nature of this house is beautifully described by Solomon, who says, "The beams of our house are cedar, and our rafters of fir." It is a beautiful and glorious house; it has a golden foundation, silver sides, a purple covering, and is paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem. Ah, say God's fearing and trembling ones, we admire the form, beauty, and riches of this house; we love to see it and hear about it, because of its wise Master builder; but do we belong to its inhabitants? Do we form a part of its distinguished family? Why, beloved brethren, you remind me of a certain people spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles: "And of the rest durst no man join himself to them, but the people magnified them."

You cannot help admiring the house ; it gives you pleasure to speak of its inmates ; and you find such a feeling in your heart towards them as you have towards no others ; and that you would give a world to have a clear evidence you are bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh. Now, this is absolutely one of the marks of those children ; for they are a little flock, subject to fears, liable to many changes, call themselves dry trees, and cannot believe but what they are separated from the Lord's people. Notwithstanding all this, these poor down-cast, tried ones, love the brethren, choose the things that are right, take hold of God's covenant, and really have an everlasting name that shall not be cut off.

Ah, says poor little Faith, but these things do not belong to me, I am not satisfied that I have a real work of grace in my heart. I cannot say I have those evidences I want : how little do I know and feel of the piercings and terrors of a righteous and holy law ! And what do I know of the glorious liberty of the sons of God ? Since I first professed to believe in Jesus, and thought my sins might be forgiven, and I might be justified through grace, alas, how dark, hard-hearted, and barren, have I been ! How worldly-minded ! And O how dull and stupid concerning the greatest and best things. What are my prayers, desires and thoughts ? And what are my ends and motives in all I say and do ? O Lord, I beseech thee to search me, and neither let me deceive myself nor others.

Oh, my friend, David knows all about us, what kind of house he owns, and what is the state and condition of all his children. He knows they are crooked and perverse, stubborn and self-willed, and that they are more liable to do evil than good. Hear his complaint, "Although my house be not so with God ; yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure ; for this is all my salvation and all my desire, although He make it not to grow."

2ndly. We shall now say a word or two upon the key of this house, and its use. Permit me to remind you of the fact that the key of my house is not intended to unlock the doors of other people's houses ; no, it belongs to my own house ; and is for the entire use of it. The key of David's house does not belong to the house of Pharaoh, nor Caleb's house, nor Saul's house, nor Joab's house. The church is God's house ; the Master of that house is Christ, and He has a key, a certain key, belonging to this house, fitted to every door of it, and will readily unlock every door when applied. The key, mind you, cannot unlock the door of itself ; no, it must have an agent. I know my heart was locked and barred against holy things ; I know what key opened it ; and I know also who used this key. The key is the Word of life ; and the Holy Spirit is the divine agent, who makes use of this key to unlock the

doors of all those who compose the household of David. With this key the Holy Spirit unlocked the doors of three thousand hearts all at one time. The moment they key was thrust into the lock, there was a creaking noise heard in the opening of the doors, and that sound was this: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" You know also the creaking noise that was heard when the Holy Ghost put in His key and unlocked the door of the jailor's heart: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" And when the heart of the publican was unlocked, he cried out, saying, "God, be merciful unto me a sinner." Now, if the Holy Spirit has opened the door into your soul, you know what it is to hope in God, long for the Spirit's teaching, the consolation of the gospel, and communion with your God.

Again, the Lord Jesus also, being Master of the household, has the key, and knows when and how to use it. He opens eye-door, ear-door, and mouth-door; and when He opens, none can shut; and when He shuts, none can open. Our Lord Jesus has the key of the Holy Scriptures, and can open them when He pleases, and to whom He pleases. When He opens the Scriptures to His saints, and refreshes their souls by this means, they know who is the agent, and what is the key He makes use of, and they say, "Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?" Christ, then, has a Bible-key to open its sacred mysteries; He has also the church-key to fix ordinances, bestow gifts, and grant blessings. Christ has also the key of heaven to open a way into that by His blood and righteousness; and He has also the key of hell, to open the door of the pit, and put in those whose names are not in the book of life, but who worship the beast, and bear his mark in their foreheads. Hear the words of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death."

B. TAYLOR.

Fulham St. Mary, January 3rd, 1867.

A CHILD IN THE FAITH.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have not been able to do anything since Wednesday last. On Friday by appointment Miss —— called, and I went with her to hear Mr. ——; but the intense weariness under which I laboured, together with the heat of the place, caused me some fear lest I should be taken ill; for, in truth, I ought not to have left my room. However, the Lord was, as He ever is, better to me than all my fears.

Wine and wheat were temptingly placed on the table; but as I could not feelingly realise the sweet and enlivening presence of the Master, I could neither eat nor drink; and, therefore, came away much cast down; but what a mercy! not destroyed. Oh, no! my Jesus lives; and He has lovingly told me that because He lives, I shall live also.

It seems to me strange that Miss —— should single me out for a companion. I feel very unfit, and fear lest I should not be as gentle with the timid little one as you, my dear father, ever were with me.

If I make a remark about her doubts and fears, she at once exclaims, "Ah, yes; but you have been so blessed!" I do believe that many with whom I come in contact think that I am always on the mount; but, O. how mistaken! Even whilst they are talking with me, it may be, that I am cast down, wretched and miserable, walking in darkness, doing business in deep waters, and inwardly crying—"Oh that it were with me as in days gone by!" But though such be my experience, I keep it to myself; for I have no pleasure in speaking of self; but do earnestly desire that I may have a single eye for a single object, and a single heart for a single subject; and know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Yesterday morning I could not get out; but feeling somewhat better in the evening, I went and heard Mr. —— preach. He preached from Jer. xxxi. 12. He seems very fond of a long text. Why, there seemed to my mind enough in the three words—"they shall come," to preach from for hours together; and even then I do believe that there would have been the twelve baskets of fragments left to gather up from so glorious a "shall" of our covenant God. "They shall come;" for I have redeemed Jacob, and ransomed him from the hand that was stronger than he.

"'Tis Jesu's blood which makes His Church
From spot and blemish free;
And, O, the riches of His grace!
He poured it out for me."

I take it for granted that you are still sailing on life's tempestuous main, breasting unflinchingly wind and tide, fearing neither the fury of the one, nor the lashing of the other, relying simply on the strength of your Anchor, which, blessed be God, will never fail you, nor the frail child who pens these few lines. Here, beloved friend, thy little one rests,

"Nor would I change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great."

I have proved, and am daily proving, the strength of my Anchor;

for it is cast within the veil, sure and steadfast. Often in feeling I am driven against quicksands, which, but for my anchor, would impede my course. Though the adverse winds of trouble and dismay drive me to and fro, yet hope—a good hope through grace—bears me up and carries me through. “Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift !”

I know not why I am writing. That I must leave. I think I need not say that a line will always be acceptable. But even that I leave with Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will. Oh, it is very sweet to know that you cannot forget me—cannot put me on a shelf and say, “Lie there till I want you.” No, no; but in the arms of faith you must bear me before the throne of grace, and there plead that the seed sown under your instrumentality may take deep root downward, and bear fruit upward, to the praise of the glory of His grace who hath made me accepted in the Beloved.

Mrs. — is still on the bed of affliction. I am too weary now to tell you my thoughts and feelings respecting her; and perhaps it is better not. She often speaks of you with Christian love and affection, and never seems tired of speaking of the way that the Lord led her to “Beulah” Chapel the first time you ever preached there. Your text was, “And such were some of you.”

Wishing you every covenant blessing, believe me, as ever, your affectionate little one,

RECLUSE.

BLISSFUL ANTICIPATIONS.

When nations wreck'd and ruin'd fall,
Jesus shall be my all in all:
In Him I'll stand, feel no dismay,
Though rocks and mountains melt away.

Fair in His righteousness will stand,
On Canaan's shore, that glorious land,
Above the reach of all my foes,
Where milk and honey freely flows.

Where minds eternal will expand,
Receiving knowledge from His hand:
That I may know Him, still 'twill be,
Whilst lost in love's unfathom'd sea.

Thoughts upon thoughts will fill the soul,
Keep rolling in, yet not the whole;
Eternity would fail to prove
The vast immensity of love.

A taste we have while in the vale,
But there the breath that we inhale,
Will all be love, and nought beside,
Streaming thro' Jesus' pierced side.

Yea, thro' this highway all have trod,
Being wash'd in blood, the blood of God;*
For ever clean, nought can deface
The beauty of the ransom'd race.

There Jesus will upon His throne
Have His fair bride, His very bone,
To share a heaven's eternal store,
Containing all, can have no more.

Yea, her immensity of bliss
Is He is *mine*, and I am *His*;
For ever one, nought can untie,
Nor can eternal life ere die.

No time to live in glory, nay;
'Tis time that keeps me now away;
Haste on fair time and run your race,
That keeps me from my Lord's embrace.

O, glorious Church, O, lovely bride!
And much more lovely love that tied
The knot that cannot be undone,
Which made the church and Christ but one.

* Acts xx. 28.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. IX.

MARCH, 1867.

No. 102.

A SERMON.

The Seventeenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

(Concluded from our last.)

Well, then, as the Lord leads us to think over our high calling, and the exceeding riches of God's grace manifested, let me be in the dark or let me be sweetly enjoying the light; let me be doing business in deep waters, or on the mount of enjoyment, it is all one, "Christ is mine and I am His." O, beloved, it is sweet to be looking forth to the prospect of soon passing from all things terrene, to be for ever with the Lord; for we live in the sweet assurance of the faithfulness of God, that nothing can pluck us out of His hand. I would just add, that no one had any hand in the calling of a sinner but God Himself; for He always quickens a sinner before he ever hears God's voice in His calling. And there is a very blessed expression which God speaks to His children after they are quickened.

"What is it?"

"Forget, or forsake, also thy father's house, and thine own people." What more? 2 Cor. vi.: "Come out from among them, and touch not the unclean thing." And to show you the difference there is between God's calling and those that are called by man, that I have known many called into a profession, and many that have received sentiments, and that have appeared very zealous for the letter of the Word, and I have seen them go back and walk no more with God's people; but this was not pleasant to me, and many sleepless nights have I had from such professors; from Satan tempting, and saying, there you are, what you profess

will not last much longer, you will be like them, you will turn your back on God's truth, and you will live and die a hypocrite; but my God has kept me to the present moment, and He shall never hear the last of it; and He doth so endear Himself from a knowledge of the truth, that we are kept by the power of God: and if I had not been kept by God, ever since I have known His love, I should have run away from Him scores of times: and if the Lord had not power over all flesh, and even over this tongue of mine, I should have blasphemed His holy name.

"Sev'reign grace o'er sin abounding,
Ransom'd souls the tidings swell."

Are you witnesses of the mystery of iniquity within? If you are you will bless God that He keeps you night and day.

We now come to the first part of the text: "I press toward." "Well," say you, "I suppose this is something like the dear woman that pressed through the crowd, to touch the hem of the garment of Jesus."

"Was there such a creature as that, and did she do as you say? I do not find any one is mentioned in God's Word doing according to your statement."

"What, did she not press through the crowd?"

I never read she did.

"Well, that is strange; I always read it so."

Read it again; you will find it in Matt. ix. and Mark v.

"But I thought she pressed through the crowd."

There is not the word crowd in all God's Bible.

"Well, really, I shall look at it."

So do; don't believe what I say.

"But how did she get to Him?"

"She came in the press behind, and touched His garment, and the fountain of her blood was dried up." "And Jesus turned Himself about in the press." Jesus was in the press, and the dear woman was behind Him, she touched; the press inclosed Him, but could not keep her from Him; but she did not press through the crowd. I have heard many nice, and what they called experimental discourses about pressing through the crowd. But let us come to God's Book of Words and meanings. He turned about in the press, and He said, who touched me? "Why," saith the disciples, "the multitude throng thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me?" But Jesus knew that virtue had gone out of Him. Now, do you know anything of this sweet contact with Jesus, this precious familiarity? The issue of blood was dried up, and she was made whole. I have not a doubt some of you will quarrel with the parson, because he will not let you have these things of

pressing through the crowd, but he will tell you the truth, and freely say, let creature and creature actions sink, and let the God of my salvation be exalted. I do love to be particular with God's Word; but here is an apparent analogy between the expression of Paul and what is said of the woman; for the expression of Paul carries out this idea of health, activity, strength, earnestness, and intensity of desire, that nothing could prevent his obtaining the object in view, "I press toward the mark." Perhaps some may be ready to say,

"Then, according to your account, there is no warfare."

I don't mean anything of the kind.

"But are we to believe there is no let or hindrance in the way?"

I am ready to believe that; for the Lord saith, "Thou shalt not go out in haste, nor by flight; the Lord shall go before thee, and the God of Israel shall be thy re-reward." But if we lose sight of Christ, being our forerunner, in every state and circumstance, then we shall be making calculations concerning the flesh and the devil, and think them so formidable, as to say with David, "I shall fall one day by the hand of Saul."

But observe the nature of the expression, "I press." That is a continual action: it is not said, I will press, I have pressed, or I intend to press; but it is always in the present tense, I press. This also demonstrates the unalterable continuation of that living action, in pressing toward the mark.

"Well," say you, "I do wish you would talk to us about our exercises: I think an experimental subject ought to be preached from that text."

I do not doubt some of you would be uncommonly glad if I were to tell you some pretty stories about the devil, what he tempts you with, and what he brings up to your mind, and you would say what a gospel sermon; and not a bit of gospel in it. It would be the truth; but there is no gospel in connection with the devil; and I am sure the acts of the devil are not consonant with the truths of God. As creatures we know something of him; and, bless God, we are not ignorant of his devices; but he will never have power or dominion over us. Be particular, you may attempt to correct me; but it is not in the power of the devil to retard the steps of God's children, while they press toward the mark. Some may be ready to say,

"I cannot agree with it."

I cannot make you; but I have had thirty years' experience, and I speak what I know by the demonstration of God the Eternal Spirit. Satan hath tried to hinder me many times, and hath tried to turn me back; but he never could prevail: although at one time he almost did prevail; and that was, when this hand was about to

take my life; but he could not prevail; almost, but not altogether; blessed be my God. Oh, how many a wild goose chase has he led you, according to your apprehension; and hath told you afterwards you were the biggest fool in existence. But he never turned you back from pressing toward your eternal habitation. Only hear: "He led them about; He instructed them; He kept them as the apple of His eye." He called Abraham, and he went for the land of Canaan, and into the land of Canaan he came.

Just pause and ponder over these glorious and straight forward mercies. Saith Jeremiah in his 10th chapter, "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself." That I have found to be true. What is the meaning? "A good man's steps are ordered of the Lord." Now do not put it down to the devil. Although it appears a zig-zag sort of a way that God led His children about, yet it was a right way. Step by step must be taken to the city of habitation. How tranquil this keeps the mind of a child of God, who is a living witness of this eternal truth; and what happiness it raises in the mind to be daily living in a sweet dependance on the Lord for all things, who hath numbered the very hairs of our head. Well, then, amidst all this, Paul had "a thorn in the flesh, and the messenger Satan sent to buffet him;" but neither that nor the "wind Euroclydon" could keep Paul back from seeing Rome; for he had said, "I must see Rome also." "Yes," saith God, "and you must be brought before Cæsar." Some have blamed Paul for doing as he did. But, really, I cannot find fault, because all his goings were ordered of the Lord; and although he was kept bound under Felix for two years, yet God had fixed the time, that he should preach salvation that should be rejected of the Jews, and that should be turned over to you and I poor Gentiles. "He abode two full years in his own hired house, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern Jesus Christ." Did you ever receive that word into your heart? "Things which concern Christ," not things concerning Christ; but "things which concern Christ." When you apprehend that, you will rejoice that you and yours are things which concern Jesus Christ: you will willingly put it all into His hand, and say, "Lord, do as seemeth good unto Thee." These things which concern Jesus Christ are developed, and His eternal interest in you; and as surely as He hath spoken it, so sure shall we partake of it—"Where I am, there ye may be also."

I shall just drop this hint before I stop, that as we are led to ponder over these glorious mercies, we shall see how the saints in days of old were led, supported, kept, guided, lived, and died; and what a dear encouragement arises in the mind, that, as it was with the n., so it is with us day and night; what the Lord said to them, and of

them, He hath said to us and of us. What is it? "Sing ye unto her—A vineyard of red wine: I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." Bless the Lord, O my soul. And "this God is our God for ever and ever, and He will be our guide over death."

Beloved, may God open these dear truths to your heart; and be of good cheer, He will never leave us, nor forsake us. "And where I am," saith Jesus, "there ye may be also." Amen.

TO THE SAINTS IN THE NORTH,

BELOVED IN THE LORD,— Grace, mercy, and peace; love, blood, and salvation, abound in you by the power of the Holy Ghost.

The Lord has never left Himself without a witness, however crooked the generation, however vile the nation, and He never will. He has ever had a seed to serve Him, which are accounted as a generation, and it is called "the generation of the upright;" and we read, "the upright love Thee." Then this cannot be the crooked generation, which are pure in their own eyes, but never washed from their filthiness; but the people spoken of in the Word by the Lord himself—"This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise: they shall speak of the glory of His kingdom, and talk of His power." But this people are not considered without their King; they are not reckoned without their Head and Lord. This seed to serve Him is "not seeds as of many, but of one: and to thy seed, which is Christ." The acknowledgment of each living child before the Father is, "If the Lord had not left us a seed, we had been as Sodom; and been made like unto Gomorrah;" therefore the only difference between us and the world lying in the wicked one is, that the Lord has left us a seed: and we read that "in Isaac shall thy seed be called." Isaac is the promised seed, "the seed of the woman," which has bruised the serpent's head. Hence "we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us;" and we can join dear Paul in saying, "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me." "This honour have all the saints: praise ye the Lord." Hallelujah!

These people are called "a people near unto Him." How near? And of Benjamin He said, "The Beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him: Jehovah shall cover him all the day long; and He shall dwell between His shoulders." Who is this Benjamin? Christ; for, says He, "I was by Him as one brought up with Him;

and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him.' So that Christ dwells between the shoulders, or in the heart, of His Father, as the Head of His body the Church; and we read, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. He shall cover Thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt Thou trust: His truth shall be Thy shield and buckler." "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God; and God dwelleth in Him;" and, says Christ, "As Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they may be one in us." Hence we see how securely our glorious Head dwells in His Father, His Father in Him, and we in the Father and the Son. This is that Pavillion beyond the strife of that unruly evil the tongue, which often cuts us to the quick, and makes us silently writhe under its rankling venom. But our Beloved steps in, and gives us beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning. We then say, "My Beloved is mine and I am His: I am my Beloved's, and His desire is toward me." Thus the King greatly desires our beauty, and says, "Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister spouse; thou hast ravished my heart, with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck."

"Then we hold such sweet communion
With our Saviour, Brother, Friend:
Sing His love, the bond of union,
Matchless love without an end;
Hallelujah!
Hallelujahs now ascend."

The Lord takes precious advantage of the creature blows which we receive. It is His way of endearing Himself to our souls. Then we must acknowledge that all is ordered by Him,

"And when we're shook, we deepen root,
And better stand the storm."

Would we be without the ups and downs, ins and outs, of this wilderness journey? No; and why? "By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." Yes, beloved, the life of your spirit is in all these things; and these many waters cannot quench the fire of love, neither can these floods drown the life of love. Indeed, you can well afford to join dear Paul in saying, "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us: for I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." What confidence! What a noble confession! You see, beloved, that Paul apprehended the love of

God in Christ Jesus our Lord, He well knew that there was no love of God anywhere else. You and I well know that there is no love anywhere else : and had we not an interest in Him, an union to Him, a salvation by Him, we never should have known anything about love ; we never should have tasted that the Lord is gracious ; and we never should be privileged to say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." Surely we have cause to join dear Paul in saying, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift ;" for "the gift of God is eternal life ;" and, says Christ, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hands." This is the *handful* of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains ; and the Lord says, "All His saints are in thy hands." Well, then, let us join Toplady in singing :

"My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase :
Impress'd on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.

Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given ;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

Our enduring depends entirely upon His faithfulness, and not upon our believing. Our doubts and fears alter nothing. Our standing in Christ was settled before the world began ; our blessedness in Christ was secured before the mountains were fixed in their sockets ; our everlasting well-being in Christ was an act of our God as ancient as eternity, as durable as His own existence. Hence,

"Rejoice, ye saints, in every state,
Divine decrees remain unmov'd,
No turns of Providence abate
God's care for those He once has lov'd.

Firmer than heav'n His covenant stands ;
Though earth should shake and skies depart,
You're safe in your Redeemer's hands,
Who bears your names upon His heart."

The things which are shaken must be removed ; but eternal things cannot be shaken ; hence they must remain. We are fixed upon a solid Rock, and never shall be shaken from our basis. Christ says, and He means it all, "Upon this Rock I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it ;" and we well know that He is "a sure foundation ;" and His "place of defence is the munition of rocks," and "as He is, so are we in this world." Well, then, "Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing : let them shout from the tops of the mountains." What shall their song be ? "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

"To shake this Rock, Thy saints are in,
Tempest or storm shall ne'er prevail :
'Twill stand the blast of hell and sin,
And anchor sure within the veil.

Within the lefts of His dear side,
There all His saints in safety dwell ;
And what from Jesus shall divide ?
Not all the rage of earth or hell.

Bless'd with the pardon of her sin,
My soul beneath Thy shade would lie,
And sing the love that took me in,
And others left in sin to die.

O sacred covert from the beams
That on the weary traveller beat,
How welcome are thy shade and streams,
How bless'd, how sacred, and how sweet !

Christ says, and may He speak it to you as He has to me, "O my dove, in the clefts of the rock !" Yes, in the riven side of our bleeding Jesus; in the wounded heart of our best Beloved; between the shoulders of our dear Immanuel,

"O love, how high Thy glories swell !
How great, immutable, and free !
Ten thousand sins, as black as hell,
Are swallowed up, O love, in Thee !"

The heart warms, beloved, as the pen moves to write of the things touching the King; the things concerning Jesus of Nazareth, the Mighty God, our Brother born for adversity. It is delightful to write or speak when He breathes upon us dry bones, saying unto us, "Live." We then sit and sing in heavenly places in Him, forget ourselves as creatures, lose sight of ourselves as dust and ashes, and tread upon the mountain tops. Poverty, wretchedness, and misery are gone. Indeed we can join the poet in singing,

"Now no more His wrath we dread,
Vengeance smote our Surety's head :
Justice now demands no more,
He hath paid the dreadful score.

Sunk, as in the shoreless flood ;
Lost, as in the Saviour's blood ;
Zion, O how blest art thou,
Justified from all things now !"

Beloved, have we been singing songs to a heavy heart? May the Lord speak in the power of His Spirit, and say, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." In a moment you will feel as light as magnesia, and as bright as the sparkling diamond; for when He drops His Word in the saddened heart, how it gladdens it ! When He says, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away;" you are off in the twinkling of an eye.

"Should earth, with her ten thousand
charms,
Invite thy soul to stay,
Yet still to thy Redeemer's arms,
My fair one, come away.

The sacred Turtle's voice within
Proclaims the same to-day :
It sweetly whispers pardon'd sin,
My fair one, come away.

Let nothing felt, or fear'd within,
Thy trembling soul dismay :
From self, from slavish fear, and sin,
My fair one, come away."

I must now close, hoping that our blessed Jesus may cause His doctrine to drop as the rain, and His speech to distil as the dew, and then you will say with dear Peter, "It is good to be here."

My wife joins me in best love to each sheep of the "flock of slaughter," who have no place of refuge but in the bleeding heart and wounded side of their smitten Shepherd.

Beloved, farewell. Very affectionately yours,

A. WILCOCKSON.

SHORT AND SWEET.

BELoved IN THE LORD.—When your kind packet arrived I was from home, and on my return found it waiting me; therefore just write this hasty line of acknowledgment and thanks, lest you should think from the delay that I have not received it. Have been nearly three weeks at Great Malvern, in Worcestershire, and must record the Lord's great mercies to unworthy me. He has taken out and brought in safely, preserved my Bethel Cottage during absence, permitted me to behold with delight the beauties of His Creation in such majestic hills, and lovely vales, as I never saw before; and, moreover, so sweetly communed with me, that I must say, "He blessed me there." Ah! He has put me in that place where He has commanded the blessing, and where the dew descends more refreshingly than it did upon Hermon and upon the mountains of Zion. "O how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee—which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men;" "for it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell:" fulness of grace, fulness of glory, fulness for time, fulness for eternity; and it pleaseth the Father that we should abide in Him by faith, and thus receive of His fulness grace for grace, and thus be savoured with His fragrance, and be unto God and to each other a sweet savour of Christ. Oh! I wonder to find myself shut into this place of perfumes, of safety, of supply! "The Lord shut him in," it is said of Noah, and He has shut me in, and when He shuts, none can open. I feel it, and would praise Him more. Praise the Lord, O my soul! Life in Christ, love in Christ, happiness in Christ, salvation in Christ, safety in Christ! What could He do more for His vineyard than He has done?

The Lord bless you and yours, with love in our best Beloved.

I remain, in much haste, yours very affectionately,

RUTH.

[We have now run quite out of our late beloved sister's letters. Will our friend and brother send us what he has?—ED.]

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

TITUS iii. 5.

WE know that every living child of the living God will be brought, sooner or later, to acknowledge this; for all under the tuition of the eternal Spirit feel that of themselves they cannot perform one good action, or think one good thought. "We are not sufficient of ourselves (says Paul) to think anything as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God." This is in sweet analogy with our text—"Not by works of righteousness which we have done:" and we should live and die without hope if our salvation depended upon our own righteousness; for we have none; but we shall eternally crown our Jesus Lord of all for our great salvation; for "according to His mercy He hath saved us." The Church was saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation before the mountains were settled, and before the hills were, according to His covenant mercy, His eternal love. "Where is boasting, then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay; but by the law of faith"—the law of lovingkindness and tender mercy. Our boast is in the work that Jesus hath wrought *for* us, and His Spirit hath developed in us.

Do any here think that they can do anything of a righteous nature of themselves? If so, let us tell them, in the sight of a heart-searching God, their's is but a sandy foundation; but if your language is—"Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us," you are blessedly taught, savingly taught: and though you may feel your heart taken up with time-vanities, and your thoughts like the fool's eye, wandering up and down the earth, yet the Lord says, "My mercy will I keep for Him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with Him:" for Him who is in oneness with His members; therefore His mercy is kept for His people when they need it."

*"Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, the boast of my tongue."*

How often have we thought, even since the Lord began His work of grace on our soul, that we could prepare our own hearts to come into His presence, that we could make ourselves more devout, and more religious; but what bondage-frames have these thoughts produced, and again we have had to learn that it is "not by works

of righteousness which we have done," but according to His mercy He saved us.

What depths are contained in these lines!—

"The sins of all the ransom'd race,
That's found throughout the world,
By this one act of sovereign grace,
Are in oblivion hurl'd."

Sunk, never to rise! as though they never had been committed—expiated by His blood; and now, child of God, you may sing, on the other side of death, a new song, even praise unto your God. Another poet beautifully expresses the same truth—

"If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,
Death hath no sting beside."

"The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." He was our redemption, our salvation, from eternity, as we read in Prov. viii. "The Lord possessed me (saith our glorious Wisdom) in the beginning of His way, before His works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was; and my delights were with the sons of men." Blessed, glorious, precious truths to ponder over! Jesus the Head, and the members in living oneness, predestinated from eternity (and no time-state can alter it), loved and blessed from everlasting!

"Set up from everlasting days,
Ere God had form'd the earth or seas;
Creation's Lord, and Israel's King,
This Breaker's praise my soul shall sing."

"Not by works of righteousness which we have done; (Is there music in our text to you?) but according to His mercy He saved us." It is all of free-grace from first to last—covenant love from first to last. "He saved us!" It is in the past tense—saved in the eternal purpose of God—saved actually by Christ Himself—and saved experimentally by the eternal Spirit witnessing with our spirit that we are "complete in Him," "saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation." We were saved before we were lost, and the song that the redeemed host sing before the throne is, "Not unto us, O Lord; not unto us; but unto Thy name give glory!" The trophies of His blood, the subjects of His grace, the jewels of His crown, are sinners; and no sinner ever went to hell with this prayer indited in his heart—"God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Thousands know not their misery, and feel not their

need of mercy; but the living children of God feel that they are sinners, and that they have neither meetness nor fitness in themselves. "In me (says Paul) that is, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing:" but we read, "The Lord alone shall be exalted in that day."

When the children of Israel were in captivity, they could not sing one of the songs of Zion. "Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop; but a good word maketh it glad:" and "when the Lord turned their captivity, then was their mouth filled with laughter, and their tongue with singing." So it is with His children still. When He turns their captivity, though far off before in feeling, yet now brought nigh, they see the blood-stained banner of the cross waving in the breeze of the eternal Spirit. Sweet, blissful time! Salvation is accomplished—we only need it to be sealed home—to be proclaimed in our hearts by our own covenant God and Father in the power of His own Spirit; and if He causes you to realise salvation in your own hearts, you will rejoice even with joy and singing.

"According to His mercy He saved us." Has He saved you? "Ah," say you, "that is what I want to know." Well, has He brought you into this condition that nothing but discriminating grace will suit your case, nothing but mercy will avail you? If so, He will crown His own work. The child of God feels that it is not enough to know that He has saved His own Church, His sheep, His own family; but His enquiry is, "Am I a member of that Church? Am I one of His sheep? one of His children?"

We believe in revelation. A man may read the Word of God, and compare Scripture with Scripture, and yet not be a saved man. It is not enough to know that the Church of God was saved from all eternity; but are you saved? I mean experimentally saved—saved by revelation, saved by manifestation. Has He ever said to you, "All are your's?" "Thy sins are forgiven thee?" I believe that one of the first evidences of spiritual life is the fear of the Lord. "The fear of the Lord," we read, "is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that fear the Lord: the fear of the Lord is a fountain of life: and in the fear of the Lord is strong confidence." There is no line to be drawn between the fear of the Lord and the wisdom of God; and Christ is our glorious wisdom. He "is made of God unto us wisdom." He is our Head, our Life, our all: and if you have the fountain of life, you have passed from death, and shall not come into condemnation. This is not legal fear—not slavish fear; but filial fear—the fear of a child who grieves to offend his parent. There was a development of this fear in one of old. "How can I do this great wicked-

ness (said he) and sin against God?" If you have this fear in your heart, you can never perish; but are

"Bound in life's bundle, call'd His own,
A son of peace to Him foreknown."

The child of God in living oneness with Christ—a new creature in Him—is beyond the law; for "love is the fulfilling of the law." The flaming sword of justice has been sheathed in the blood of Immanuel; and "there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." The whole of the living family have a legal right and title to the righteousness of God. It is always upon them in God's sight; and when by precious faith they are enabled to put it on, they can sing,

"Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
My beauty this, my glorious dress,
Jesus the Lord my righteousness."

Redemption is the key to unlock the treasures of Jehovah. "Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." Not only *by* Christ Jesus, but *in* Christ Jesus: and none but those who are *in* Christ Jesus—bound in the bundle of life—can enjoy these glorious truths. "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven:" and if we enquire why? our reply must be, "even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." You cannot delight to dwell on these blessed, spiritual, and precious realities, unless taught by the Holy Spirit; "for the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

He saved us in His purpose of grace according to His mercy: and when we became ruined in the fall,

"He turn'd His eyes to Jesus then,
And in His bosom saw,
His dear delights, the sons of men,
Complete without a flaw."

He viewed us in our Head then; and in the fulness of time Jesus came down and paid the ransom price. He cried, "It is finished," "having obtained eternal redemption for us;" and when the Spirit is pleased to take of the things of Christ, and reveal them in our hearts—when the Lord says with power, "Deliver him from going down into the pit, I have found a ransom," we can realise the peace of God which passeth all understanding: and if we are favoured to know "The way of peace," we shall have an eternity to praise Him for the mercy. "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and

lifteth the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among the princes of His people, and make them inherit the throne of glory." The children of God have not merely a time-interest in these blessed realities, but an eternal-interest; and they are journeying onward, upward, and homeward. They shall all sit down with Him in His kingdom, and shall reign with Him for ever and ever: and the whole redeemed Church shall unite in singing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

SPIRITUAL SECRETS.

BELoved IN THE LORD,—"Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter: let me hear thy voice, let me see thy countenance; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely."

You may freely say to your unchanging lover, "My Beloved is mine: I am my Beloved's, and His desire is toward me." Bless Him, O our souls, He hath set His eyes and love upon us for good: none beside Him can make a claim upon us for any thing. Both Law and Justice are on our side; for our Redeemer Jesus, the Son of God, hath magnified the Law and made it honourable, and Himself, "Emmanuel, God with us," is the just God and Saviour, and in this way Justice was fully satisfied—"Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, against the man my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts." Mark the words of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus—"the man my fellow:" and having duly pondered the testimony of the Father to and of Him "the mighty One, His fellow, the man Christ Jesus, with me, in oneness of heart, listen to the word and testimony of the Father, recorded by the Spirit, who saith to the Son, "Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into Thy lips, therefore God hath blessed thee for ever. Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever, the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a right sceptre: Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest iniquity; therefore, O God, Thy God, hath anointed Thee with the oil of gladness above (or for) Thy fellows." Himself being the self-existing Saviour, the great High Priest, is it not said of Him, Christ and the Church, "Thou and Thy fellows that sit before Thee, for they are men wondered at:" and His personal name is "Wonderful." I add, that the sheep, the children, speak the same word as the Father concerning the man His fellow;

that is, *Rowee* my Shepherd: and be it also observed (for to me it is very Christ-endearing and heart-cheering) that the Father saith not only "Awake, O sword, against (or upon) my Shepherd, and upon the Man, the *Gayvor*, my fellow;" but, O the depth of the mercy, it is, "smite the Shepherd;" and He was stricken, smitten, and afflicted; and "it pleased the Father to bruise Him," and to put Him to grief, and we joy in God through Him, having fellowship with Him in His sufferings, being made conformable to his death.

Beloved, this is the Lord Jesus, who is always what he is, and that He is to us, without variableness or shadow of turning: and of Him we say, "But he was wounded (pounded) for our transgressions; bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace (the pain of our punishment) was upon Him, and (in) with His stripes we are healed." Thus the Son hath made us free, and we are free indeed. We are reconciled to God by the death of His Son, and though once afar off, made nigh by the blood of Christ; and the Eternal Spirit declares, by John, "Because as He is, so are we in this world." As we by faith know and believe these truths, and so walk and live by faith, self becomes a complete blank, a nothing, and Christ is all and in all. This truth is clearly set before us by the Spirit in plain words and meanings: "For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body, so also is Christ." "For by one Spirit we are all baptized (not immersed in material water) into one body: and have been all made to drink into one Spirit: and there is one body, and one Spirit, as ye are called in one hope of your calling: one Lord (the Redeemer, Saviour, and Justifier, Ruler, and King) one faith (Jesus is the author and finisher of faith), one baptism." "He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost." "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him; rooted and built up in Him, stablished in the faith as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving." I had rather go through hell in Christ, and with Christ, having a personal knowledge of Him, as He is testified of in the Scriptures by the Father and Spirit, than be in heaven without Him.

Ah, my beloved Ruth, it is such a sweetener above or through all bitterness—"My beloved is mine, and I am His," and I do assure you, and the children with you, that though I die daily, and am still in love's furnace, I live happy in the Lord: He giveth me songs in the night, and I sing aloud on my bed in the morning. I have all things, and abound; for it is thus with me at all times; "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none on earth I desire beside Thee." Thus I live ready to die, and to depart to be with Christ, to see Him as He is: I have no arrears to get up: I have no debts to pay: I live in all freedom and peace, not my

own, being bought with a price. I live for the Lord: His interest in me secures my interest in Him, and His words to me are a cordial and balm at all times, "Because I live, ye shall live also." This is very blessed to me, and I believe to my sister Ruth. I do not see one thing that wants altering or mending: for we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose: and we do not live, or walk, or war, after the flesh; for we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. I find it blessed always to be "crucified with Christ:" nevertheless I live, yet not I, Christ liveth in me: and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me. I do assure you that by reason of this I am quiet and free from all my once supposed religion; and so I live beyond all my in and out experience, that I have often to my grief tried to make a sure foundation. I want nothing, and have nothing, but Jesus only. I with you stand included in His word, "The dearly beloved of His soul." His soul was in an agony; He poured out His soul unto death; and His soul was constituted guilt, and Himself the great mystery of Godliness, was manifest in the flesh; was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" It is of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to Him be glory for ever. Amen.

My earthly house is shaky and painful: the Lord will take it down in His time, and I shall sleep in the dust, without any molestation, and everything fleshly, carnal, and devilish, will cease from troubling, and the weary will be at rest.

I have walked out twice, for a little time, since November last. I ride to and from Chapel, which is an expense for a poor parson, without tithes and Easter dues; but I have what is better than such things: "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus;" and, "The Lord is my (*Rowee*) shepherd, I shall not want."

Thanks to you for your sweet epistle received yesterday: it was a sweet savour of Him to me and my Mary. The south wind blew upon the garden, and the spices flowed out; and we blessed the Lord on your behalf. Love love's love, and love, blood, and salvation will never fail; for Jesus Christ is the same, that eternal life that was with the Father before the world began; and He saith of His sheep, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." Our love to you and the damsels with you, playing on timbrels, and going forth in the dances of them that make merry.

Yours, in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(Continued from page 88.)

My first point is total depravity; and this the Lord taught me Himself, by making me feel my sinfulness, weakness, pollution, and shame; together with multitudes of unclean thoughts, plaguing me daily and hourly, filling me with rebellion and hardness of heart. I have spent years of fruitless toil in trying to patch, mend, and clean the old man, until my strength has been exhausted; and I find now that I can only be still and quiet when free grace is precious to my soul and dear to my heart. It is then that I am enabled to drop into the hands of pure mercy. This is how I have learned total depravity; for I carried the truth of it in my feelings. This is how it is the mere professor hates it, having never felt the power of sin and corruption; and from this blindness is to be attributed the belief in that monstrous delusion—"fleshy perfection."

Imputed righteousness I am compelled to accept, and gladly too, from feeling my absolute need thereof. How full and clear is the Word of God upon this precious point of truth. I have nothing but sin to call my own; for my so-called duties, good deeds, prayers, etc., the Lord has been pleased to allow Satan to pull to pieces times without number. This kind of work has gone on for years, and I have hated myself and all about me. To tell you the truth, it takes a deal to get this poor tailor from stitching and mending. It requires much furnace work to get this poor workmonger away from his legal toil and tools. He may be whipped and flogged, but at it he will be again. Ah, my brother, I find it true what Huntingdon says, "The hardest work is to cease from working;" and yet this "fool will be meddling," although he daily feels so much sin and corruption, lust and uncleanness, as would damn a thousand worlds. Notwithstanding this, he is such an incorrigible old fool that mercy alone can bring him round, and mercy has made him fall in with imputed righteousness.

Dear reader, when taught of the Spirit, how sweet and salutary are the following portions: "The Lord our righteousness;" "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength;" "Their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord;" "He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness;" "Christ is made of God unto us righteousness;" "That we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

In these my soul has found shelter ; and from these I have been enabled to suck honey.

"Clothed in this robe I do rejoice,
And praise the Lord with cheerful voice."

What a mercy to feel our need of these things ; for all religion without feeling is dead. There is plenty of dead preaching, dead hearing, dead praying, dead singing, dead faith, dead living, dead dying, and all produced by the dead letter ministry, found in "the congregation of the dead:" and yet so blinded are these dead people by the God of this world, that they take darkness for light, light for darkness, death for life, and life for death ; and this is just your state and mine by nature ; so that sovereign grace alone is to be praised for saving us : and sure I am that

"Were grace not sovereign, full, and free,
It never could have rescued me."

How came you and I, dear reader, to fall in with the doctrine of election ? Why, the Lord taught us that we had not the least desire by nature to choose Him : and we never should have had a wish to know Him, love Him, seek Him, had he not first loved us, chosen us, and made us willing in the day of His power. We are saved in the Lord's own way and time, all of grace, in grace, by grace, through grace, and with grace—all, all is of grace from first to last. This is the way that I was taught the doctrine of election, and it is by the Spirit's witnessing with my spirit that I know my own personal election of God. What could that poor Arminian leader know of the sweets of this doctrine when Satan led him to write his "Predestination Calmly Considered?" We are sure of one thing, that he did not get his inspiration from above. I am not afraid of hurting the minds of God's children in writing thus ; at least, not those of them who have been weaned from the milk and drawn from the breasts.

I learned the doctrine of Particular Redemption in the same way. I felt that it must be real, special, and particular, or I could not depend upon it. I shall not now enter upon this point, as the people of God are satisfied that Universal Redemption is a universal lie ; and it is enough to know that Christ laid down His life for the sheep, and the sheep are private property ; and what He suffered on their account is held forth in the Scripture under the figure of a cup. "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" It is also spoken of as a work—"I have finished the work that Thou gavest me to do." It is likewise spoken of as a price—"Ye are bought with a price." Indeed the Scriptures abundantly establish the reality, particularity, and completeness of

redemption in and by Christ Jesus our Friend and Brother, our Lord and God.

Effectual calling is a doctrine so fully and clearly set forth in the Bible that I need say but little about it. I am sure that nothing short of the "effectual working of His power" (Eph. iii, 7) would have ever brought me to the foot of the Cross. I have felt what Hart says a thousand times,

"Law and terrors do but harden,
All the time they work alone;
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,
Soon dissolves a heart of stone."

I can stand unmoved to every voice but love, mercy, and compassion. There is no saving effect in judgment or mercy until the Spirit puts forth His effectual power. Nay, if I am allowed to speak my own experience, I believe that the Gospel, with all its riches of grace, goodness, and mercy, will only harden the heart: and my wicked nature has taken a devilish delight in sinning that grace might abound, on account of the fulness, freeness, and glory of gospel grace. Let not the sin-worried child of God stumble at this monster of iniquity. The Lord knows that what I say is all too true; and if ever any did,

"———wanton with the wounds of God,"

it is this brand, plucked from the fire, who now holds the pen to testify of the long-suffering of his best Friend and only Beloved. But through sweet, softening, melting, and consoling mercy, I have felt the power, drawing, and effectual working of grace; and the language of my inmost soul is, O that I could leave off sin, love the Saviour, and honour, praise, bless, and glorify His name, and sin against Him no more. But this I cannot do; and yet there are moments when my whole soul is lost in love at the wonderful compassion and love of Jesus. I then keep company with Mary at the foot of the Cross. My poor heart is then melted and broken down: so that, with her,

"I feel the spot so lovely, sweet,
I wash and kiss His blessed feet."

These are blessed moments; but, ah, before the day is passed I am all undone again, and feel such awful wickedness in every corner of my heart, such delight in the lust of the flesh, and such a determination to be damned rather than desist, that it makes me heartily ashamed of myself in my more sober moments. My sweetest times generally are after some fall into sin, or fleshly feast on the lusts of the flesh; and nothing will bring me round again but, "Yet return unto me;" "Take with you words;" "I will go in unto the King;"

"Who can tell?" "The Lord looked upon Peter;" and such like portions, spoken home with power. My heart then feels all right, and I get a fresh dip into the sea of love, a fresh plunge into the ocean of blood: Christ then again becomes precious to my soul, and I am "satisfied with substance, and filled with the blessing of the Lord."

Effectual vocation I also know something about; and though I often call in question the reality of the work, I do believe that the work is effectually done, and shall stand in spite of sin, death, hell, flesh, and the world. This doctrine, like the other, is ridiculed and laughed at by the mere professor. At this I am not surprised; for it is only natural for them to hate and despise the work of the Holy Ghost in the hearts of the election of grace, though we are expressly told that it is "by the effectual working of His power" (Eph. iii. 7); and the calling is "according to His purpose" (Rom. viii. 28). It is also called "an holy calling" (2 Tim. i. 9); "an heavenly calling" (Heb. iii. 1); and a "high calling" (Phill. iii. 14); and we are also told, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power."

With respect to the other point of "Final perseverance," my daily experience is a daily proof of its reality; for I am continually falling and constantly rising, according to the following portions—"Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down;" "The Lord upholdeth all that fall;" "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall I shall arise;" "For a just man falleth seven times a day, but riseth again." If any could be lost for sin and back-sliding, I am the man; for never was one of Adam's sons more plagued and teased with sin, the world, flesh, and the devil, than myself. I am always sinning, and yet the Lord is pleased to show me His wonderful goodness, mercy, and love; and seems determined to overcome me with lovingkindness. O, that I could sin less, and love Him more!

"I want to love, but feel no power,
I sometimes feel the will;
And though He blesses every hour,
I sin against Him still."

The matchless love that I have so often felt and enjoyed, will not, cannot suffer me to fall finally. Final perseverance by experience, to us, is the best proof, as we then know our interest in the blessing for ourselves. But I cannot pass this precious point without entering a little upon the finished work of Christ which is a sweet guarantee that every saint must and shall persevere to the end. Did Jesus finish the work that the Father gave Him to do? Did the Father express His approbation by saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased"? Did Jesus rise from the tomb?

Was He accepted? Did He ascend to the right hand of the Father? Was he not delivered for our offences, and did He not rise again for our justification? To be sure. What, then, shall prevent His people from arriving safely into glory? There can be no impediment, no barrier. I love to ponder over these precious testimonies. They are sure tests of eternal happiness. All that Jesus did for His church, the satisfaction given to law and justice, the acceptance of the Father, and eternal glorification of our forerunner, for ever stamps all that he did with eternal validity. Does Jesus live? So must His church. Does Jesus reign? So must His beloved. He cannot hate His own flesh: He cannot disown His poor brethren; He will, He must, rest in His love.

Precious Jesus, Thy people, by Thy gracious help, can trust Thee, and love Thee; for the blessed security Thy promise and work give them.

I am aware that these precious truths are held by many sound nominal professors; and of themselves will not satisfy the true children of God; for they desire to rest upon something more sure to themselves: and that is the inward testimony of their conscience, a heart-felt experience of the truth in daily exercise: and I would not give a straw for that man's testimony which is grounded on the literal Word to the exclusion of the spiritual Word.

Thus I believe in the six points from an experience of their reality, having seen and felt my need of them, and their suitability to my case: and this my testimony can only be understood and entered into by the living in Jerusalem, who have hearts to understand, "ears to ear," and eyes to see. Such are "living epistles" known and read of all spiritual men. The man who knows and believes these Gospel doctrines only in the letter (which is all very well as far as it goes), "has a jewel of gold in a swine's snout."

I now return. I was in many things unsettled, still going to our little room; and if I remember right, we had one Mr. G. S—, minister of Zion Chapel, Nottingham, come to visit us; but I cannot say I much admired his preaching at that time. His preaching appeared to me allegorical and mystical. He, no doubt, was a good man, and an able minister, and the fault might be in me, as in many things I was more nice than wise; and my friends did not forget to tell me that I was wise above what was written; but they did not always tell me in the spirit of meekness, so their admonition was lost upon me: but, to tell you the truth, I do not like mystical and figurative preaching. The apostles used "great plainness of speech" (2 Cor. iii. 12); and their "speech was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power"; for the express purpose "that our faith

should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God" (1 Cor. ii. 4, 5); and we live in days when thousands upon thousands rest their faith upon man's wisdom, even among such as we hope better things of. For my part, I care little about the man or his appearance; I look more to what he really does say, than to the manner of delivery; and I believe, in my very heart, that if many preachers were stripped of their ridiculous postures and noise, their preaching, in what they do say, would not be worth the dirt on their shoes. All the spirit and power are in the noise and movements of the man; and many of the simple ones in the household of faith are led away by this vain show of fleshly zeal, and too much of this is worse than preaching in an unknown tongue. It is easy to be led away from "the simplicity which is in Christ." Flowing language, fleshly zeal, a display of human learning, are no criterions of a minister of Christ. My eyes were open to these things even then, and I have thought a deal about them since. A minister of the Spirit is a rare blessing; such an one is "endued with power from on high": they dare not "keep back the sword from blood," nor speak peace where the Lord has not spoken peace. As the Lord's mouth, they must "separate the precious from the vile," the chaff from the wheat. Such, and such only, are able to nourish, feed, and strengthen the weak, "build up the saints in their most holy faith"; root up, and out error; such are made brazen walls and iron pillars to both the houses of Israel. Their faithful preaching feeds the sheep, starves the goats, and drives the bastards away; and these, not being satisfied, meet together, and Satan creeps into some old whited sepulchres, well furnished with letter learning, and in them transforms himself into an angel of light; becomes their minister, and feeds the swine with husks, the serpents with dust and dirt, the freewillers with lies, and the dead Calvinists with bones—"and so they wrap it up." I bless the Lord for showing me these things, and leading me to know and love "the truth as it is in Jesus."

CHRIST THE LIFE OF HIS PEOPLE.

THE Lord's children, like all others of Adam's sons and daughters, live a life of enmity and rebellion against God up to the time of being made willing in the day of His power. Outwardly considered, there is no difference between them and the serpent's seed, which is called a generation of vipers. Born in sin and shapen in iniquity, they go astray from the womb, speaking lies, living without hope and without God in the world, and are

"children of wrath, even as others." As they are born they live, and as they live they would die, were it not for

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding!"

There is an eternal line of separation running through those who are to be the subjects of grace and those who are never to taste that the Lord is gracious, and the Holy Ghost never makes the least mistake in quickening into spiritual life. He never did and He never will make "willing in the day of His power" one of the non-elect. They have no interest in God's covenant because they have no union to God's Christ, and as they are not spiritually interested in eternal realities, and are wholly out of God's secret, they hate those who are. They have no spiritual life; therefore have no discernment of Christ in His body the church. Like Saul of Tarsus, in his natural state, they cannot discover Christ in His members. But He is there notwithstanding, and will not allow Himself, in them, to be persecuted with impunity. Could the believer always live with a full consciousness of his oneness with Christ, how much happier would be his life. Could he at all times see the closeness of union, how it would enable him to leave all enemies with that Lord of whose body he forms a part. Too often he acts as though he had a distinctive life from Christ; but is it so? In no wise. Paul once said, "To me to live is Christ." Christ says, "Because I live, ye shall live also." The child of God, therefore, has no life but Christ: and Christ never lives one moment without His Church; and He will never be satisfied without having all His members glorified together with Himself. Christ comprehends His body, and every individual member; and He never sees one missing. They are eternally watched over and cared for by Him: and He told His Father and their Father, His God and their God, that they were loved with the same love as Himself, and that He Himself was loved before the foundation of the world (John xvii.). But He did not stop there; but continued, "I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it, that the love wherewith Thou hast loved me [including His whole body] may be in them, and I in them." Hence, child of God, you have infallible ground for your good hope—it is "the love wherewith Thou hast loved ME." Christ is not loved without His body, and every individual member; therefore every saint, every blood-bought child, is as secure in the love of God as their great and glorious Head. It is not, then, whether I am worthy or unworthy, but is Christ worthy? If He be worthy, I am one with Him, I partake of His worthiness. My condemnation under the law of Adam's transgression is not more real—by virtue of union to him—than my justification

under the Gospel by virtue of oneness with Christ. Indeed, I have no condemnation under the law: and why? I am not under the law, but under grace. But the secret of my non-condemnation is just this, "He that knew no sin was made sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him:"

"And righteousness without the law
Is righteousness without a flaw."

If Christ stood in my place, He was dealt with as I deserve. If I stand in exalted oneness with Jesus, I am dealt with according to His deserts. If He has been smitten by the sword of justice, that sword now is bound to protect me. Why should He be smitten? Because He bound Himself in the covenant to be responsible for His sheep. He took the death that His people incurred, and grants them the life that He eternally possesses. He died in the flesh once for His body, and put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and was raised again for the justification of His Church, and lives unto God as the life, perfection, and beauty of the Church. Our life in union to the first man is bounded by time, and subjected to circumstances; but our life in union to the Second Adam—the Lord from heaven, time cannot alter, circumstances cannot interfere with, sin cannot mar, and death cannot invade. "Because I live," is our guarantee of life. He does not mean to say that He lives one life, and we another; but "because I live [in you], ye shall live also" [in Me]. He lives our Head, we live His body, and members in particular. We do not live *to* ourselves or *for* ourselves, but to Him "who died for us, and rose again." Our old creature life is distinct from our new creature life. The one is natural, the other purely spiritual. The one is of this world, the other is not of this world. The one feeds upon husks, the other is satisfied with nothing short of the bread corn bruised. The one is taken up with the changing things of time, the other dwells upon the unchanging realities of eternity. The one is earthly, sensual, and devilish; the other holy, heavenly, and glorious. The first bears the image of the earthy, the other the image of the heavenly. The one being flesh and blood, cannot inherit the kingdom of God, the other being born not of the will of man, flesh, or blood, but of God, enters into the kingdom of both grace and glory. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." "Now, this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption" (1 Cor. xv. 50).

A. W.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE FLOCK.—Has the "Recluse" written any more of her Pathway? If so, the readers of the "Witness" would like to see it monthly, the first part having been very much blessed. Will our daughter in the faith see to this?—Ed.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. IX.

APRIL, 1867.

No. 103.

TO THE SAINTS IN THE NORTH.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—The Lord has mercifully brought us through another year, and we must acknowledge that goodness and mercy have followed us, that not one thing has failed of all He has promised us, and that we have no reason to doubt but that He will equally lead, guide, watch over, and protect us during the coming year. We have ever proved Him faithful, and we always shall, no matter how long we live upon this sin-polluted earth. But He does not see fit to spare us the allotted amount of trouble in the flesh, and why should He? I can say for one, that I could not get on without plenty of trial. Much furnace work is needful for me. The Lord is determined to keep Adam the first in the dust, and exalt alone His only begotten Son. Well, He alone is worthy; for He has redeemed us unto God by His own blood. We were once afar off, but are now made nigh, and have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Christ died for the ungodly, and while we were sinners we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son; and if we are reconciled by His death, we shall live in Him in peaceful harmony by His life. Our covenant God and Father is at all times well pleased with His Son, and perfectly satisfied with us in our union-oneness with Jesus. The Lord will not think more highly of us, or love us a bit better, when we have done with the things of time, and mortality is swallowed up of life. In fact, His love has never undergone the least variation since it was first fixed upon us; and we are well aware that we were loved in Christ before time. Our lapse in Adam interfered not with our eternal standing in love; for our standing there was in all perfection and everlasting life. Our loss of creature purity

in the creature, could not touch our perfection of beauty in Christ our Head. The covenant of peace between the Father and Son was so firmly established, that neither sin, Satan, death, hell, nor world could shake it. Love ran high above the fall, blood ran low beneath the fall. Love, blood, and righteousness could still see the Church in all perfection, despite all the effect of Adam's transgression. The things which are shaken and liable to shake are not eternal things, but time-things. The old covenant of works vanished away when the eternal covenant of grace was developed. When Christ came into His temple, or the Church's flesh, Moses went out of his tabernacle. Christ came to fulfil the work which His Father gave Him to do, and to establish His Church upon the law's honors. The Lord told Moses that he should stand upon a Rock, but that was not all; for he was also put by God Himself into the clift of the Rock. We understand that by standing upon the Rock, the law was established upon Christ, and being put into the clift of the Rock proved that there was no shelter but in the wounded side of Jesus. Moses the law giver, and Christ the law fulfiller, could meet together in the Rock; and the Lord Himself buried Moses, and thus became the end of the law for righteousness to His Church. Love is the fulfilling of the law, and what Kent says is very blessed:

"In the wounds of Jesus slain
'Tis sweet to read the law."

Christ is our smitten Rock and wounded Shepherd. In Him we are at all times safe. We can well afford to smile at the rage and fury of all our foes. They must dethrone Christ ere they can overcome us. If Christ is above their reach, so are we. How is this? "He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit: now the Lord is that Spirit: but Christ is all and in all." He is our high tower and impregnable wall. Within this enclosure, how safe are we! How happy are we! Cause indeed have we to be joyful in the Lord; for our encircling wall is composed of fire. Who dare approach it? Who would have the temerity to near it? This is Job's *hedge* and Satan's *match*. No evil beast dare draw near; no roaring lion can harm those who are so highly favoured as to be inside. The wall is deeper than hell, what can the devil do? it is higher than heaven, what can Satan know?

"In vain the tempter summon'd all
His black, infernal crew,
He ne'er could cause this fence to fall,
Or force a passage through."

The Lord says, "I will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and the glory in the midst;" so that this wall is no less than Deity

itself. Yes, it is the eternal power and Godhead of our glorious Christ. It is the good fold of the great Shepherd. It is the garden enclosure. It is the ring-fence of the Church. It is the impregnable fortress of every blood-bought son and daughter. It is the Almighty shield and protection of every trembling saint. It is a wall of life, a wall of love, a wall of fire, and a wall of blood. If a wall of life, death cannot pass it. If a wall of fire, enemies cannot approach it. If a wall of blood, sin cannot break it down. Indeed it is a solid rock that will stand every stormy wind and tempest; and O the mercy, to know that we are inside!

Ye saints, who dwell in Christ the Rock,
Hid in by God's decree,
How can your base sustain a shock?
How can you ruin see?

The Lord says, "A garden enclosed is my sister spouse." Who can break through the enclosure? If we are inside; and, bless God, we are, whatever storms there are, they must be against the wall. Yes, as it was with the inmates of Noah's Ark, no angry waters could touch them, and why? Simply because they were all inside. Hence the Ark must be shattered ere they are exposed to the raging elements. One of our poets sweetly hints at this—

"To make the preservation sure,
Jehovah shut him in."

This is the secret, beloved. The Lord shut him in; and has He not shut you and I in our glorious Christ? Are we not as safe in Him as was Noah in the Ark? Can you question your safety? Can you doubt your security?

"Not more secure that favour'd few
That o'er the deluge rode,
For what shall ever injure you,
Ye edged-about by God?"

Christ says, "O, my dove, in the clefts of the Rock!" He declares her to be in, and He will never put her out. She was there in eternity, she is there through time, and she will be there to an eternal day. Beloved, do you feel your safety? Are you sure of your eternal well-being in Christ? Is He your life? What does the great Jehovah say of Him? "Let Reuben live, and not die; and let not his men be few." This *let* of our God secures the life of the whole Church: guarantees the life of every member of this spiritual Reuben. But what does Reuben say to each of those forming His one body? "Because I live, ye shall live also." Hence, if He lives we live, and why? We are His body, He is

our life. In Him we are always alive, but in our feelings we are not at all times lively. Naturally we do not pronounce a person *dead* when they are *dull*. We are often *dark* in mind, but not *dead* in soul. We feel death within, but dead persons cannot feel. The dead know not anything; but we know that we are nothing, and Christ is all. Our barrenness cannot unfit us for His fruitfulness, neither can our deadness disqualify us for His life. Our poverty can be no barrier to His riches, our sins can be no impediment to His blood. We are at all times suitable for our Lord, ever adapted for our precious Christ. 'Tis true, we sometimes resolve upon taking the man down a little present; but he says, "Who hath required this at your hands?" We sometimes want to serve the Lord; but He would have us to sit still at His table, while He waits upon us Himself. He comes not to be ministered unto, but at all times to minister. He says, "All things are now ready." What next? "Come, and dine."

"Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam."

Never expect to be anything in yourself but a sinner, and then you will be always suitable for Christ. Never desire to be anything short of a bankrupt in yourself, for that is a sufficient qualification for the great Surety. You have not a farthing to pay of heaven's coin; you have not a rag to cover you of heaven's making. The blood of Christ is the alone coin current with God: the righteousness of Christ is the only dress that will admit you at the marriage supper. Blood divine was the price to pay for your debt, and that alone could cancel the debt-book. The great Jehovah demanded payment at the hand of your Head and Surety, and He got all He asked. What is the blessed effect?

"In thy Surety thou art free,
His dear hands were pierc'd for thee,
With His spotless vesture on,
Holy as the Holy One."

Christ has done everything for you: your peace is made with God. As an inhabitant of the Rock, you have good cause to sing, and shout from the top of the mountain. It is upon the mountain top the feast is prepared, and it is there where death is swallowed up in victory, and it is there where the veil is rent, and it is there where the handful of corn is to be found. It is there where we are loved, blessed, saved, called, justified, and glorified. "And He

blessed him there." Child of God, He has blessed you there, and blessed you for ever. Nothing can reverse it; nothing can impede it. Indeed it is

"—— His delight to make you blest,
And live upon His love."

And what shall I more say? Why this: "But the lad knew not anything: only Jonathan and David knew the matter." No, beloved, Christ and your soul alone know the matter; the lad knows not anything. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will show them His covenant."

"Here let the weary rest,
Who love the Saviour's name,
Though with no sweet enjoyment blest,
This covenant stands the same."

Many and hearty thanks, beloved, for the "cup of cold water" just received. How good of the Lord to induce you to send the *Two Pounds*! He well knew how much I needed it, and how nicely it fitted. He would not let me go to the creature for help; and I find it a blessed privilege to simply tell Him all. When He fails, then I may be induced to try the creature; but, bless His dear name, He sends me such wondrous supplies without *fee* or *reward*. He sometimes tries me very close; but this He does to prove me; for He Himself knows what He intends to do. I am still on the look out, for something *now* whispers, "Thou shalt see greater things than these." "Faithful is He who has promised, who will also do it." Yes, I can add my hearty Amen at this moment to—

"Whenever His children have need,
His goodness will find out a way."

Rent-day found me without as many shillings as it wanted pounds to pay with; and many other debts were staring me in the face; but, bless the Lord, the rent was ready before the old year had run out. So faithful was my God! He knows where to put His hand upon gold or silver, and claim it for me His child; for the gold and the silver are His. This I often tell Him, and He proves to me again and again that it is no untruth. What a storehouse I have got! What a treasury I possess! What untold wealth I can call my own! Indeed I can at this moment say, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

I do feel that my dear friends in the *North*, though *few*, are *staunch*; and I can at this time heartily and unfeignedly thank them for all their kindness to me. Glad, right glad, shall I be when the Lord sends me among them with another message of love; and I do not think that the time is far distant, although there seems,

at present, not a glimmer of hope of such a thing being brought about. It just strikes the mind how on one day of famine it seemed impossible that the next would prove a day of plenty; but so it was; and it is sweet to remember that it was our own God who brought it about. Can He not do the like again? Dare we limit him? Can we find it in our heart to circumscribe Him? The poor widow, who was left by her husband in debt, and was just about to have her only two boys torn from her as bondsmen, could face all her creditors when our wonder-working God set the oil running. She had everything in the house, and yet it seemed "only a pot of oil." She could not see all bills paid in that drop of oil. She could not see support for herself and household in that tiny drop of liquid. But so it was. Beloved, we have the same wonder-working God. Are you anxiously looking forward to some trying event? Need you? What says your Lord? "Be careful for nothing." What more does He say? Why this: "Be content with such things as ye have; for it is written, I will NEVER leave thee, nor FORSAKE thee."

"Enough, my gracious God,
Let faith triumphant cry,
My soul can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die."

I must now draw this epistle to a close, heartily hoping that the *reader* will be as much blessed as the writer. It is sweet to meet together in the unity of the Spirit, and know that time and space have nothing to do with us there.

We are all *now* well in health, and my wife joins me in best love to all real friends; and, with me, would again like to meet face-to-face. We often talk of you; and, no doubt, you frequently speak of us. Indeed it was only last night that I was, in my dream, preaching to you in our dear old "Bethesda." Shall I ever preach there again? Will you ever hear Jesus preached there again? The Lord alone knows. All things are possible with our God.

Farewell. Ever yours affectionately,

A. WILCOCKSON.

10, Kirkby Place, Plymouth, January 4th, 1867.

LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

DEARLY BELOVED IN OUR PRECIOUS LORD,—In His dear name I greet you once more in the wilderness. He is a Friend that loveth at all times, and a Brother born for adversity; and His sweet companionship keeps us from fainting in the day of adversity, or

turning back in the day of battle. The stores of our spiritual Joseph are brought out when the famine in our own land drives us away from all creature resources. "Regard not your stuff; for the good of all the land is before you." And when we have no might or power against this great company, and know not what to do, but our eyes are up unto Thee, then we prove that the victory is the Lord's as well as the battle; and we stand still and see His salvation. I felt much to hear that you are still in the storm; but it seems the Lord's pleasure that you should see His works and wonders in the deep, and how blessedly He upholds you, that your faith fail not; so that you can feelingly say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." It is very strengthening to hear you sing His praise while all these things look to be against you; but you can say with David, "The Lord is on my side, I will not fear what flesh can do unto me." "Thy place of defence is the munitions of Rocks; bread shall be given, thy waters shall be sure." The Lord does not put us in the power of creatures as to our supply, but He takes them into His hands, and uses them as He pleases, saying to one go, and he goeth—he hath done his work—to another come, and he cometh to fulfil the Lord's purpose. Even the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, shall be His servitors: the raven shall fly with a meal to His prophet, and the dead lion and the jaw bone of an ass contain supply for the refreshment of His servant; for "when the Lord's people have need, His goodness will find out a way." I thank you very much for your last letter: it was most savoury and refreshing to my spirit over and over again. I have been in affliction of body ever since Christmas; but our dear Lord has been sweetly with me, causing His consolations to abound, and giving me blessed foretastes of that fulness of joy which is in His presence. I marvel greatly at His condescension to such a poor, unworthy nothing creature, who indeed am not worthy of the least of all His mercies and truth.

About Christmas I seemed to be fast nearing to the "haven of rest," and thought my escape was hastened from the windy storm and tempest, and that with the wings of a dove I was flying to the bosom of my Beloved, and should just directly be at rest for ever; but I am here yet, and probably may be further strengthened when the weather is warmer, though not likely to be in health again in the flesh; yet He is the health of my countenance and my God. I find indeed that I am not out of the reach of storms and trials, and cannot journey far without some heartache or other; but there is balm in Gilead, and a Physician there, who does not scorn to notice my least complaint; and many times has He said to my poor

heart, "peace, be still," when it has been full of anguish: and when the storm has gathered thick, and thundered loud, He has stayed my fears with, "It is I, be not afraid:" and faith can say, "I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me." Most sweet have been those verses, 1 Cor. iii. 21, 22, 28—"All things are yours." It looks as if our dear Lord had bequeathed to us life, and death, and creatures, in union-privilege, to be for His glory, and do us no harm. "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." "Thou makest darkness, and it is night, when all the beasts of the forest do creep forth;" but still, kept by the power of God we are safe, still "all things are yours." I find when I look at creatures and things they are too much for me; but it is when looking unto Jesus I understand "all things are yours." All the changes, and shakings, and forsakings, which come to pass, are all for our good. The other day those words were very sweet, "as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth." Shearing the sheep is taking from it what had been warm and comfortable; and when our precious Lord was led to the slaughter, "all His disciples forsook Him and fled." "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness." "I looked for some to take pity, but there was none, and for comforters, but I found none." "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" This was shearing indeed, yet He opened not His mouth to draw back from that bond by which He gave Himself for her, because He loved her. Oh! what a "companion in tribulation" is a precious Jesus! How He has gone before, and in all things has the pre-eminence; buffetings from His enemies, forsakings of His friends; of all suffering and death He had the substance, and has left us but the harmless part, sweetened with His precious love and sympathy. Most truly have I felt this in my affliction. I did enjoy that in your last—"The inhabitant shall not say I am sick, the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." Dwelling in Christ, we realize forgiveness in full. My heart has often gone out towards you in affection, longing to thank you for your precious letter; but I felt "I cannot go, for I am a child," so ignorant and foolish! But I do long to know how you are going on, and if I may have another line should be very glad. May the Lord bless the Word through your mouth to many, so will His house be filled with guests. How wonderful that you should be at Plymouth again! I want to know how your bodily health is. May the Lord incline your heart to write. Cannot tell you how welcome the disease in my body has been, because it seems to speak of home: it is the "token," as Bunyan calls it, that before long I must cross the river. I have sometimes had shrinkings from the article of death,

but that word above, "all are yours, &c." is a cordial to my heart. Death comes in union to Jesus without any sting: and the joy is, "absent from the body, present with the Lord."

From yours in our lovely Lord the Lamb,

Very affectionately,

RUTH.

THE ABSORBING THEME OF UNION.

BELoved OF GOD,—I find it in my heart to address you as one highly favoured, and greatly beloved in the Church of the living God. Still you are no more loved than the other members of that one body; for all are loved and cared for alike. The goodness of God is showered down upon them all in rich abundance, and their souls are blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ; so that there is no lack to any member. What an unspeakable mercy it is for you to know that your name is written in heaven! Why should you be so highly favoured when thousands of Adam's generation have no interest in the truth? It is because of the choice of the Father in eternity. His eye fell upon you, as a unit in the one and only pure union, and your name was at once transcribed in the heart of a precious Redeemer, and that is now your heaven and your glory; nor do you require or need any other resting place. This heavenly writing was typified, or opened up to the Church by an ordination under the Levitical dispensation. Upon the breast-plate of the high priest was written the names of the twelve tribes of Israel, thus showing forth the entirety of the people. Not one could thus be left out. All the different members of the families of Israel were included in the name of their head. So is it in the Church. All the members are reckoned in their glorious Head, and it is impossible for one to be missing: and as the high priest bore these names in intercession before God, and pleaded for the sins of all the people, so our Great Intercessor bears all the sheep of the fold before the Father, and their sins are all annihilated by His atoning blood. There is, however, one great difference between the earthly and the heavenly. The high priest of old used to bear the names of the tribes outside his breast; but Jesus the High Priest of our profession (possession too) bears the names inside His breast—in His great heart of everlasting love. In one case there was danger of the names being erased. In the other there is no such possibility; for no canker, or decay, can ever penetrate to the warm everlasting heart of our glorious

Kinsman and Redeemer. There is, therefore, no reason why you should faint or despair by the way; but there is every cause for rejoicing that nothing can ever alter your eternal standing in the Lamb of God. By having your name in His heart, it is equivalent to being "found in Him." This is a precious place to be found in. Hundreds would try to force themselves in by sundry jumps and jerks which they call good works, but this cannot be. If they are not found in Him, they never can enter there, and no action of theirs will be of the slightest avail to obtain eternal blessings. The blessings of God are not obtained this way. They are all fixed in eternity, and treasured up in Christ; kept in Him expressly for His members, and distributed according to the will of God—not according to our merit, our goodness, our piety, our prayers, or even our bad deeds; but according to His mercy He saved us, and gave us to partake of His choice treasures: and now we partake of these heavenly gifts, and shall continue to do so as long as God has any to give, and we know that will be for ever and ever. The Church of Christ is sure of food. "Her bread shall be given, and her water sure." This is the bread which came down from heaven, on which all the children of God feed and are satisfied; this is also the water of life, as we read, "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God."

Beloved, you have tasted this bread, and drunk large draughts of this refreshing water, hence you can speak confidently of its healing and preserving qualities. The woman at the well was at first astonished at the life which it could maintain, but it was her natural mind that could not comprehend the great mystery of living on Jesus. Afterwards, when her eyes were enlightened, and she looked alone upon her precious Beloved, she would think how foolish was her carnal request for the water, that she might have no further trouble in drawing. The religionists of the present day are very fond of hewing wood, and drawing water for the Lord, but this woman wanted bodily rest, instead of which she found a spiritual rest which is prepared for all the people of God. When this child of God was once refreshed with the living water, no doubt she would have a desire for further supplies of this dear mercy. Her soul would hunger and thirst for the righteousness of God, and the desires of her heart would be satisfied. Why was it that this woman of all the people in Samaria should receive a visit from Jesus? Was it by chance she met with Jesus at the well? The Word of God answers, "He must needs go through Samaria." The whole narrative is explained in this short sentence. It is upon this great principle—"must needs"—that all events and circumstances have ever occurred. It is due to the fixed determi-

nation of God that all "the flock of slaughter" are brought to realise their sonship and co-heirship with their elder Brother. Whatever is fixed must come to pass.

If the time arrives for you to again preach the glorious gospel to the few in Hull, nothing can deter you; for God's will must be done, in spite of either devils or men. If the eternal purposes of Jehovah could in any particular be frustrated, then there is no safety for the Church of God, but all depends on chance. But we are not of them who believe in uncertainty. We believe in the certain safety and durability of the Church, and upon these grounds that "Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." This is quite sufficient for the people of God. They exclaim,

"Once in Him, in Him for ever,
Thus the eternal covenant stands."

This is in response to the declaration of Jesus when in the flesh, "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish." What can you or I want more than this blessed portion applied to our souls? It is the marrow and fatness of the gospel. It sets forth the sovereignty of Jesus as God over all, dispensing His favours as He pleases. When He gives, none can take away. "The gold and silver are His," and so are "the cattle upon a thousand hills." He gives to each his proper portion. Some of the children of God are excessively poor: their burden seems almost unbearable; but the Lord gives strength equal to the day. If He gives poverty, it is for His own glory and the good of His child. If He gives more than a sufficiency of worldly goods, it is to fulfil his great intentions. Both are blessings; but how hard to understand! Both are gifts from God, and whatever He gives to the Church is for the best. All things are working together for the best to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose. Things often seem at cross purposes with us. Losses and crosses are very annoying to the natural mind, and the devil is never slow to take every advantage which God allows him, to tease the children of the kingdom. But this is all Satan can do. He cannot transform a child of God into his own offspring, though to hear him talk you might fancy he was Omnipotent. He is always ready to attack a poor, forlorn Job; but all the time he is bound by God's decree, and can no more spiritually harm a child of God, than he can harm God. Whatever temptations, losses, or crosses, we have, they are all among the good gifts of God; for the less we are taken up with the toys and baubles of this life, the more we are taken up with the fulness of the blessing of God, which is Jesus Himself. Nor can we be taken up with a worthier object, or taken to a sweeter house of love. Then the preciousness

of redeeming love is clearly seen. Then the soul quaffs the golden goblet of the wellspring of life. Then she sings, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us from among men." Blessed discrimination! Then the deep sorrows of life, that gnaw and vex the heart, are as a thing of the past; for they are all forgotten in the glory revealed; they do not enter the mind, because the love of Jesus fills every crevice, and leaves no room for doubts and fear. What poor, fearful creatures we are! We are oftentimes afraid of the shadow of tribulation, and what a long shadow it casts. When the sun of Righteousness is low down in the horizon of our spiritual life, the shadow of earthly things lengthen out considerably, and the coming darkening of the night of fear causes our souls to sink in despondency. until the dear Lord again arises with healing in His beams, dispelling the mists that have gathered around our abode. And then the night is changed to light, and the fretful flickering of the few stars of hope is completely outdone by the presence of the Sun in His glorious fulness. In this way the life of the real child is alternated. The view on the top of the everlasting hills is sweet enjoyment after the nervous existence among the shadows of the dark valleys. How often would we rise above the sandy flesh, and plume ourselves with the pinions of everlasting love, being absent from the body, and present with the Lord.

My wife joins me in love to yourself and yours. Drop a line soon.

Yours, very affectionately,

G. STEPHENSON.

Hull, March 3rd, 1867.

SECURITY IN CHRIST.

How loving is my Friend!
How faithful is my God!
His mercy knows no end,
For me He shed His blood:
He trod the winepress all alone,
When for my sin He did atone.

How gracious is His look!
How loving is His smile!
How willingly He took
His Church's sin and guile!
He bore the sorrows of His bride,
And suffered for her hell beside.

How safe in Him the Rock!
How blest in Him their God!
Are all the little flock,
For whom He shed His blood:
Secure in Him they ever dwell,
Above the reach of death and hell.

Why should the Shepherd take
The place of all His sheep?
Why should the sword awake,
And enter in Him deep?
Because He swore He'd bear the blame,
And take His people's sin and shame.

What matchless love and grace!
What mercy rich and free!
He took our lowest place,
He hung upon the tree:
The door was opened in His side,
To form an entrance for His bride.

In Him we now sit down:
In Him we feel at home:
On us He cannot frown,
From Him we cannot roam:
We sit with Him in highest bliss,
We call Him ours, He calls us *His*.

A. W.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"WHOM WE PREACH."—Col. i. 28.

AND it is impossible to have a more glorious object, or a more blessed subject. It is "Christ in you, the hope of glory whom we preach;" and this is a secret known only by the spiritual family of God. He says, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will show them His covenant:" and this is an everlasting covenant, "ordered in all things and sure," and it is written, "The counsel of peace shall be between them both." The apostle Paul said, when writing to the Church of God at Corinth, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." Very few in this day can take up this language; anything and everything is preached rather than "Jesus! Only;" but the language of the child of God is, "Give me Christ, or else I die."

He has no other foundation, no other basis; and I believe the Lord teaches and instructs all those whom He anoints and appoints to preach His glorious gospel. Not only do they read and meditate on the Word of God, but the Lord grants them to realize and to enjoy that same gospel which they preach. He does not send those who have no interest themselves in these glorious realities; as it is written, "So hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel," not only naturally, but spiritually also; they partake of the same heavenly favours, and bless and praise the name of the Lord who deals so wondrously and so graciously with them, who feeds them with the finest of the wheat, and satisfies them with honey out of the rock. No man can preach feelingly, as in the sight of God, and for the comfort of His children, except he has felt, tasted, and handled of the Word of life himself; unless the Lord sways His sceptre in his own soul. Christ was the subject Paul delighted to preach; not merely about Christ, not only concerning Christ, but he preached Christ. Many can speak of the five cardinal points (so called,) and preach about the gospel, but this is not preaching Christ, speaking of the Bridegroom Himself the Head of His body, the Church. The Lord said, "I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist;" and to Moses he said, "Go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt

say;" and as he went forth at his Lord's bidding, so do His servants still, and they speak as He is pleased to unfold and open His truth to their immortal minds: they delight to testify of Christ who is the root and the offspring of David, the bright and Morning Star. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous—living child—runneth into it, and is safe." Christ is the Shepherd of His sheep, and all within this fold are secure, and feed in the pastures of gospel grace. He is God over all, blessed for evermore, all our salvation, and all our desire; we set to our seal that God is true, and we are constrained to say, "This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem."

"Whom we preach." Our text is short, but it contains great depths; yea, everything is comprehended in it. There can be no better object than Christ, no better subject than Jesus.

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick;" but there is balm in Gilead, and a good Physician there, and when your power is gone, and you have none shut up or left, you will find your glorious Christ is Almighty to save. We read of one poor woman who said within herself, "If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole." O what bright and brilliant faith was here displayed! She knew if she touched Him she should be cured, for she was fully assured that Jesus was the Mighty God, the Omnipotent Jehovah; and

"He that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises."

"If I may but touch!" as though she would say—If He will allow me to touch—If He privileges me to touch. She felt this was her last hope, she had spent all that she had: and again of others it is written, "When they had nothing to pay, He frankly forgave them both." These are the characters Jesus emancipates, those who are deeply in debt, and who are surrounded by difficulties. We read when David escaped to the cave Adullam, that "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them." David was a type of our glorious Captain, who has fought the battle, and achieved the victory. The battle is the Lord's, and all we have to do is to stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord. Thus saith Jehovah, "Be still, and know that I am God." "I will be exalted among the heathen, and will be exalted in the earth." "Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord!" Ah, says the child of God, I find it hard work to stand still.

"Stand still," says one, "that's easy, sure ;

'Tis what I always do."

Deluded soul, be not secure ;

This is not meant to you."

It is indeed hard work to stand still when opposed and driven of fierce winds, when the sea is raging, when tossed hither and thither, when beset by inward and outward foes, when in the place where two seas meet, tempest-tossed and not comforted ; and yet, this is the very time to be quiet, to lean on the arm of our Beloved, and to recline on His bosom of love, knowing that He is the faithful God, and that He will perform that which He hath promised. What a mercy it is that "He bindeth the floods from overflowing!" and it is only for Him to speak, and immediately there is a great calm. Child of God ! cannot you look back to seasons when the foe seemed as though he would prevail ; nevertheless, have you not always proved delivering grace ? "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet : so He bringeth them into their desired haven." "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." "And this Man shall be the peace, when the Assyrian shall come into our land." We know when the Assyrian came into the land of Israel of old, his object was to oppress the inhabitants thereof : and thus saith the Lord, "Who art thou that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die ; . . . and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor ? and where is the fury of the oppressor ?" Ah, where ? Let the glorious Lord but whisper peace, and drop His word with power, you will instantly feel that He has stood the fiery trial ; for Jehovah poured upon Him the fury of His anger, and the strength of battle, and you will realise that you are more than conqueror through Him. Satan would have you believe that God's thoughts are not thoughts of peace toward you, but thoughts of evil, and that nothing awaits you but condemnation ; nevertheless, these are the whispers and the insinuations of your cruel foe : he tells you the Lord will never shine again ; he tells you all the joy and the peace you have realised have been only in the flesh, and that your rejoicing has not been in the Spirit ; he says you are walking in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that you have kindled ; that you are not under the tuition of the Eternal Spirit, and that all your profession is but a delusion. At such times Satan seems to sweep all before him ;

"And for a living soul to stand,

By thousand dangers scar'd,

And feel destruction close at hand,

O this indeed is hard !"

Then it is we feel our need of the liquid shield of faith, wherewith to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and it is only as we refuge in the Man of the Father's right hand, that we are able to stand against the wiles of the devil. O may the Lord come down in majesty and in power, and may He bid every mountain flee! "His favour is as a cloud of the latter rain," and He has promised to cause the shower to come down in his season, and He has said, "There shall be showers of blessing." Child of the living God! these streams shall never be dried up; the well of water shall again spring up in your heart; it is only for Him to say, "Spring up, O well:" you shall surely again realise that peace which passeth all understanding, and you will then be constrained to say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Like the dove which was glad to fly back to the ark, because it could not find rest anywhere else, so are you glad to be pinioned with the wings of faith, and to return to the ark, for you can find no rest in the things of time, in self, or in the creature.

In the preceding verse we read, "To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you—not Christ afar off, not Christ in heaven, but Christ in you—the hope of glory," "which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." When the ship is tossed about, and when the wind is violent, the anchor is used; when the tempest rages, and when the sea rises high, then it is the anchor is of use: it is useless when lying on deck; it is useless when it is in sight; but when it is engulfed in the raging ocean, and when it takes a strong hold of the rock beneath, then it is that it keeps the ship from being carried about, and driven of fierce winds. The captain cannot see it, but he keeps his eye on the cable. "Hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul:" and it hath taken firm hold of our precious Jesus, and our eye is fixed on the three-fold cord which cannot be broken or snapped asunder. O how blessed to have the eye fixed on love, blood, and salvation, this three-fold cord! We may mount up to the heaven, and go down again to the depths, but we are nevertheless safe; and, with Christ in the vessel, we may smile at the storm.

"Whom we preach," as a prop to the soul, as a stay to the anxious mind, who will ever watch over His children, shield and shade them in this dreary wilderness, and land them safely in glory at last. "Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." Can the foe then seize on his prey without His knowledge?

Impossible ! Satan walketh about seeking whom he may devour. But our glorious Shepherd ever watches over His flock, and His eye is on their foe also; and thus saith the Lord, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." O ! glorious, precious Christ, Thou art the salvation of our God, and the redemption of Thy people : our strong habitation, whereunto we may continually resort, our rock and our fortress ; Thou art the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace ; our Refuge, our anchor, our Alpha and Omega ; yea, our All in All. Child of God ! we cannot make too much of Christ. In Him we live and move, and have our being ; and O ! how sweet is it to have fresh discoveries of Him ; fresh openings of His beauty, and of His glory. We realise these favours under the anointings of the Spirit : He it is who expounds to us the glorious realities of His spiritual kingdom, both of grace and of glory ; and Jesus said, "Behold the kingdom of God is within you." It matters not how intellectual a man may be, how learned, how zealous, or how religious, if only a natural man : he cannot know the things of the Spirit of God, because they are spiritually discerned ; he may compare literal things with literal ; historical things with historical, or one passage of Scripture with another, but the Holy Ghost alone can open up "the deep things of God." "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His ;" but if He has given you spiritual eyes, you have seen the King in His beauty ; and if He has given you spiritual ears, you have heard the Shepherd's voice ; and you have also felt the Shepherd's power, and you have blessed His precious name for granting you to participate in these heavenly glories. We love to behold Christ throughout the entire Word of God ; we love to realise Him as our Captain, our Companion in tribulation, our shady Tree of Life which grows in the midst of the paradise of God, our House of banquet, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last, the substance of the Bible, the fulness of the Scriptures. "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy." Many are carried away with the letter of prophecy, but how few comparatively realise the spirit thereof ! Everything that is glorious has Christ for its centre ; all prophecy is fulfilled in our Jesus ; He is the vitality of all, and "His work is honourable and glorious, and His righteousness endureth for ever."

"Whom we preach." Think you we shall ever be tired of hearing Christ preached ? Think you we shall ever be tired of dwelling on union with Him ? Never ! O ! the grandeur of these subjects ; ten thousand deeps are contained in them ; we cannot fathom their depths, scan their heights, or range their lengths or breadths ; nevertheless, we realise these spiritual realities on the ground of eternal relationship, because we are living members of

the living Head, conjoined to the Lord and one Spirit; we realise them on the ground of covenant love, they flow through the channel of covenant blood, and they are made known to us by the Holy Ghost. All communion is based on union. We never should have enjoyed communion with the Lord had it not been for union; everything arises from covenant relationship. Jesus had never been born a babe in Bethlehem had it not been for union: He had never walked Judea's plains, or suffered on the cross, had it not been for union: He, the Antitype, would never have swallowed up all types and shadows; and have swept away the old covenant, establishing a better, had it not been for union: He never would have marched through death's territories, plucking the sting thereof, had it not been for everlasting union. He came to rescue His Church as a brand from the burning, to bring her up, and bring her out, and to present her unto Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. She was bound up in the bundle of life with Him, she belonged to Him, and this union existed before time; it exists in time, and it will exist when time shall be no more. Our union-oneness with Him shall last for ever and for ever, and as His bones we say, "Lord, who is like unto Thee?"

"Who is a pard'ning God like Thee,
Or who hath blood so rich and free?"

He hath encircled us in His wondrous embrace; yea, "underneath are the everlasting arms;" and when we have done with the things of time, we shall sing His matchless praises round the throne. There will be no discord there; all will be perfect harmony throughout the heavenly host. We shall touch our harps, and sing to the praise of the glory of His grace, and we shall crown our precious Jesus Lord of All.

"Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song."

Do you not long for the consummation, and look forward to the time when, in the refulgence of glory, you shall see the Lamb in the midst of the throne face to face?

"Whom we preach," in the riches of His grace, our God, our Friend, our Shepherd, who chases darkness from our mind and raises us up when ready to sink. I believe many here have realised Him as their All in All, and can say with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth:" they have the precious assurance that He is not only the Keeper of Israel, but their Keeper individually. "Yes," say you, "I know Christ is mine, and that I am His, and when He sheds abroad His love in my heart, thus removing all doubts and fears—when He shines again—I can sit down under His shadow

with great delight, and sing, 'I am my Beloved's, and His desire is toward me.' He is my only attractive object above, my only subject here; my altar, my sacrifice, and my High Priest." "I am among you," saith our glorious Christ, "as He that serveth." Some enquire what they can do for the Lord; but may our thoughts be taken up with what He has done for us! We bless Him, He hath taken away the first covenant—viz. the covenant of works—and introduced Himself as the new covenant, and how wondrous it seems,

"That worms of earth should ever be
One with Incarnate Deity!"

"But," says one, "I am not sure that Christ dwells in my heart, and that I dwell in His heart." We read, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." O! may the Lord whisper to you, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto Me." He will feed His people then, and when He feeds us now, we are satisfied with "Jesus only." How blessed it is to have a desire for the Lord to reveal His love, and to long for His peace to be extended to us as a river, His righteousness as the waves of the sea! By Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses; and

"Clad in His vesture, bright and fair,
We're like the Holy One."

This faith stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God: this faith has Christ for its object; He is the Author and the finisher thereof: this is "like precious faith," it is peculiar faith; this faith purifies the heart, realizes the atonement, and lays hold of Christ, as did Jacob of old, saying, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me;" and

"Tis His delight to make us blest,
And live upon His love."

Does He not say, "What is thy petition? and it shall be granted thee: and what is thy request? even to the half of the kingdom it shall be performed." "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in My name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." Cheer up! there is now no condemnation, neither shall there be any separation. Why should you tremble? No evil shall befall you, neither shall any plague come nigh your dwelling, and even in this world the Lord has granted you ten thousand blessings which He had not Himself. What said our glorious Christ? "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man

hath not where to lay His head :” He had no certain dwelling-place, whereas these creatures had ; and we have ten thousand providential blessings, and ten thousand spiritual favours which He did not grant Himself. He was emphatically “ a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,” and we only find it once recorded that Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and that was when He said, “ I thank Thee. O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes :” and He said to His disciples, “ Rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you ; but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven.” O ! child of God, that is indeed a matter for rejoicing, for once enrolled there, eternally enrolled ; and one sings,

“ My name from the palms of His hands
Eternity will not erase ;
Impress’d on His heart it remains
In marks of indelible grace.”

He will blot out your sins, but He will never blot your name out of the book of life. “ If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand ?” but the sin of the Church of Christ has been atoned for by blood divine.

“ Th’ offended dies
To set th’ offender free.”

Unequalled love ! Unparalleled mercy ! Again, Jesus had no place to rest when the great Jehovah came down in fury, and when the cataracts of heaven were opened : there was nothing to screen Him also from the darts of Satan, but He has given us the shield of faith, and He will cover our head in the day of battle. “ Take us the foxes,” said the Church, “ the little foxes, that spoil the vines.”

“ The Canaanite still in the land,
To harass, perplex, and dismay,
Brought Israel of old to a stand,
For Anak was stronger than they :
What God had design’d they possess’d,
Supported and kept by His hand,
Yet, lest on their lees they should rest,
The Canaanite dwelt in the land.”

And, child of God ! it is right it should be so ; the Lord has promised to drive out these enemies by little and little. The pride of our heart would rise were it not for the foxes, and we should be exalted above measure. It is written, “ Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,” and the minutest circumstance is wisely ordered. May we grow up into Christ, our Living Head, in all things ! May the Lord grant us showers of blessing ! May He guide us with His counsel,

and afterwards receive us into glory! There may be some here who will never see another rising sun. "For heaven are thy credentials clear?" If Christ be formed in your heart, you are ready to depart at any moment; you are "perfect in Christ Jesus," "Accepted in the Beloved;" absent from the body, you will be present with the Lord. Yes! in the immediate presence of our precious Christ, singing His high praises round the throne.

May the Lord add His blessing. Amen.

BLESSED AND ETERNAL TRUTHS.

TO MY VERY DEAR AND GREATLY BELOVED RUTH,—“Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all; the heart of her Husband doth safely trust in her; so that He shall have no need of spoil; she will do Him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.”

In this high and holy position of blessedness I again address you, in the unity of the Spirit and bond of peace, incorporated into oneness with our most glorious Christ, joined to Him the Lord and one Spirit. This is blessedness unsearchable, and plain to him that understandeth, and right to him that can say, “yea, truly, I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord:” but, mark you, it is not my understanding, knowledge, or interest, that is the foundation of my hope, or the source of rejoicing. I bless the Lord for the before-mentioned mercies: they are, so to speak, unspeakable, and they are unchanging love blessings; but I have greater things to think of, and rejoice in the Lord Jesus for; that is, His right to me, and interest in me, in oneness with me, and always rejoicing over me to do me good: and in, by, and through Him, to the praise of the glory of God our Father, who first trusted in Christ, and so triumph in Him, and sing our love-songs to Him, saying, “Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy,” &c. This exceeding joy is the Lord’s; yea, Father, Son, and Spirit; and I will not think it trying to forego my joy, to have His joy fulfilled in me: and if it is His will, I will go on sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, that it is well with the righteous; and believing that Jesus hath more need of me than I have of Him. Don’t wonder at what I am saying; we are vessels of mercy afore prepared unto glory, that He might shew us the riches of His glory; but there is a secret that I overlooked for years: that is, these vessels are for the Master’s

use; not for their own use, and benefit, or comfort, or blessedness, though these things are connected with it: and, blessed be the Lord, He hath been teaching me these truths for two years past; but more particularly some few months past, and whilst death hath been working in me, life hath been working for others; and I feel assured that we have one heart and mind in the knowledge and belief of this truth—for the Master's use. Look at Noah and his 120 years' service "for the Master's use." Look at the Patriarchs: the three children in the fire: Daniel in the lion's den: the Church from Abel to the days of Christ, in all the dispensations they passed through, whether in Egypt, the wilderness, Caanan, Babylon, &c., all "for the Master's use," to do them good in their latter end: and in the New Testament blessedness: Peter in the sieve or prison: Paul in the third heavens, or on earth with the thorn in the flesh, and the messenger Satan to buffet him: and we in many afflictions, much and great tribulation, all, all is "for the Master's use," that He might make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy which he had afore prepared unto glory, and that He might shew us the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness through Christ Jesus; and this was the truth taught Job, of which Eliphaz spoke and Job declared (chap. xix. & xxi.). the same truth brought David forth in holy triumphs, saying, "Jehovah is my light, and my salvation:" and when the presages of death visited him, how fully he sang of the mercy, saying, "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath He made with me," &c. I would from my heart render it thus: "Yet hath He cut off for me the everlasting purifier:" and I think you will join, in making melody to the Lord in the heart, and I think Solomon had learnt that he was a vessel for the Master's use: and that in loving many strange women, and even out-landish. Ponder these things over. I was reading some of His sayings when yours came this morning, (see vii. & viii. Eccl.): and He saith, "I counsel thee to keep the King's commandment; and that in regard of the oath of God." Hallelujah. Amen.

My beloved; yea, more, the dearly beloved of the soul of her Husband, His dove and love, and breathing frame; your savoury and truthful epistle is of the Lord, and you were for the Master's use in writing it; and the dear contents touched my heart and melted it so that the tears flowed freely, and I asked the Lord to put them in His bottle, and, for His own great name-sake, abundantly bless, feed, and strengthen the Gleaner, and that I might participate with her in all life, perfection, fulness, holiness, salvation, redemption, and justification, in Him who is the Lord our Righteousness. I have tried many a time to write unto you since I had your last that comforted my heart; but I could not do it, the

stone was on the well's mouth; but this morning all restraint was taken away, and it was with me as Paul said on another occasion, "Nevertheless God that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus." I do, must, and will, as heretofore, bless the Lord on thy behalf, and from my heart thank Him that He hath given me a companion in tribulation in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ: and let us keep this in view, it is for the Master's use; and we will ascribe "all to the praise of the glory of His grace, that hath made us accepted in the Beloved." It is one very dear mercy that we only live for the Lord.

I have of late had many afflictions, and much tribulation hath been increased by more; the Lord, as it were, hid Himself from me, and it is just so now in feeling. He covered over His dear Word with His hand; and He wrote death on everything. My prayer returned into my own bosom; and I knew the truth of what Jacob said, "All these things are against me;" and another, "I go mourning without the Sun;" and many other things that are written became familiar with me, and my adversary vexed me sore concerning the ministry of the Word of the Lord, which is dearer to me than heaven. In myself I have been tossed to and fro like the locusts, and have learned the reality of Psa. cvii. 25—7; but, blessed be His glorious name, in all, through all, and up to the present moment, thus I say from my heart, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him:" "neither count I my life dear unto me, so that I may finish my course with joy, and fulfil the ministry I have received of the Lord Jesus." The Lord knoweth that I speak the truth when I say, "Let God be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or death."

My Mary unites in love to you, and the few sheep. Tell dear Mary that in a few days more she will hear—"The Master is come, and calleth for thee;" and those that try to comfort her now, may follow her to the grave; but she will be with the Lord. Peace, love, joy, and truth, abound in your heart, and you increase in the knowledge of God, Father, Son, and Spirit, the Three that bear record in Heaven, and these Three are One.

Yours in our precious Lord Jesus,

A. TRIGGS.

SWEET RESPONSES.

MY DEAR FATHER IN THE FAITH,—To make up for your long silence, I have just taken a peep into your last; and the sweet truths therein have refreshed my drooping spirit. How blessedly

have you there set forth the union of Christ and His bride! This is a theme my soul loves, lives, and rejoices in, yet how few of the dear children speak of it with such rapturous, soul delight, as do you, my dear father; and in a more feeble measure your child. How sweet the lively assurance in all my sorrows my precious Jesus bears the heaviest part! When bowed down, and there seems no strength left, then my Beloved draws near, proves Himself a true yoke-fellow, and makes it manifest that "underneath are His everlasting arms." Thus from time to time I prove the eternal God my refuge, a blessed help in time of trouble; yea, more,

"Whilst on His bosom I recline,
He tells me all He has is mine."

Yes, blessed truth, "I am my Beloved's, and His desire is toward me:" so that bread is given and water is sure. Yes, beloved, in our Father's house the provision is abundant and liberal, and the invitation, "Eat, O friends, drink; yea, drink abundantly, O beloved," extendeth to every elect vessel of mercy—to the weakest as well as the strong.

"And since my soul has known His love,
What mercies has He made me prove:
Mercies which all my praise excel,
My Jesus has done all things well."

When in my right mind, I would not have anything altered. The thorn is needful, the briars are necessary. I feel them to be so, though I like not the smart of either. "Who teacheth like Him?"

Many thanks for the "Witness." The contents were, I think, more precious than ever. I could almost fancy I heard you preaching, and hope we poor ends of the Lord's earth shall enjoy a second benefit next month. Excuse this hasty scrawl. I did not intend to write a single line; but love constrained. How is your dear wife? I often think of her, and wish I could see her. Tell her, with my love, 'tis well for me, my best Friend is not so still and silent as herself. May love and peace surround you both: may Jesus be increasingly precious, and your souls like a watered garden, is the desire of the little one. RECLUSE.

[We find that the Lord is taking His children home very fast; and we cannot say of spiritual births, as is generally said of natural, that they exceed the deaths. On the contrary, it is most evident that the Lord's children are greatly on the decrease in our land. The old die, and the young do not appear to take their places.

Well, the Lord knoweth them that are His; and whether His children are few or many, He will abundantly bless their provision, and satisfy each of them with bread.—ED.]

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. IX.

MAY, 1867.

No. 104.

TO THE HOUSEHOLD CHILDREN.

BELOVED IN AND OF THE LORD,—“All hail, peace be unto thee: be strong; yea, be strong” in the Lord, who is your strength and strong Rock, your God, and your glory. In Him you are loved with an unalterable love, blessed with unchanging blessings, and saved with an everlasting salvation. You have no real cause to be terrified by any amazement; but have abundant reason to rejoice in the Lord at all times. under all circumstances, and in all places, because faithful is He who has promised. Kings sons and daughters should not be found in sackcloth and ashes in these new covenant days; they ought not to go about cast down like a bulrush; for the Lord says, and He means every word, that your warfare is accomplished, and your iniquity pardoned: and the poet most sweetly sings:

“If sin be pardon’d I’m secure,
Death hath no sting beside.”

Christ has swallowed up death in victory, He has put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and He has risen triumphantly for the justification of every member of His body. He appeared once in the end of the world to put away sin, and in Him, including His whole body, is no sin. If there be no sin in the head, and He is the savor and the Saviour of the body, there can be no sin in one member of that body. Not only are individual members free from sin in Christ, but they are put beyond the power of sinning. They cannot sin as members of Christ, and why? They are born of God. They cannot break the law of God now, and why? They are not under the law, but under grace; and grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life. The subjects of grace are objects of love,

partakers of the divine nature, possessors of endurable riches in righteousness, inheritors of an everlasting portion, and participators in a good hope. They are founded on the Rock of Ages, defended by the arm of Omnipotence, upheld by the Almighty power of the Lamb, watched over by the Omniscient eye of Jehovah Jesus, enfolded in the everlasting embrace of love, protected by salvation's wall of fire, watered by the river of life, shaded by the tree of life, fed with the bread of life, clothed with the robe of life, and comforted by the Spirit of life. They live in the temple of God, banquet in the house of God, and worship the Son of God. They are taught the truth of God, love the will of God, seek the mind of God, watch the way of God, and trust in the faithfulness of God. They have no home but the bleeding heart of Jesus, no shelter but the wounded side of Christ, and no protection but the blood of the Lamb. The love of Christ warms their heart, the truth of Christ enlightens their mind, the blood of Christ cheers their spirits, and the name of Christ is precious to their souls. Often when cast down the very mention or recollection of the name of Jesus lifts them up in a moment. It is only for Him to speak in the power of His Spirit, in the love of His heart, in the exceeding riches of His grace, in the plenitude of His mercy, and all is peace and quietness, all is bliss and blessedness. When He extends peace like a river, the children enter into rest, cease from their own works, and say, in joy of heart, in extacy of soul, "His work is honourable and glorious: He is the Rock, His work is perfect." They are then satisfied with Jesus only.

Dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free;" "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints:" "try the spirits whether they be of God." Do not listen to the fashionable and flesh-pleasing *to here* and *to there* of the day; refuse all provender unwinnowed by the shovel and fan; and wear no clothes but fine linen, the garment of salvation, and robe of righteousness. Hear no preaching but that of love, blood, and salvation. Bid none God speed but those who bring this doctrine—"It is finished." Here centres all your hope, here rests all your salvation. If it is finished, give Him the praise and glory due unto His name.

"Say not 'worthy is the Saviour,'
Then subjoin a—'Well done I.'"

I write not this, beloved, because you know not the truth, but to stir up your pure mind by way of remembrance; for I am persuaded better things of you, though I thus speak. I feel sure that you are children of truth; and if truth be your Parent, truth will be your object, and truth your subject. I well know you love the

truth, walk the truth, and speak the truth. You fear the God of truth, and prize the truth of God. The truth is your shield and buckler, sun and shade. It is near to your heart, dear to your mind, and precious to your soul. Satan's lies you hate, the world's lies you abhor, and your own lies you do not allow: and this proves you to be "children that will not lie." "Who is a liar but he that denies the Father and the Son?" You confess both; therefore you are not liars. A deceitful tongue shall not be found in your head; for there was no guile found in His mouth.

I need not ask you how you are getting on in the old path of "much tribulation," well knowing that

"On Christ are hung all heaven's affairs,
And all His children's weighty cares."

Everything that concerns you, and more than concerns you, He attends to; for He even says, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered;" and I am sure that is no concern to you; but it is to Him. "O ye of little faith!" He is watching over you *now*, He is guiding all your affairs *now*, His heart is moving in love towards you *now*, and He is waiting that He may be gracious *now*. He well knows where you are placed, how you are fixed, and what your fears are.

"Your fears may be many, your doubts many more,
Your sins far exceeding the sands of the shore,
Yet firm to His promise your God shall abide;
But grace, though the smallest, shall surely be tried."

He has delivered, you well know; He can now deliver, you are certain; for there is nothing too hard for the Lord. Can you not *now* join the poet in singing,

"When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!"

If He *has* always stood near your soul, does He not *now* stand near your soul? or has your unchanging Lord changed His mind? Beloved, He is assuredly "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

"The same in the *valley* as when thou canst see
His heart overflowing with love unto thee."

His heart is always overflowing with love towards you, His eye is at all times watching over you, and His ear is ever open to the voice of your cry. Distrust Him, why should you? Question His particular care, what cause have you? None whatever, I am sure.

Indeed He has your very best interest at heart, and in every trying dispensation He will assuredly do you good.

"When doubts and fears becloud the mind
Of Jesu's little band,
A way to bring them through He'll find,
And hold them by His hand."

Although you cannot see an inch before you, and tremble at every step you take, rest assured that your best friend and only beloved knows all about it, and, in His own time, will send a cheering ray, drop a precious word, remove timidity from the mind, and enable you to sing to your Beloved a song of your Beloved touching His vineyard. You well know that nothing can overtake you by chance, nothing can interfere with the eternal arrangements of your God, and nothing can possibly hurt one hair of your head. Cheer up, beloved. The Lord will appear. The vision is for an appointed time. "He is not slack concerning His promise." "He will not break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax." "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." He has promised to "rest in His love," and He means every word; and remember for your comfort,

"Nothing changes His affections,
Abba's love is still the same."

A. WILCOCKSON.

A SERMON.

The Eighteenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

THE child of God never has anything sent to him but in love: and it strikes me that Christ would be useless to us if we had not the cross. There would not be that sympathy, there would not be that feeling, there would not be that preciousness in Christ if we had not His cross. But do not mistake me. Five or six and twenty years ago I thought that as I grew older I should become quite passive under the cross, and be silently reconciled to it, without the least grain of murmuring. But whether it is to my shame that I am to speak it, or for the comfort of some poor tempted child of God, my flesh and blood rebels more against the cross of God than ever; and if the Lord were not to keep it under, He only knows where it would end. I have felt not a little of it in the past week. I am not going to preach of my corruptions; yet I have had workings of

flesh and blood, carnal reason, and conference by the hour with the base workings of human nature.

"Well, did you get any comfort or peace?"

No.

"Did it endear Jesus?"

No.

"Did it not calm your mind to reflect on its nature?"

No, not a grain of it.

"What then was the result?"

Why, when the sinner is down Christ alone is exalted. I read by the hour, and the more I read the more I rebelled. Well, say you, you ought to be ashamed of it. I will tell you what will make me ashamed of it: not all the reproofs in the world, nor all the mock modesty in the world; but a sweet feeling in my heart of the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

"Will that do it?"

Yea.

"What is the effect?"

It sinks me into nothing, and Christ is all in all. Well, then, we have been singing about the cross-handed blessing. Just think for a moment whether the cross hands do not belong to one person. Then there can be but one heart, one mind, one relationship. Ponder this. Who did it? The Father. Who did He do it to—the Egyptians? No, to His own relatives that came out of His own land. And why did He bless them? Because He loved them. And why did He love them? Because He could not help it. God so ordered the matter, that He could not desist from loving the children. Jacob little thought what blessings were in reserve for him as the Lord Jesus led him along. Joseph must go. Perhaps some of you have got your darlings; and, as I said last Sabbath, let them dwell as close as possible to your heart, but they must not have a standing in your heart. Jacob was distressed because Joseph had been taken away. The poor man said, "He is dead." You and I have reason to bless God who supports us under like infirmities. What is the blessing? We have One who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and who is able to succour them that are tempted. The poor man feared that he would go down with sorrow to the grave. I think you will find that during the time he continued here, he was not constantly weeping on account of Joseph. I do believe in my soul that however untoward such things may appear, however they may fill our mind with disquietude, everything is accomplished in love according to God's eternal will. How blessed is it to look back upon our many hair-breadth escapes! As I often remark to you, how many incidents are there that passed then unnoticed, which are afterwards brought

into our inward minds. Can you bring forward one thing, so to speak, that might have been left out? No, say you, I certainly cannot. So say I. All then must end at last as shall please our heavenly Father. There is a secret more to notice, not only that it flowed from love, but that God's wisdom was connected with it. How many times have our plans, purposes, schemes, resolutions, been all frustrated, and you and I have wondered why this could be. What is the conclusion of the matter now? Was not the hand of the Lord in all this? Most assuredly. Then who is to have the glory? God alone; and you and I will shout His praise.

Now as the Lord shall enable me, I intend to speak to you again upon the words, "All are yours." I have found no variations in these words, though I have had millions of doubts and fears since Tuesday night. "All are yours." That has been like an anchor to my soul: not one thing shall be left out. The words are, as you know, in the 3rd chapter of the 1st epistle of Paul to the Corinthians: "All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come."

We had got as far as death on Tuesday night; and there is not a grain in any one of these that is not yours. Now have you a heart large enough to take this in? Have you a mind to embrace it by faith and call it yours? Yes, say you, blessed be God I can. Then you must go a little further: God also is our God for ever and ever, and He will be our guide unto death. Now I am led to this subject of death again. You know that for a person to be dead and alive too sounds very strange. Many cannot understand this, yet no one is right in his mind without this; neither is he right about the things of God; neither is he right about the rest that remaineth for the people of God. To be thus he must be dead and he must be alive. Oh! the blessedness of being alive in Jesus Christ. I should not mind if I were to die a million deaths in myself; that would not alter my position. Eternal life being in Jesus Christ, it is like Himself, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Jesus saith it shall stand. "Because I live," says He, "*ye shall live also.*" I cannot but remark here upon one great mistake amongst religious people—that they try to live more by themselves than they do by Jesus Christ. By attempting to live by what you feel, and what you are, and what you endeavour, your standing seems to change with your feelings; your foot seems to give way, your path seems to be swallowed up, the inheritance seems to be out of sight. Now this is wrong. What! say you, must I not judge at all from my experience? No, not to stand upon it. You and I cannot stand upon our experience. We have

experience, and we bless God for it. Where are we to stand? In Christ. And I would throw out a hint on this blessed subject, that as you are brought to a knowledge of your standing in Christ, and of Christ as your life, you will find some point of stability in your mind which the devil can never upset.

Well, then, as the life of the child is in Christ, and you and I are members of His body, there is no separation from Christ. There was no death in Jesus Christ when He died. How do you mean? Why, there was no cessation of eternal life in Him, though He died for our sins. In His death there was the same eternal unchangeable life. He is Jesus Christ "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." If it had not been so there would have been a cessation between the Old Testament saints and the New. I trust the Lord will keep us making more of Jesus Christ than of anything we feel or of anything we experience. Why? Because as He is the foundation laid in Zion, so He "ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Now I will just proceed to drop another hint in love and affection this morning. You and I cannot live without prayer. Oh! say you, I like to pray. So do I. I like to keep up stated times! That I cannot do. I speak freely to you. I generally find that I can pray best when God first speaks a word into my heart; then, whether on my knees, lying down, sitting or walking, my soul goes forth in holy longings and breathings towards God. Well but, say you, what are you going to say in connection with prayer? I am going to tell you not to put any trust in your prayers. Never attempt to make them a mediator. Always cleave close to the person of the Son of God, the Mediator between God and man, who hath said to everyone of us, as He said to poor Peter, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." May we be led into a right apprehension of these most glorious truths, so that Christ may be to us "all in all."

But we proceed to notice that in connection with life there is death. Allow me here to use my own words, or else I shall not understand myself. How blessed it is to have life in death. I do not much like that saying in the Church of England, "In the midst of life we are in death." That is impossible. Transpose the sentence and you have just got the secret: In the midst of death and dying we are in life. If in the midst of life we were in death, death would come after life instead of life after death, and then what hope, what confidence, what consolation or blessedness could you and I enjoy? Let us now go a step further. There is an utter impossibility, when the child of God is dead to sin, that sin can have dominion over him. Well but, say you, you cannot imagine how I am troubled about my sins: I groan, being burdened. Now

if sin had dominion over you there would be no burden, there would be no sighing, there would be no grief felt on account of it. Why? Because you would answer to the description of those who are past feeling, given over to a reprobate mind, having their conscience seared as with a hot iron. It is not so with a child of God that is dead. Not only is he dead to sin, but as Paul beautifully says, "I through the law am dead to the law." What for? "That I may live unto God." That is a marvellous exchange. "I through the law." I was on the other side of the law; yet in Christ the law was fulfilled. What then? His obedience is imputed unto me for righteousness. What then? Himself, the Lord Jehovah, is my righteousness. Well now, marking down these glorious mercies, what remains? Why, we were buried with Christ in baptism unto death. And what follows? That like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

We now come to the next particular mentioned after death: "Things present." Now, what are the things present? Why, some of you can enumerate a great many; but perhaps they may go beyond enumeration. I never could enumerate very much further than millions. I could not understand persons when they spoke about billions and trillions. Yet this perhaps does not even go so far as things present. Suppose we sum them up in a narrow compass. Well then, how shall we begin? First, you say, I have a corrupt nature, I have a deceitful heart—I find that from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot there is no soundness in me. Why should you be grieved about this? it is just the position for God's mercy to descend; it is just the situation for God's grace to be communicated; and this is just the way to honour God the Father, who hath brought us into it, and met us with every covenant blessing to do us good. Well then, marking down this blessing as your own, the Holy Ghost tells you to be contented. Ah, say you, this or that is very trying. If you were not the subject of these things God's mercy could not be communicated to you. Well, say you, I believe what you say, and I hope to understand and experience it. I hesitate not to say I would not live in this wilderness without it for worlds. Why? Because I should be unfit for communion with God in Christ. Who were the companions of Jesus in the days of His flesh? Not the rich, not the starched pharisees, not the lawyers and doctors of law, not the scribes; but Mary Magdalene with seven devils, a brother of mine among the tombs with a legion of devils, a poor blaspheming thief, a woman with a bloody issue, a man with a withered hand, another leprous, others blind, and halt, and maimed, and withered. These were the persons to whom the Lord shewed mercy. Oh how

endearing this subject is to a poor child of God! I do not mean thy corruption and mine, but the extension of God's mercy to us in Christ. This warms the heart, this comforts the mind, this encourages the believer in Christ; yea, it makes Jesus all in all.

(To be continued.)

NO RESTRAINT TO LOVE.

BELoved IN Jesus,—I thank you for your last, from which the Lord gave me a blessing. Should like to know if your health is better, and whether you have a Chapel to preach in. I marvel greatly at all things which have happened: doubtless the Lord will instruct you by them. I am ready to feel that I can never write to you again, you are so far above all. But, however, in the valley we may sing our low notes of love and praise to the worthy Lamb, and though my heart has been moved by your afflictions, as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind, while yours has been kept lying at anchor in the Divine faithfulness; yet the Lord humbleth Himself to them of such low estate, and visiteth His handmaid with His mercy which endureth for ever. Oh! indeed, though I am so little of stature in faith, He condescends to abide at my house, and in my heart, and I am covered with His feathers, and hidden in the cleft of the smitten Rock. Justice smote Him, while He shielded me: and, Oh! what streams of love, blood, and living water gushed out of that full Fountain which was opened for the House of David for sin and for uncleanness!—a clean Fountain for filthy sinners; a pure Stream for all manner of impurities; a warm-hearted Brother born for adversity; a loving, lovely Bridegroom for such a vile unfaithful worm as I! Ever would I praise Him in lip and life. “Let my mouth be filled with Thy praise, and Thy honour all the day long.” How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! if I would count them, they are more than the hairs of my head: when I awake (from my own foolish thoughts) I am still with Thee; for there is and can be no separation between the Head and members. The Head is lifted up above the waters, and therefore the members cannot drown in passing through. All Thy waves and billows went over Him, and they were safe in Him then. Some of Thy waves and billows go over them, and they are safe in Him still. The Ark is lifted up above the waters, and the Lord hath shut them in; so that in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto Him. Thou art my

Hiding-place. Thou shalt preserve me from and in trouble; Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

Oh! beloved, what depths of blessedness are in those two words, "in Him!" All language is too weak to set it forth; but there we are. Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction, but sayest to Thine own children, return, from the first Adam to the second, in whom Thou hast devised means that these Thy banished shall not be expelled from Thee, though they have to pass through the miseries of the fall: yea, though they walk through the valley of the shadow of death, no evil shall befall them; for Thou art with them, and they are safe in Thee. Bless the Lord, O my soul! "Of Him are we in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." With what milk and honey does our good land abound! We do "not lack anything in it." But, Ah! that wretched forsaking the Fountain of living waters! There is such a thing as that, and then "our wretched lameness we deplore." But, though I am a guilty one in this, and shame doth belong to me, yet will I praise the Fountain; praise our good land; praise Him who bears with all my ill manners, and says, "for your shame ye shall have double, and for confusion ye shall rejoice in your portion." "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul;" "therefore in this land they shall possess the double, everlasting joy unto them." Oh! the wonders of covenant love, covenant provision, and covenant supply, not according to our need only, but according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus, our heavenly Elkanah who is our worthy portion, and better to us than sons, daughters, and all beside. Wrapt up in Him, and His precious love, I rest to the praise of the Holy Three, "accepted in the Beloved," "complete in Him" in whom I am with best wishes

Ever yours affectionately,

RUTH.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE NORTH.

BELoved IN THE LORD,—May the Holy Ghost this morning take me into His blessed hands, lead my mind, and direct my pen, so that I may pen a few words to the glory of our beloved Lord, and the mutual benefit of the living children residing in the North. If we are furtherers of each other's joy in the Lord, it must be brought about exclusively by the Lord; for without Him we can

do nothing. This we often say, but more frequently forget. There are many things in providence that we try to manage ourselves, but have to eventually prove that we cannot make one hair white or black, or add a cubit to our stature. To manage for ourselves, is to virtually say, "We will not have this man to reign over us." It is no small mercy bestowed upon us by our covenant God when He kindly brings us into the helplessness and simplicity of a little child. We read that the dear Lord in the days of His flesh "took a child, and set him by Him." May He take me this morning in all my helplessness and nothingness, lead me by His Spirit into all truth, and enable me to write for the furtherance of your knowledge "of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ, that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God." This will enable you to joyfully exclaim with Paul, "I have all and abound!"

How shall we commence this our epistle of love, seeing that our God of love is a mighty deep infinitely beyond the creature line to fathom? What can we say of that Almighty Jesus, who is called Lord of lords and King of kings? How can we speak or write in suitable terms of Him before whom angels veil their faces, crying, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty! Heaven is full of Thy glory?" How utterly impossible it is to set His glory forth! He is an endless theme, an infinite subject. He is before all, above all, beneath all, beyond all. He is the Alpha of our salvation, and the Omega of our redemption. He is the life of our spirit, the light of our mind; the joy of our heart, the boast of our tongue. He is the only object worthy the gaze of our spiritual eyes, and the only subject worth meditating upon. He is the Shepherd of His bleating sheep even while in this wilderness state. He is the Bishop of our souls, and He will bless us: He is the Bridegroom of our heart, and He will endear Himself to us. He is the Father of his children, and will deal out lordly portions to each and to all according to the love of His heart, and the desire of their mind. All forming His numerous household shall prove that He will cause those that love Him to inherit substance, and He will fill all their treasures. Yes, He will cause us to inherit Himself our substance, and He will fill all our treasures. We know that the love of God is a treasure to our soul, and a jewel to our mind, and a cordial to our heart; but Christ Himself fills this treasure. God's love is fixed upon us in Christ, and Christ is God's love shed abroad in our heart. Thus He Himself fills this treasure.

A good hope through grace is another valuable treasure, which Christ alone fills; for we have no spiritual hope but Himself. He is the Hope of Israel and the Saviour thereof. This hope maketh

not ashamed, but is an anchor of the soul. It is the root of the matter in our heart, and the plant of renown to our spiritual mind. It is Christ in us the hope of glory. This treasure of hope, then, Christ Himself fills; and we find that He is a good hope, a gracious hope, a blessed hope, and a glorious hope.

The faith of God's elect is a choice treasure, and none but living children possess it; and Christ fills that treasure; for He is faith's author, object, and subject; and "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith;" and, says Christ, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Hence He alone fills the treasures of faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of these treasures which Christ fills is charity. This is the third heaven into which Paul rose, the more excellent way which beggared all description, the paradise of joy which no language could set forth, the heaven of delight which it was utterly impossible to portray with human pen or tongue. Indeed it was and is the arbor of eternal repose, the bower of everlasting peace and rest. Whatever may change of an earthly nature; whatever alterations may occur among the natural sons of Adam; these three eternal verities remain; these three unalterable treasures are for ever secured to us, by Him who cannot lie; by Him who is "God over all, blessed for evermore:" and Christ Himself fills these invaluable treasures.

"Let others after earth aspire,
Christ is the treasure I desire."

Another treasure we possess is the blood of the covenant, or the life of our spiritual High Priest. As the blood is the life, and Christ is our life, He alone must fill this inestimable treasure. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sin." Hence says Christ, "I lay down my life for the sheep." He laid it down, He took it up again, and is gone up on high as our life, and He lives in us our life, and we live, move, and have our being in Him who is our life; so that Christ the faith of God, the hope of God, and the love of God is our treasure; also Christ our life, light, joy, and peace is our treasure. While He lives in us and we in Him, our life is secure. He is a wall of fire round about us, and the glory in the midst of us. This was the hedge around Job, which the serpent could not make a hole in.

"In vain the tempter summon'd all
His black infernal crew,
He could not cause this fence to fall,
Or force a passage through."

This constrained Job to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." This hedge is a wall of fire, a wall of grace, a wall of

life, a wall of light, and a wall of blood. This is the liquid shield of faith which quenches all the fiery darts of the wicked. This is the high tower into which all the sin-distressed and devil-hunted children run for safety. This is the city of refuge into which no avenger of blood can enter. It is the tree of life under which all the blood-bought family find food and shelter. It is the house of banquet where the living in Jerusalem feast on royal dainties, and drink the good old wine of the spiritual kingdom of grace and glory. It is the arbor of everlasting peace and the bower of eternal rest in Jesus. Christ Himself is to the spiritual mind all and in all. He fills our treasures; for we can possess no treasure that He is not the fulness of. We can draw no line between grace and Christ, glory and Christ. He is both grace and glory. He is the good gift and the perfect gift, and the unspeakable gift.

"Ye sanctified sinners, adore
This Saviour so rich to redeem;
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in Him.
He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste;
Here's pardon, here's grace; yea, and more,
Here's glory eternal at last."

"This honour have all the saints: praise ye the Lord."

Beloved, how are the few sheep getting on at Hull, Skidby, and Riston? Has the great and good Shepherd led them upon the high mountains of Israel lately, or are they bleating to hear His voice, and see His lovely face? Will nothing but His gracious presence satisfy their large desire? Has He not said that He will both search out and find His sheep? Has He not also promised to feed them? To be sure He has. Can He go from His word? Impossible.

"Still on His plighted love,
At all events, rely;
The very hidings of His face
Will train thee up to joy."

Do not think that we can forget you, though we are so far separated from you. There are many parsons at Hull infinitely farther from you than are we. How is this? They are in nature, we are dwelling together in grace union. Here no time can interfere, here no space can separate. This caused Paul the aged to say, "Though absent in body, yet present in spirit." What a secret, beloved! Who can understand a millionth part of the blessedness of it! This is it—

"Bound in life's bundle, called His own,
As sons of peace to Him foreknown."

But we must slacken our pace. Well, love knows no limitation.

When we commence the theme of love, in our epistle of love, to the children of love, we know not how to stay love's free flowings. Like the swelling tide, it covers all. Like the rolling ocean, it bears up all ships which are water-tight; and we know that our Ark is water-tight, wind-tight, and fire-tight. We are well assured that what the poet said was true:

"With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm."

It is sweet to commune by the way of Christ who is our way, knowing that He is a path that no fowl knoweth. "No lion shall be there;" for Christ shall be our everlasting light, our God, our glory. How precious, then, it is to be enabled to walk in Him the land of uprightness, to dwell in Him the new covenant, to sit down in Him our Father's house of banquet, to sing in Him who is our song. The poet sings, and we join him:

"Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song."

By way of closing, we will say, Cheer up, beloved, we are nearing home. Soon we shall see Him as He is. We now possess the earnest, then we shall realise full possession. We now pluck and eat the first-fruits, then we shall enjoy the full harvest. We now get gleams of glory, but then we shall see the Sun in His full strength, bask under His mid-day shining, and sing with all the blood-bought host "Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His OWN blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father: unto Him be glory, dominion, and power, for ever and ever. Amen."

"On such love, my soul, still ponder,
Love so great, so rich, so free;
Say, whilst lost in holy wonder,
Why, O Lord, such love to me?
Hallelujah!
Grace shall reign eternally."

As ever, my wife joins me in our very best love to all saints, wishing each much of the presence of Him who is all our salvation, and all our desire. My dear wife has been once more on the borders of death, but the Lord has been pleased to restore her in part; and we trust that He will soon say, "I will, be thou whole." "He healeth all our diseases." We do not think that the atmosphere here suits her at all; but it is sweet to rise above changing atmospheres into the unchanging one of boundless love, precious blood, and solid peace and rest in Jesus.

Very affectionately yours,

A. WILCOCKSON.

Plymouth, October 10th, 1866.

THE RICH VERSUS POOR.

MY DEAR SIR,—On again looking over your “Pathway,” I observe you are not ashamed to own your origin. You do not wish to hide in oblivion the knowledge of what your friends; or, rather, I should say, relations are. Seeing this, has put me in mind to ask a favour of you. Will you please give, in the “Witness,” a scripture view of what is the duty of one who is a child of God; or, rather, professes to be, toward those of near relatives who may not have been so highly favoured by Providence as to this world’s goods. Are they to disown them because they are poor; nay, rather, because they cannot make a show in the world, but have to get their living in a less respectable way than some others may do? Others may have been dissipated, and brought upon themselves want and misery, are they to die unheeded because they have brought disgrace upon their richer relatives who have had God’s bridle put upon their natural corrupt passions, and so have not run the lengths in sin which others may have done? I do not say that sin is to be tolerated because human nature can do no better; but at the same time, according to my humble opinion, bowels of compassion are not to be shut up from those who have been left to themselves.

I do not profess to be very learned, but I think I can see a little of what scripture teaches. For instance, Mary, the mother of Jesus, was a pauper upon the beloved Disciple John for life, and that, too, at the command of Him who “Spoke and it was done.” We do not read that John despised her on account of her necessitous condition (for I doubt not that she was poor,) but, “That disciple took her to his own home.” We also read that David, after his exaltation to the throne of Israel, did not disown his ragged regiment, but chose from them his “Mighty men.”

If Jesus our Elder Brother had not exercised bowels of compassion towards His poverty-stricken relations He never would have bestowed upon them the whole of His kingdom. and that, too, in His lifetime; that is, to share His throne with Him; nay, actually take away their rags and clothe them in such a manner as to be fit to appear with Him in the best company He keeps. Is Christ in any way a pattern to His household, to those who profess to belong to Him?

I shall be glad if you will enlarge upon the small portion of Scripture proofs which I have brought in favour of “Bowels of compassion;” for I can assure you I am a needy one, and am

thankful if I can snatch if it be but a crumb as it falls from the "Master's table:" and beg to subscribe myself, my dear sir,

Yours, in "hope against hope,"

LAZARUS.

[The Lord has said that "the poor shall never cease out of the land;" and it is well for them that they are not despised of the Lord, but are thought much more of by His Divine Majesty than are the rich. There is not one promise, of a free-grace nature, in all the Word of God, made in favour of the rich; and it is more than notion with us that very few of the "well-to-do in life" are the subjects of God's rich grace. As a rule, they "have their portion in this life:" and they are quite welcome to it for us; for we have no reason to envy them.

It is very evident that our Correspondent is one who is very much tried in temporal matters, and lightly esteemed by those who are members of the same natural household, and *professedly* subjects of the same grace: and the only cause of this cool treatment is poverty. Poor poverty! How despised art thou!

The Word of God says that "the rich have many friends, while the poor is hated even of his own neighbour" (Prov. xiv. 20). We also read, "Wealth maketh many friends: but the poor is separated from his neighbour." Is poverty a crime? One would imagine so, for those who are subjected to it, and the subjects of it, are treated more like criminals than honest persons; and in many instances the *rich despiser* and the *poor despised* in childhood were *playfellows* and their parents *companions*. Providence has now varied their condition. The one is in poverty's vale, the other in luxury's lap. The latter, like Dives, fares sumptuously every day; the former, like Lazarus, begs at the rich man's gates. But, lo and behold, death reverses the order! The poor man is comforted, the rich tormented. The former is high up in Abraham's bosom, the latter low down in the burning billows of hell. What a contrast! And what an eternally separating gulf! Who would envy the rich their sorry portion here? The poor child of God has no reason to do so; for he has endurable riches in righteousness in living oneness with his precious Lord, to whom he is joined and one spirit.

The Lord, for very wise purposes, keeps the greater portion of His children extremely poor, and they are often greatly puzzled to know *why* He should; for they are well aware that the gold and silver are His, and entirely at His disposal. They are too often envious when they see the prosperity of the wicked: but at such times they are apt to forget that, as a rule, they (the rich) are enjoying their only portion. What is our mortal life? It is but a

vapour, gone with a puff. What are the pomps and vanities of this sublunary state? They are not worth the thought of a child of God. What did Moses think of the treasures of Egypt? He poured contempt upon them, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season." Where shall we look for a Moses in this day? Would he not be considered a mere fool even by those who profess to know and love and worship his God? Are not the world and professors of truth going hand in hand in our day? Where is the line of separation to be seen? What outward difference is discoverable? Alas! none.

We were very much astonished a short time ago when in Town at something we were compelled to see. It was this. We casually dropped into a friend's house one evening, and had scarcely become seated ere two of the daughters came down stairs in full dress for an evening party. Another minute a cab drove up, when father and daughters were off. Where? We did not ask. Evidently, not to the house of God to hear a glorious Gospel sermon. We could hardly believe our own eyes. It seemed but a very short time ago when these young ladies were little children, and belonging to parents that we never should have supposed would train them up to mingle among the gay and fashionable of this sin-polluted world. Indeed, we did think that our friend and brother had more respect for himself as a child of God, and more regard for the well-being of his children than to allow them to be dressed as for a stage and be trained to the ensnaring art of dancing. The world we expect to love its own. Men of the world we know will follow its maxims, drink of its bewitching cup, and live as though mortality would never touch them, death's barbed arrow would never reach them; but when we find those whom we have every reason to believe are God's children, swallowed up in the same fooleries, we are compelled to exclaim, alas! alas! "how is the fine gold become dim!" Will the Lord allow this? We think not for long. Then, again, we say, Can such be the Lord's blood-bought children? We are bound to answer that we stand in doubt of them. For ourselves, we well know that the world is not our element. It *once* was; but not *now*. Bless God for the change! Less we have to do with it, the better we like it. In fact, we find so much of it in our own corrupt heart, that we hate it as much as we hate the devil who is the king of it. The Word of the Lord declares that the friend of the world is an enemy to God. This is serious. It is no less true.

We can fancy some of our friends are now charging us with legality, and saying that we savor more of Moses than Christ. Be it so. Who will charge us with this? The tender-hearted child

of God? We trow not. Hawker said in his day he could tell what a man was by the company that he kept. We suppose he had his eye upon this proverb: "Birds of a feather will flock together." They will.

We read of the Man of sorrows, who was no less the Mighty God, making Himself of no reputation, and taking upon Himself the form of a servant; but we should be strangely puzzled to find one of the sons of old Adam practising such deep humiliation. Contrariwise. We all like to be thought very highly of. We do not like to be depreciated; and if our immediate relatives are moving in an humble sphere, we spare no pains in tracing among our ancestors one or more branches of the family who figured considerably above the mediocrity. If father is poor, grandfather or great grandfather was rich. If mother *did* spring from poor parents, her ancestors were among the largest farmers in the North of England. Well, and what of that? "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saith the preacher:" and the preacher was right. Poor flesh and blood! Miserable muckworms of the earth! What indeed have the most wealthy and dignified among you to boast of? A well spent life? What, when the fountain is polluted? Love your neighbour as yourself? What, when ye hate and despise God's poor? What, when self-love is rooted in the heart, and develops itself in every action? "Talk no more exceeding proudly: let not arrogance come out of your mouth; for the Lord is a God of knowledge, and by Him actions are weighed. The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich: He bringeth low and lifteth up." To be sure He does, Hannah, and indeed you were a mother in Israel, and prayed a glorious prayer; or, rather, sang a noble song. The Lord does make poor and rich: and it is His blessed will and pleasure that all—with solitary exceptions—of His children should be extremely poor.

But how the poor of the flock of slaughter are despised and set at naught even by those who profess—and, as a rule, *but* profess—to be fellow-heirs of the same eternal glory. Why is this? Simply because the former are very poor, and the latter have a little of this world's goods. "Brethren, ought these things to be?" Blush at the thought! James gives a full description of the unwarrantable distinction made in the house of God between the poor and rich. He says, "My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say unto the poor, Stand thou there, or sit under my footstool; are ye not partial in

yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts? Hearken, my beloved brethren, Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him? But ye have despised the poor. [Tremble at this, ye rich people!] Do not rich men oppress you, and draw you before the judgment seats? Do they not blaspheme that worthy name by which ye are called?"

We should like to see the foregoing portions printed in gold letters and conspicuously placed in every church and chapel. What good would it do? Well, it would be a standing witness against that which is practised in every place of worship at every public service.

Conformity to the maxims and fashions of the world is too much adhered to by those who are professors of the truth as it is in Jesus; but we shall not be thanked for our pains in declaring it. We do not mind this, for we do not seek to please man, much preferring the discharge of our conscience. We do like to see consistency stamped upon those who profess to love our Lord Jesus Christ, and to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, who was not ashamed to make a stable His birth-place, and poor fishermen His companions. We say His companions advisedly; for truly we do not find He often mingled with the rich. It is true, He once honoured Simon with His presence, and silenced him with His truth; but why did He become Simon's guest? The sequel of the narrative answers the question—It was to meet Mary, that real trophy of His blood, of whom it was emphatically said, "Behold a woman of the city who was a sinner!" We also read, "The common people heard Him gladly;" and we sincerely believe that the common people now,—*"the offscouring of all things"* to wit,—almost exclusively hear Him gladly.

Some may be almost ready to say that we are making poverty a virtue. In nowise. We simply state truths which cannot scripturally be overturned, that, as a rule, the Lord's living family are poor and despised; and despised by those who according to their profession ought to sincerely love them, despite their poverty, as fellow-heirs of the same kingdom.

Our correspondent must be content to follow the lowly Nazarene who will lead in a *right* way, though to flesh and sense it must be *rough*. We would say, envy not the riches of the rich man, whether he be a brother in the flesh or a brother in the Lord, or both. If he despises you, regard it not. Rest assured, that the Lord's hand is in it. Though you now see it not, it is for your good and the Lord's glory.

"Lean not to the creature, however allied,
Look not to the fondest for aid."

"The best of them is as a briar, the most upright among them is sharper than a thorn hedge;" therefore "trust in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

Friendship in Him alone we find,
Who found no friends at all.

Beloved, the Lord is teaching you His own truth in His own way; and you will eventually exclaim with dear Job, "Who teacheth like Him?" In the furnace He will often place you, through the flood He will frequently lead you; but not a hair of your head shall perish. As a fellow-pilgrim, we can sympathise with you; and, as a creature, would alter things for you; but as a fellow heir of the kingdom of grace, we would say, Cheer up, beloved; "for we know that ALL THINGS work together for the BEST." The poet we can join from our very heart and soul:

"On Christ are hung all heaven's affairs,
And all His children's weighty cares:
Then on thy God, thy Saviour, rest,
All things are ordered for the best."

One word more. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." And then you will sing with dear Toplady:

"Careless myself, a dying man,
Of dying men's esteem:
Happy, O Lord, if Thou but smile,
Though all beside condemn."

ED.]

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"Giving thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."—COL. i. 12.

WE know it is the delight of God's children to give thanks unto the Father which hath made them meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; it is the joy of their heart when they can realise the blessedness couched in these words, "Ye are complete in Him," and when they can say with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Sion:"

none but His children can praise Him; these alone can take up the language of the poet, and sing,

"This be my song, through all the road,
That born I am, and born of God."

Ah! that is the starting-point, the source. Jesus said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again;" and if not born from above, you cannot give Him thanks, or speak of His wondrous grace as manifested in your own experience. It is written, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power—or privilege—to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born,—here we have the secret opened up,—not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." None can feelingly share His love, and participate in His free-grace favours but those who are born of God, and once having passed over that bridge, which extends from death to life; once having been called out of darkness into His marvellous light; once having been delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son, there is no way back again. This mighty change is accomplished by the Eternal Spirit at the new birth; we are created in righteousness and true holiness, and we are partakers of the divine nature; we have a spiritual mind, and we have spiritual conceptions given us. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Professors of religion think that the Lord is pleased with outward form and ceremony, but the living child of God knows that He looks at the heart, and listens to the breathings of the soul. "We are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh:" the flesh profiteth nothing, and in us, that is in our flesh, there dwelleth no good thing; but when the Lord draws us by His Almighty power, and constrains us by His matchless love, we worship Him in the beauties of holiness, and we find His service to be perfect freedom. His children are spiritual worshippers; they have a spiritual object to worship—Christ, and a spiritual subject—Jesus; and when they are enabled to rise above sublunary things and to lose sight of wilderness dispensations, they can rejoice that they are conjoined to their life-giving and life-sustaining Head, and that they are bound up in the bundle of life with Him.

"Sing, my soul, O sing of Jesus!
Triumph in redeeming blood:
Vent thy swelling joys, and praise Him,
Who hath made thy peace with God.
Glorious mercy!
One with Jesus Christ the Lord."

Ah! child of God, had He not made your peace through the blood of His cross, you would never have realised peace flow into your soul as a river, and His righteousness as the waves of the sea. He brought you up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set your feet upon a rock, and established your goings, and He hath put a new song into your mouth, even praise unto your God. Yes! you can sing of Jesus: and

"Death's abolish'd by His dying,
Sin is vanquished by His blood;
In the wine-press we behold Him,
Reconciling us to God."

This sight will kill you to the things of time and sense; it will eclipse every other object: once led to refuge in Christ, and to sit down under His shadow with great delight; once permitted to realise His favour, you will lose sight of terrestrial things, and be ever longing to take the wings of the morning, to fly away, and be at rest.

The real touchstone of heirship, the true criterion of sonship, is tasting that the Lord is gracious: if you have never had a sip of the brook by the way, or a manifestation of His love; if you have never realised the living power, it is a manifest proof you know nothing of the mysteries of God's kingdom: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant." Spiritual realities cannot be understood but by revelation, and in His own time the Lord will teach all His children, and under the leadings of His Spirit, He will guide them into all truth, and shew them their acceptance in the Beloved. But if you have once tasted that the Lord is gracious, you will want to taste it again; if you have had one sip of the brook by the way, you will want another and another, and then a fuller draught of His love; if He has taught you the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, you will long for increased knowledge. The faith of God's elect realises God's Christ, and when by precious faith we are able to lay hold of Him, we exclaim with Jacob, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me:" and it is written, "He blessed him there." Is there a child of God here who longs to realise these heavenly favours? He will not send you empty away. "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry," and will He not attend to, and feed His children? "The Lord of Hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it?" You shall surely find His flesh to be meat indeed, and His blood to be drink indeed: you shall receive the end of your faith which is the object of your faith, and the object of your faith is the subject of your faith; and the

subject of your faith is the Author of your faith, "Jesus only." "Faith is the gift of God," therefore it is not your faith, and yet it is your's in one sense, because He has given it you; you shall surely realise the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory, and rejoice in the goodwill of Him that dwelt in the bush. Then how will you give thanks unto the Father which hath made you meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light! you will feel it is good to sing praises unto Him, and that praise is comely; you will bless Him for all He has done for you, and you will go forth in the dances of them that make merry; you will place the crown on His worthy brow; and although a five hundred pence debtor rejoice that he has expiated all your crimes, and atoned for every offence: you will sing,

"Now, free from sin, I walk at large,
This Breaker's blood's my soul's discharge;
At His dear feet, content, I'll lay,
A sinner sav'd, and homage pay."

And another verse in that hymn is very precious to my soul:

"But when He show'd Himself my God,
Bath'd on the cross in sweat and blood,
Broke by His love, my heart became
Like melting wax before the flame."

There may be some of the Lord's children here who cannot join the poet in these lines, and who will not be able to say them in full assurance of faith in this world; nevertheless, sonship is one thing, believing is another: you may be a child of God, and yet not a believer to your own soul's comfort; but if you are a child of God, you are not an unbeliever. Some of the Lord's family doubt and tremble to the end of the chapter, and through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage; but they are as safe in His hands as though they were persuaded of their standing in Christ. How many sometimes hope all is well, and anon doubt their interest in the Lord; sometimes rejoice in the gleam of hope, and then again all seems banished from the mind; and were you to ask them if they belonged to the Lord, if they believed that they were jewels in His crown, they would reply, Would to God we could say with the Church, "My beloved is mine, and I am His;" but we oftentimes fear this will never be our privilege. These are as safe for heaven, as meet for the inheritance of the saints in light as those who can say, "Abba, Father," "My Lord and my God." All God's children are loved alike, and blessed alike with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, and all shall unite in singing His high praises round the throne. You, however, who have realised Him by precious faith, and to whom He has shown

Himself as your God, have been melted down at His feet, and you have been overcome by His goodness; you have felt you had all and abounded, and you have said, "Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" How is it that worms of earth should ever be one with Incarnate Deity? How is that we are called to inherit an everlasting portion, an eternal possession, seeing that there is nothing meritorious in us; for we are hell-deserving sinners? How is it that He overpowers us with His love, and pours down upon us such copious showers of blessing, that our souls are inundated? "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious:" yes! more precious than fine gold; yea, than the golden wedge of Ophir; but He is only precious to His sheep, to His sons and daughters, to those given into His hands by their Father in covenant, and if He be to you the chiefest among ten thousand, yea, the altogether lovely, He has made Himself precious to you, He has endeared Himself to you, and He has opened up and unfolded His goodness toward you: He will yet shew you greater things, and you shall bask in His sunshine. "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth." He is your Rock, your High Tower of safety, your shady tree of life, growing in the midst of the Paradise of God, and in ten thousand relations which He bears towards you, He proves Himself to be an unchanging God. Is He not precious to your soul? "Yes," says one, "but oftentimes I lose sight of Him, and of His preciousness." Ah! child of God, if He ceased to think of you as you do of Him, you would be lost for ever and for ever, but "I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end." Cheer up! your security does not depend upon your thinking of Him, but upon His everlasting purpose of grace. "He is in one mind, and who can turn Him?" None can deprive you of your blest position in Christ: "Whatsoever God doeth it shall be for ever," and if He has placed your feet upon the Rock, you shall stand there to an eternal day. "Ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them." There is now no condemnation, neither shall there be any separation; and it is written, "there shall be no night there;" there shall be no darkness there: "No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon." We often hear the lion's roar, but he is a chained enemy; the stronghold of sin and Satan are brought to ruin by our glorious conquering Captain, and we walk by faith and not by sight.

(To be continued.)

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. IX.

JUNE, 1867.

No. 105.

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(Continued from page 142.)

Some time after this, one Mr. Phillips came to the old Baptist chapel, and was ordained their minister. He was just the man to suit them; a pleasant-spoken man, pretty way of delivery in the pulpit, and in every way calculated to draw together and hold a congregation. He was wonderfully liked by all parties, except the High Church folks, and we poor handful of outcasts. He was a strange man for evangelizing the world, and many under him were evangelized from moral evil to moral good. He was a platform man, missionary man, and tea-party man, and so suited wonderfully well. His sentiments were a mixture of various sorts, like Joseph's coat of many colours. He was both a Calvinist and Arminian, a free-willer and free-gracer, duty faith, and faith without works; the promise sure, and clogged with conditions. The best part of his creed was, he held final perseverance fast. I had at times much talk with him, but never could agree with or make anything of him but a mongrel.

These things appeared to me like nuts,
So hard to understand,
The gospel clogged with *if's* and *but's*,
Yet all get safe to land.

He was truly a general lover (but I cannot say of good men in the best sense of the word), and was generally admired. Now, what could hinder the good people from all quarters from coming to hear such a pleasant preacher? The old chapel was filled, and all went on prosperously, and we poor things began to fall off, many

of our props gave way, left us, and went over to the sunny side, and it was wondered why we could not go too. We must certainly be a most bigoted, narrow-minded set. However, we went on as well as we could, through evil report, and good report, but neither the evil report nor good report mattered much to me; nor did the good report make my bones fat. I was only a kind of looker on; nobody liked me, so as to take notice of what I said or did.

I must now go a little back to relate a family trouble which hurt me for years after. The end has shown it was all in mercy, though I could not see then as now.

I occupied a small house, from my marriage, with a nice bit of garden, which I loved much. Two more houses joined mine, and the landlord lived close by, and his garden was next to mine. It so happened that my landlady, with two others of the family, died. Within a short time, the landlord engaged the wife of my next neighbour as house-keeper. This woman was in the habit of taking coal from the coal heap of my landlord, and throwing it into my garden, then taking it away at night. This I found out, and one day seeing my landlord looking into my garden, I went to him, and saw a large piece of coal in my garden, I told him, in order to clear myself, how it came there. Now I expected nothing but a row, and a row I got; but generally in such cases I proved master. I had a way of my own, or I might be falling out every day. I recommend this to my friends, as in my case it never failed. Dear reader, if you are taught of God you will find no friendship with the world: your principles, conversation, and manners of life, will call forth the ill-will not only of the profane, but the religious world; and to be at peace with, and love the world, is to be an enemy of God. I found I could not keep peace with them on one side, and they could not let me alone on the other. My plan was, when any of my neighbours would fall out, to shut the door, place the mop outside, and let them go at it as fast as they liked; and when they are tired of blackguarding the mop and door, they will give over of their own accord. This has saved me a deal of trouble, and is the best way; and I tell my brethren in the Lord, if the Lord has fixed the bounds of their habitation in the midst of ill-disposed persons, take my advice, have nothing to do with them. I have found when they could not get me out of my hole, they have had recourse to backbiting, and many foul tricks. On one occasion when my ill-disposed neighbours could not get me to fall out with them, they were so nettled they did me a nasty trick in the night; for when I got up in the morning and opened the door they had placed a large heap of night soil upon the door stone. I made no more to do, but got my shovel and water and cleared it all into the garden, and there it was useful. I have

experienced much of this treatment, and always found silence my strongest weapon; but on this occasion I outdid myself; for my keeping still gave them power to do me more harm, as they made the landlord believe I took the coal; and he was suspicious of me, and the consequence was, I was to pay up my rent and quit the house on lady-day; and as I owed a little rent my goods were marked; but when lady-day came I had not got the rent ready, and I fully expected the bailiffs to seize my few goods. A week or two after, my landlord sent me a note to let me know lady-day was the 6th of April, and if I could not pay up I was to take what followed. O these were trying times with me. I had got a good garden, and all looking well, being at much expense, and now I must leave all to satisfy the malice of my neighbours. I knew not what to do, nor where to go; all seemed turned against me; my faith gave way, gloomy clouds gathered round my path, the heavens appeared brass over my head, with an almost unfeeling hard heart; hated by the world, and treated with coldness by the Church: and, added to all this, a few days after I got this note my only child took sick, and in less than one week died. This I felt very cutting to my feelings, and a few of my cruel neighbours would now show a little hypocritical sorrow for me, which I thanked them not for. Now, what little money I had I wanted many ways: that which should go to pay my rent, I wanted to bury my child, my wife not being willing to trouble the parish. We had a coffin made; but it was very dear, and never wholly got paid for, which is another thing that pained my mind. Indeed, troubles from the world, troubles in my family, and barrenness in my mind, was a greater weight than my little faith was able to manage. I could not look to the great burden-bearer, much less roll my burdens upon Him, nor cast upon Him any of my cares. I could not say then as now I can through grace,

That every step was ordered right,
Though all around was dark as night,
My feet were then by goodness led,
Though all within was cold and dead.

A little after my child was laid in the ground, the Philistines came again, my next neighbour acting as spy came into my house and sat down, altogether uninvited: his object was to keep the door from being locked until the bailiff came in (this I afterwards found out). When the bailiff came he drew up a paper and put down my goods which I was not to take away; but I was very unwilling to leave the house; and because they could not get me out just then, my landlord engaged a bricklayer, and he, with my next neighbour, knocked a hole through his house into mine, and filled my house full of bricks and mortar, and damaged some of my things; but

this treatment not getting me out, there was some whispering about the matter in unpleasant quarters, and they began to be in fear, and so built it up again almost as fast as they knocked it down. However, I began to prepare "stuff for removing" in the beginning of May. I left my house, and went into a place called Jerry's Row, and here I stayed about twenty years, where I had no garden, and little room, with many things unpleasant. I had no sooner got to my new habitation than my late landlord found out his mistake in suspecting me of taking his coal, and now there was a row between him and my malicious neighbour, and that for several weeks, and they at times got almost to fighting. He turned him out of the house, and I might have gone back had I wished; nay, he kept the key for a long time hoping I should come; but in this matter I had no will of my own. I was persuaded not to go, and I remember, on the coronation day in June this landlord was very friendly: however, I left a good garden, with a good crop, but I owed a little rent, so let it go: and now mark the hand of God. The man (in the prime of life) who caused me all this trouble without any cause, was in a short time after this cut down by the king of terrors, and sent to his own place. All this, though I could not see an inch before me, was exactly according to divine wisdom. The Lord will make His people to know and feel "this is not their rest, it is polluted:" and I do most surely believe that every change, both in temporals and spirituals, with every seeming little circumstance, is all weighed in the balance, measured by the line, both in time and place, according to "the purpose of Him who worketh all things after the council of His own will." Our Jehovah Jesus ruleth over all, in all, through all, and this for the good of His people. There are some things which seem hard to children of God: they cannot make them square: and I will tell you what often grieves me more than anything else; that is, being continually in debt. Since I first got into debt I have never been free from it which is more than thirty years. In stopping up one hole, I am obliged to make another. The Lord alone knows the trouble I feel on this account. In this way I am kept continually poor. I do believe the Lord has a particular hand in these things. He well knows I should be lifted up in self-importance. Were I clear from debt, self would get all the praise, the world would be friendly, carnal professors would like me, and the poor and needy of the Lord's family would feel no union toward me. Jeshurun would wax fat and kick, and lightly esteem the Rock of his salvation (Deut. xxxii. 15); the poor man in vile raiment would be despised (James ii. 2), the rich man with his gold ring would be shewn a good place, and the devil would creep in, and of me it might be said, "How dwelleth the love of God in him?" (1 John

iii. 17). These considerations help me a little to bear this light cross. I wish here to meet the cases of "the poor in spirit:" yes, it is the Lord's will to keep His people poor, "to empty them from vessel to vessel:" and one blessed end of our heavenly Father in suffering His beloved ones to wade through poverty, trouble, privations and sorrow, is to

Wean them from the world, and creature,
Keep them poor while here below,
Make their joys more solid, sweeter,
When they more of Jesus know.

Now, beloved, is not this thy experience? What did we know of Jesus when we first entered the wilderness? and what should we know had it not been for trials, temptations, and sins? How these very troubles have driven us nearer to Him, shown us more of His loving heart! We shall one day look back on all the way He hath led us, and praise His name for every step He hath brought us, and say, "Not one thing hath failed," all has come to pass according to His precious purpose; and taking our mercies, comforts, and blessings, together with our trials, temptations, and sorrows, we shall certainly say, "Surely goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life."

"Ah!" says some poor dejected soul, "It is debt, debt, which troubles so much: could I get clear of debt, I think nothing of other crosses." Then this is just where the shoe pinches, just where the cross is felt, just the thing we don't like, and this is just the reason the Lord keeps it on. Bless His name, He knows how proud, how haughty, we should be, were He to take it off. Cheer up, brother, it will not be long: "our days of mourning will soon be ended:" and then, O then, how sweet the song! when these "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Beloved, I have seen times when I could and did bless the Lord for all I have gone through. I have hitherto found His grace all sufficient, in every trial, and perfect strength in weakness even to "rejoice in tribulation;" but then it is with this note at the bottom—"All in Jesus:" and what a sure bottom!

In Jesus alone, whose person and grace
Give "strong consolation," whatever my case,
In Jesus alone my heaven is found,
When sin and corruption and sorrows abound.

After my late next-door neighbour had fallen into the pit that he dug for me, and his "violent dealings had come down upon his own pate," I had a little time to consider, and many things to consider. I considered my trials, and many changes, just gone through, together with my sins, rebellion, and wretchedness, and

found them nothing when compared with the saints of old. My sins and backslidings were very awful, especially in secret; so that I never read or heard of any who went to such lengths of uncleanness and sin in all its forms, and the worst of it was, I could at times feel no shame, but take the greatest delight in the lust of the flesh, and that in the open light of gospel day (again I say, Let not the weaklings stumble here). I also considered the tender mercy, the unceasing goodness, and loving-kindness of my God; but had not power to work up a feeling sense thereof. I really did not at times know what to make of myself: I found it hard to say, "MY GOD." I could not say with Job, "I know that MY Redeemer liveth:" it did indeed seem so presumptuous. There was one passage which followed me into every corner, and I was sorely cut by it—"Thou knowest the wickedness thine heart is privy to" (1 Kings ii. 44). These words I could not get rid of for a long time; but I am enabled now to take them all to Jesus who is bound by covenant blood, oath, and promise, to meet every charge either from earth or hell brought against me; and He must, and will make it all good. His own glory and honour are bound up therewith. Yes, it is sweet to reflect, for His beloved people, His blood-bought bride,

He has engaged her debts to pay,
And wipe her filth and crimes away.

In September we again went to the hopyard, owing to embarrassments in trade; but only to experience a little more tender mercy from the world, which soured my mind a little more. My wife not being used to pulling hops was not so ready as some wished her to be: she was persecuted and lashed with that cruel instrument "the tongue," from morning to night, which I by no means liked. I myself being a ready puller took to her end of the bin, and so made up as well as we could. I found nothing but bitterness, railery, and insults; but I would not let her be trampled upon.

In October following, 1838, I became the father of another son. I had now a little comfort at home, my son helping to cheer my gloomy mind. I cared little about what was going on out doors. I went to what is called the means of grace; but to no good purpose. There was much going on which I did not like, and though I looked upon many as mongrels and legalists, I was myself as far from trusting all to Christ as the stoutest free-willer; and I now know by painful experience that it is harder to leave off *righteous* self than *sinful* self. I have sighed and groaned because I could not leave off sin; but I now see more cause to sigh because

I cannot leave off self-righteousness. Of all the devils in earth or hell the white devil is the most crafty. The black devil would follow me into the basest of sins, in filth and dirt with the swine of the world; but the white devil could follow me into the company of saints: and, from my experience, I boldly affirm, that there is more wickedness done under the garb of sanctity in unclean thoughts, lasciviousness, an evil eye, and hypocrisy in the house of God than in the most filthy of Satan's acknowledged dens on earth. Remember, I speak from experience; and if these lines should find their way into the hands of some of our respectable pharisees, I must expect a lash or two with the tongue; but should they fall into the hands of those who feel this truth, and prove the means through grace of giving them a drop of hope, I shall not care what the perfectionists say of me. O, my dear friend, could I relate one half of the disgrace, shame, sin, and pollution, passing daily through my poor heart; or should one half of the dark deeds come to light, I believe I should be hooted, hated, and almost kicked out of society, or transported far over the seas. The Lord knows it is true; but, O "the riches of His grace," His eye was upon me, His arms underneath and around me, both in a way of providence and grace, not suffering one thousandth part to come to light. There is no sin which I am not guilty of (outward murder only excepted); and even that has been committed in my heart in the house of God with satanical joy. My wicked heart would invent, scheme, and plan the most obscene and filthy enjoyments of sin among the saints in the midst of solemn prayer and praise; but through grace I have in some measure got over this temptation. Being hard of hearing my attention is taken off the sermon; so that having nothing to fix upon, my wicked heart meditates terror, and commits all manner of *sweet* sins of uncleanness. This is the way the devil helps me to excuse myself. This has sometimes caused me to take a book and read all the time of service in order to keep the devil out. I mean the black devils. The white devils are far worse; for these holy sanctified devils bind me, hold me down hand and foot, and cause many a sigh, groan, and a desire to look up to the hills. It was easier for the poor woman taken in adultery to come to the Saviour with all her pollution than the whited sepulchres which stood around her. These holy pharisaical devils could not come near; but stole away, condemned in their own conscience, while the poor polluted wretch found grace, salvation, and heaven. It has often done my heart good to read how blessedly, lovely, and fully the Saviour forgave this poor adulterous woman, without the least harshness or upbraidings. How wonderful! How condescending it all really is!

Such grace must be exceeding great,
 To save her from her lost estate :
 When pardon'd, blessed, before His feet,
 Such grace was then exceeding sweet.

Blessed be God, I do sometimes get a full cup of comfort from the consideration of this poor woman, and the exceeding riches of grace shown her. The poor man among the tombs has also furnished a rich repast, and poor, dear Mary Magdalene has given me many a lift, help, and strength, in my soul. How hope springs up, and manifested love enables me again to come with an "*who can tell?*" Nothing draws like mercy, nothing emboldens like grace, and nothing melts and softens like love and kindness; but self-righteousness, self-importance, self-sufficiency, self-will, and self-love, harden the heart, becloud the heavens, bar the mercy-seat, and would finally damn us to the lowest hell were it not for

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding."

(*To be continued.*)

A SERMON.

The Eighteenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

(*Continued from page 177.*)

Now we come to another characteristic. This poor woman went into Simon's house, he was a very religious man; I suppose he was very charitable: but what Jesus was about to do did not depend upon anything connected with Simon; she obtained admittance, not for the sake of Simon's grandeur, Simon's equipage, or Simon's meat, but for a purpose in which the angels in glory might well envy her. What was it for? To sit at the feet of her most glorious Christ. And what did she do there? She washed them with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head. Ah, said Simon, seest thou this woman? Simon did not like the poor creature at all, but attached as she appeared to Jesus he did not like to turn her out of doors, "and Jesus said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of

them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he to whom he forgave most. And He said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged. And He turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. Mine head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but unto whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven." Why, if the child of God were ten times as sinful as he is, it would be nothing against pardoning blood. I should not have any fear if I had all the sins of the people of London imputed unto me. Why? Because of redemption in Jesus Christ. Well then, eternal praises to His name that He hath said, "Thy sins are forgiven." Did He ever say it to thee, poor sinner? I know one to whom He has said, "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven." Is it not sweet to think that when we had nothing to pay He freely forgave us all? This ought to make us contented with what we have. Well but, says the poor soul, I have afflictions; can you bear that? I feel it in the flesh, and my flesh will never feel contented with it. But does not the spiritual mind know that afflictions do not come by chance, but that they are, as you sung just now, cross-handed blessings. What then? Why I have learned in whatever state I am to be content. Ah, say you, you have left out one word. No I have not. For a long time it was a puzzle to me; I could not get over *therewith* to be content; that is, with the state of the things. Satisfaction of mind is spiritual, but rebellion against the dispensations of God is altogether fleshly. You will never be quiet till God opens to you the grand distinction which there is between flesh and spirit. I have no doubt that many of you came up this morning troubled about your afflictions and trials; and I dare say that as you came up to the house of prayer, the old dry lecturer raised up many obstructions, filed many bills against you; even your own conscience joined in the warfare. Now, blessed be the Lord God of Israel, notwithstanding all this, we can be content. Yes, there is an under current of blessedness running through the whole of it. By and by God breaks in upon us, and Jesus becomes wondrously precious.

I pause a moment here at the threshold of these glorious mercies. Let us glance at them again. I think I hear some poor soul saying, I am in such depths of poverty. You cannot be poorer than your Master. Yes, say you; I am. Why, He had not where to lay His

head. Poverty then is your trouble. I know what that trouble is. I suffered seven years in the depths of it; I wondered why God had left, as I thought, and that He suffered the tide almost to overwhelm me. I now see that it was rightly ordered. As I told you before, so I tell you in love and affection this morning, that I could not ask God to remove a trouble, but so to support me under it that I may honour Him at all times.

Well, then, "all things are yours." Some of you have a hard heart, a dark mind; some of you are pestered with unbelief. It is, however, all right, and that we shall acknowledge when God's mercy is made manifest. I do not mean to say that unbelief is right; but the way itself is right in which you are led by God. Look at the 107th Psalm. I looked at it this morning, and found sweet things there ready to hand. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord." Now, beloved of the Lord, we cannot live without trials any more than we can live without Jesus. Not only then do we possess things present, but things that are to come. Ah, say you, these are the things which we are looking for. It is right to be on the look out. Perhaps trouble will come upon you: that will be yours; I say that will be yours. Oh, says the poor child of God, I like to live by the day: "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." But things to come are yours, and God will never suffer more to come upon you than He will enable you to bear. Cheer up, beloved, think of the things which God has done for us, and depend upon it that He will continue to speak peace to our souls. Oh, but, say you, you do not get high enough for us this morning. Why, sometimes I get too high, and then I offend in that direction. However, we will say a little more on this subject. I had intended to speak about the blessedness of being home in heaven. That is yours, is it not? Yes. But there may be a great many things ordained to take place before you and I arrive there. I often observe that people like to keep up what is called New year's Day. The Lord only knows whether there is more bitterness for us in this year than there was in the last; but whatever gall, whatever bitter herbs may be in store for me, I shall be mercifully sustained by God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not.

Well then, beloved, "all things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." God Himself is yours. This, beloved, is the crowning subject of the text. It is eternal fulness, it is immortal blessedness. "All things are yours." Then God is yours. Now let us make a remark or two on this subject. "I will be their God, and they shall be my people." Let this be considered first in its fulness and blessedness. When we consider these love acts of our covenant God, how blessed is it to consider that not one of them

can be touched by sin, by death, by devils, by men, by eternity, or by wrath to come. They are always the same. "I will be their God, and they shall be my people." Now just take one word which hath often been a consolation to my mind, and it is what I call a standing blessing in the Church of God. You know that when the Lord brought forth Samuel to be a prophet in His Church, things were going on very sadly. God's ark was carried into the enemy's hands: typifying Jesus Christ being delivered, by the determinate counsel of God, to be crucified and slain. You will observe, that to those who got possession of the ark it was of no use, it was a trouble and a vexation. So those that crucified the Lord of life, and glory, said, "His blood be upon us and upon our children," that is the greatest torment which they have yet. Well, then, here is poor old Eli falling back when the glory departed; he broke his neck, but this did not separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus. Then when Samuel was brought forth, and began to open up God's testimony to them, they appeared to be terrified. He "called unto the Lord, and the Lord sent thunder and rain, and all the people greatly feared." Then said he, for the consolation of the dear children of God, in the 22nd verse of the 12th chapter of the 1st book of Samuel, "The Lord will not forsake His people for His great name sake: because it hath pleased the Lord to make you His people." There we live, there we stand, in inviolable union with our most gracious Christ, and the pleasure of Jehovah shall prosper in his hands. "It pleased the Lord to make you His people." I must speak freely: you cannot do anything to displease Him or to make it otherwise. Ah, say you, this is antinomianism! I do not mind what you call it. He that was pleased to make us His people is the most glorious Christ, and we rejoice in His precious and glorious truths.

One word more, or rather a quotation on this subject. Moses, speaking to the Israelites in the wilderness, and repeating to them the glorious gospel, first tells them of their vile transgressions, their base ingratitude, and their bold rebellion. Well, just as he has got their ears, so to speak, in this way, he drops the subject; and what does he say? Then "The Lord did not set His love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people." Why, then? Because He loved you. May God drop it into your hearts to think ten times more about God's love to you, than about your love to God. Why do we love Him? Because He first loved us. The subject is so very blessed that I entreat you to ponder it over, beloved. Hath it pleased the Lord to make you His people? Yes, and you cannot get out of it either. Ah, say you, it is dangerous to use these words. Let us hear what the Lord says by the prophet Isaiah; He swears it, and

He never will revoke His own Word: "Surely (saith God) they are my people, children that will never lie." What is the reason that they will not lie? Why, the Lord has turned to them a "pure language," to "serve Him with one consent." They shall not have a tongue to tell lies. How blessed it is to contemplate this glorious mercy. If we were to draw our inferences from what the people of God are in themselves, we should find them the worst. Well, say some, I do believe that those who profess to believe in election are the greatest hypocrites in the world. You have no occasion to tell the child of God that he is a hypocrite, he has thought that an hundred times before. Yet surely, says God, they are my people. Now we will just look, one moment, at the 7th chapter of the book of Deuteronomy. What do we find there? "And He will love thee and bless thee." And a little further on: "Thou shalt be blessed above all people." Well, saith the poor soul, I wish you would say some word from which I may know that I am one of God's blessed ones. One particular feature of blessedness is to live daily feeling your need of Christ and salvation. That is a demonstrative proof that God loves you, that God hath blessed you, and that thou art now blessed above all people. Cheer up, then, here is good news from a far country. Yea, God says by Isaiah, "All that see them shall acknowledge them that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed." Well, then, there is another mercy to be noticed, that there is more, so to speak, than a reciprocity between God and His Church. He is our God and we are His people. He is interested in us, and we in Him. I am not to attempt explanation. That be far from me. But the subject opens to our mind three things, and three things indissoluble, untouchable, and unalterable as God Himself. What are they? Oneness of nature, oneness of life, and oneness of spirit. Oneness of nature in Him; He took ours, and we are partakers of a divine nature; oneness of life, being created in Christ who is our life; oneness of spirit, as it is written, "he that is joined to the Lord in one spirit." Here the Lord and His people stand in eternal relationship, and it is wonderfully stated in the 12th of Corinthians, in order that there shall be no schism in the body, God hath tempered the body together, and God hath set the members in the body as it pleaseth Him.

"In union with the Lamb,
From condemnation free,
The saints from everlasting were,
And shall for ever be.

Here let the weary rest,
Who love the Saviour's name,
Though with no sweet enjoyment blest,
This covenant stands the same."

TO JOSEPH ON THE HILL.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father in truth and love.

It has been much upon my mind to write to you for some days past respecting Him whom our souls love; and I trust that the same Lord, who is rich unto all that call upon Him, will lead my pen to write those things which shall glorify His great name and be of benefit to your soul. We shall then mutually sing, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted;" for "He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is His name." "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Great things He did for us in the Son of His love before the foundation of the world; for He loved us in Him, chose us in Him, blessed us in Him with all spiritual blessings, called, justified, and glorified us in Him before we stood creatures in union to a natural head. The poet sings, and we can well afford to join him,

"Saved from the damning power of sin, the law's tremendous curse,
We'll now the sacred song begin, where God began with us."

We well know that He began with us in Christ, and always deals with us as the members of the body of Christ. He at all times views us as Christ, because we belong to Christ. The Father's object is our object; His subject is our subject; His delight is our delight; His Beloved is our Beloved. We have no life, no light, no love, no joy, no peace, no hope, no God, no heaven, no glory, no nothing, save Jesus only. Upon this ground we fix, on this solid rock we stand, in this high tower we refuge, under the shade of this tree we sit, into this banqueting house we are brought, with this precious Lord Jesus we are satisfied. We do not say, "Who will show us any good thing?" for we find all good things in Christ, all eternal things in Christ, all spiritual blessings in Christ, all everlasting favours in Christ, all health, wealth, peace, and prosperity in Christ. We do not seek to be more loved, to be more blessed, to be more saved, to be more held in favour, than we are now. We do not think that our Father's love will be increased towards us when we get home. How is this? His love is fixed on Christ, we are the body of Christ; therefore His love is fixed on us. He cannot love the Head with a partial love. If one is loved, all are loved: if one is blessed, are not all blessed? If we feel that God could never love such wretches as we feel

ourselves to be, let us think again, and remember that He can love Christ, that He can bless Christ, and that He can glorify Christ; but there is no such person as Christ without you and I; for the Head cannot say to the feet "I have no need of thee;" and "the more feeble members are necessary." How often have you and I been puzzled to account for the love of God towards us, the goodness of God towards us; but when the Spirit of Christ fixed our mind upon Christ, settled our heart in Christ, and filled our thoughts with Christ, how simple and plain it all appeared, and yet how grand, glorious, and precious it was to our souls. We then became satisfied with Christ. If any talked to us about godliness, it must be Christ: if any mentioned religion, it must be Jesus: if any spoke of holiness, righteousness, goodness, peace, joy, faith, hope, light, life, or any spiritual thing, it must be the Lamb of God. We saw Him to be alone worthy of all praise, glory, honour; and, like Mordecai, He was the Man whom the King delighted to honour. It was sickly to our spiritual mind, our new heart of love, to hear people talk about what they had done, and hoped to do for the Lord; for we well knew, by infallible tuition, that we had destroyed ourselves in the first Adam, and in Him alone was our help found; for He had laid help upon one that was mighty. He is now all our salvation, and all our desire. Our single eye can only see this object; our one heart can only dwell upon this one subject. He is sweet to our taste, and all is bitter beside. He is a cordial to our heart, and all is poison beside. He is life to our spirit, and all is death beside. He is love to our mind, and all is hatred beside. He is a light to our path, and all is darkness beside. He is all we need below, all we shall want above.

"He's all that's good and great,
All that I can admire,
All that's endearing to my soul,
And all my soul's desire."

We are not called by the Lord to seek our own glory, live our own fleshly life, say our own natural prayers, sing our own carnal songs, and admire our own ways and doings; but on the contrary. We have but one object and subject presented to our mind, and Christ is that object and subject. The glorified throng before the throne have no one else to adore, no one else to sing, no one else to crown. He is the theme of their song, the object of their adoration, the subject of their meditation. He is Alpha and Omega above, the first and the last below. We have not spiritual eyes given us to look at and admire each other, or to gaze *at* and fall in love *with* ourselves; but to look on Him whom we have pierced. It is indeed sweet to petition with the poet, and say,

"Conduct, blest Guide, thy sinner train
 To Calvary where the Lamb was slain,
 And with us there abide :
 Point out the place where grace abounds,
 Direct us to the bleeding wounds
 Of our Incarnate God."

These are the pure breathings of living souls. When the children of Israel were bitten by serpents, they were not told to look at their wounds, but the antidote was raised for them to gaze upon; and while they were looking at that wondrous object, they were living the life that it produced, and health outlived the disease. In like manner we are bitten, and in like manner we are healed. A dear woman once said within herself, "If I may but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be made whole;" and she did not over-estimate His power. She had a disease which defied all skill, Christ Himself was the cure. We have a disease which defies all surgical operations, all doctor's prescriptions, but Christ Himself is the cure. He says, "I will bring it *health* and cure;" so that we get the health before we realise the cure; and yet we cannot have health and disease at the same time. It is simply this. Christ is our health, and when He comes disease vanishes. He says, "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick;" and "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

"Sinners are high in His esteem,
 And sinners highly value Him."

This glorious object and subject, beloved, we would at this time draw your attention to, fully believing that you cannot be better employed than to be gazing on so glorious a person. To have a life interest in Him beggars all description, defies all language to set it forth. We know that He is our eternal portion and everlasting possession, and we can join Toplady in singing,

"I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
 Since thou, O God, art mine!"

We often think of you, beloved, and your repeated kindnesses toward *us* and *ours*. Many, many happy times have we had together, and often has our heart been warmed within us while speaking of Him whom our souls love. Cause again and again have we had to say, "It is good to be here." Yes, it has been good to be in that little and snug Chapel at Skidby many times; and we can say of that Chapel what we can say of no other, and that is, we never had a barren time in it. More or less we always found it good to speak of the glory of His kingdom and talk of His power within its walls. Indeed we believe that both Shepherd and Bishop have been with us many times; for it has been "no other

than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven." Well, how good of the Lord to grant such privileges, and enable us now to look back with pleasure upon these hallowed times. Skidby will be a memorable spot in our pathway, not to be eradicated by any of life's vicissitudes.

And now, beloved, as one who has your very best interest at heart, we would say, How are you getting on? How are the few sheep which I have there left in the wilderness? Give my very best love to them, and tell them that the good Shepherd will still feed them, that He will allow no dog of hell to bite them, that He will not suffer the roaring lion to devour them, and that He will feed them upon the high mountains of Israel. There their fold shall be, and there they shall lie down, none daring to make them afraid. Tell them to cheer up, all is well with them; for if God be for them, who can be against them?

And now, dearly beloved, we will draw this epistle to a close, wishing you every new covenant blessing. My wife joins me in very best love to you and yours, wishing you health and peace in Jesus.

We are all well, and living upon the good old corn of the land, and the good old wine of the kingdom. We have the same God here as at Hull, and the same Church to feed as there. The Lord our God is in the midst of us; therefore no evil can befall us. I need not say how pleased I shall be to receive a line from you, and any of our Skidby friends. Hope you and all yours are well. Remember me kindly to the whole of your household.

Very heartily, sincerely, and affectionately yours,

A. WILCOCKSON.

10, Kirkby Place, Plymouth.

REAL SPIRITUAL RELATIONSHIP.

BELoved IN JESUS.—All health and peace to you in union to our precious living Head, "from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment, ministered and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God," as it is written, "He must increase, but I must decrease," which I believe is the true increase of God, bringing us into that happy nothingness where Christ is all and in all. Here is no room for creature doings or deserts, like when the Temple was so filled with the glory of God, that there was no room for the priests to minister. Christ is the glory of God—"that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, that ye being rooted and grounded in love may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, and depth, and height, and

to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." It pleased all-fulness in Him to dwell: "in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily:" and when He dwells in us, and we in Him, by precious faith, indeed it does put the creature mightily down and out of the question; for He was so mighty in words, and deeds, and sufferings, that faith has blessed employment in considering Him under law and justice most richly satisfying both; so that they have no demands to make on those for whom He stood surety. They are full of His fatness, and the soul is filled with praise in the liberty wherewith He has made it free; in which liberty it has leisure to contemplate the glories of His person, and the height and depth of love, having by faith ceased from its own works to rest in His, and rejoice in Him: and here is more blessing and blessedness than it has room to contain; so that it has no need to turn again to the beggarly elements of the creature, having all that the new heart can wish in the fulness of the Creator—God manifest in the flesh, the great mystery of godliness, the person of the Son of God in union with the flesh of His Church. Oh! it is a wonder dear to the heart of love to see Him taking all her responsibilities, standing under all her debts and difficulties, as if they were His own, they being "no more twain but one flesh:" and then having first cleared off all the incumbrance, He gives her a capacity to know it, and to know Him, fits Her to be His own inheritance and joy, and bestows Himself upon her to be her delight and glory to the ages of eternity. Moreover, as the soul is brought by the blessed Spirit to live believing in Jesus, these glorious things of God are much known and realised even below: ye have received "the Spirit which is of God, that ye might know the things which are freely given to us of God," "who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." We are poor and needy in ourselves, but in Christ have durable riches and righteousness, enough to meet all our creditors with a glad heart and honest hand; so that we have no need to go lean from day to day because of our poverty, though feeling it more and more. The sweet privilege of faith is to be glad in the Lord, as having nothing in self, but possessing all things in Him. He that thus "walketh uprightly, walketh surely," and being in the royal way has no need to fear the adversary, or the judge, or the prison, because his debt is already paid, even the uttermost farthing. How sweet is this to such a bankrupt heart as mine; and "how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth these glad tidings," blowing the Jubilee trumpet which sounds return, rest, liberty, and freedom from debt and danger, and they shall come which are ready to perish. Bless the dear Lord, the sound has entered into

my soul, and the savour of the sacrifice too, and I find it a savour of rest in this weary land. We are journeying on, beloved, to the land of which we have already the earnest and foretaste. Many outward things which befall us are very mysterious, but faith believes His love through the cloud, and the storm, and the stripping. He has told us, "ye are not your own;" but the sweet consolation is, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His;" and we are very safe in His precious hands, however He may see fit to humble and empty; for He will do us good and not evil all the days of our life. I find anxious care a great enemy to soul and health, and very useless; for "who by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" I desire to be turned from it and consider the lilies and ravens which neither toil nor spin, and consider Him who clothes and feeds both them and me; and I seek to leave all my concerns to His management, that my heart may be free to be taken up with Himself. I marvel that my health is better, when Home seemed just in view; but His arm shall sustain and His love solace the rest of the pilgrim's way, and my songs or my sighs ever breathe with His fragrant name. I thank you for the sermons, for which I am your debtor. Thanks too for your letter. I fully enter into all you say about all our sin being laid upon Him, and all its punishment, and that what is done away by Him will not be charged again; but I do not see that you have shewn what we are chastised for; but I do not wish to lay the subject upon you again. I quite believe that "if we sow to the flesh we shall of the flesh reap corruption;" "if we live after the flesh we shall die;" not eternally, but in our feelings, and bring fresh thorns in our path. Perhaps these are the very chastenings by which He brings our profit, that we may walk in Christ His holiness, and not in our flesh and its works, which are altogether dead works, and it is entirely corrupt. I feel that I can receive nothing except the Lord give it me, but though I am so stupid and ignorant, Jesus is very precious, and in Him my soul rejoices, finding great spoil, such as I could never have got by my own sword or bow. Ever praised be my loving Lord.

I heard of you by Mrs. Lever's mother. My soul is grieved for your afflictions, and the thinness of the Lord's house. May He soon reveal what He intends by these rough messengers and accomplish their work, and then crown your last days with peace and prosperity. I know you have peace in Him, but you know what I mean. With kind love to yourself and Mrs. Triggs, and wishing you every blessing, I remain, in our adorable Lord the Lamb,

Your affectionate RUTH.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"Giving thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."—COL. i. 12.

(Continued from our last.)

Whatever we come in contact with, however dark the road, however intricate the pathway, we stand complete in Christ; holy, and unblameable, and unproveable in His sight; "perfect in Christ Jesus."

"What cheering words are these,
Their sweetness who can tell!
In time, and to eternal days,
'Tis with the righteous well.

In ev'ry state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endure,
And well when call'd to die."

"But," says one, "it is written that whosoever liveth and believeth in Jesus shall never die." True! but the poet referred here to literal death, to the time when the soul shall be disembodied and soar away, when it will be, "Thy God, thy glory." O! what a glorious sight will it be when we behold the King in His beauty. He is precious in His Person, in His blood, in His spotless righteousness, in His dignity, in His glory; He is our foundation, and in Him we are at all times secure; He is our stone of health, and our stone of help; and we can raise our Ebenezer and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." O! how sweet is it to bless Him night and day, and to lean wholly upon Him; to recline upon His bosom of love, and to feel He will never leave us nor forsake us. One sings concerning the Church—

"Though she's at war with hell,
Yet she's at peace with heav'n,
Triumphant grace her foes shall quell;
Her sins are all forgiv'n."

These lines will bear pondering over. Are your personal sins—your individual sins—all forgiven? If so, you have realised forgiveness, you have received pardon at the hand of your covenant Jehovah. Ah!

"Dost mind the place, the spot of land,
Where Jesus did thee meet?"

Can you remember Bethel? "Yes," say you, "and it was indeed

none other than the House of God, and the gate of heaven. I could then say,

"Who is a pard'ning God like Thee,
Or who hath blood so rich and free?"

It matters not what especial words the Lord spoke home: did He say, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee;" or did He lay His right hand upon you and say, "Thou shalt be for Me, and not for man; so will I also be for thee?" If you have heard the Shepherd's voice, you felt the power of the words He uttered in your own soul; they were sweeter to you than the honey and the honeycomb; you could bless the Lord with cheerful voice; your soul was energized, your mind was expanded, and you were lost in that abyss of love; you had precious drops of His loving-kindness, blessed droppings of the eternal Ocean; you had all God could give you, and all you could realise, and it was your delight to give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name. The children of God need none at such times to tell them to praise the Lord, for praise is the very breathing of their soul. We know that all rivers run into the sea, but the rivers must come first from the sea; and when we get a stream, it flows back again to the fountain; when His Word comes down in majesty and in power, it goes back in praise; when His love is shed abroad in the heart we delight to crown Him Lord of All. The cause and the effect are ever linked together; and when the Lord grants us a copious shower of blessing, we feel it is a royal free-grace privilege to give Him thanks. I well remember when He showed me first that He had loved me with an everlasting love. I felt I could scarcely have existed under the glory which beamed upon my mind, had I not been able to express in praise to Him the emotions of my soul. The Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in His wings, and His candle shone upon my head; I blessed my glorious Christ, and I felt had I ten thousand tongues, I could sing alone to the praise of the glory of His grace; my heart expanded in that ocean of love, and I longed to extol Him in higher strains, to magnify Him who is more glorious and excellent than the mountains of prey, and crown Him who alone is worthy. How many in our presence have realised this clear shining? Some of the Lord's children are favoured to enjoy it more or less for a long season, others but for a few minutes; nevertheless, it matters not if it subsided soon or lasted for a longer period of time, it was blissful love, a heavenly flame, and it came from our Beloved. I know Satan is ever ready to harass and perplex the family of God; and when a child of God hears another speak of his own experience, how often does the

enemy come in like a flood and say, You cannot come up to that standard; your knowledge is superficial; there is neither vitality nor reality in your religion, and the joy that you thought you had realised was only a delusion. We are not ignorant of Satan's devices, but the Lord has promised to lift up a standard against him. "Well!" says some child of God, "I did not feel the peace of God (which passeth all understanding) ruling and reigning in my heart for days and weeks, but His goodness has passed before me; I have had sips of the brook by the way, and

"Determin'd to save, He watch'd o'er my path
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death."

I was in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity, but the Lord protected me from dangers seen and unseen, and though I have not the sure evidence that I am one of the chosen jewels in His crown, yet "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He will yet grant you another manifestation of His love, another development thereof; you shall realise the chief things of the ancient mountains, and the precious things of the lasting hills. O! may He raise you above time-things. May He shine again, and may He give you another token of His love! His Word shall not return unto Him void, and what He hath spoken shall be accomplished. When my covenant God first began His wondrous work in my soul, I often wrote better things against myself, and I drew wrong conclusions and fleshly inferences; I measured myself by myself, and I measured myself by others: if I had not travelled in the same steps as others of the Lord's children, I concluded I was not one of His members; I said, surely I have neither part nor lot in the matter, but I spake unadvisedly with my lips. There are different features in God's family; He does not lead all in the same paths, that they may lean alone upon Him, and not upon themselves or upon each other. Many of the Lord's living children, before they are established in the truth, grounded and settled in the faith, conclude they do not belong to Him because they have not realised such glorious manifestations of His love as some have; but when He is pleased to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house, they feel assured that they are His, and that they shall have an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom. The Lord's people were always His portion, His inheritance, though not manifestly His, not His in the development of His purpose, when dead in sins: they were *virtually* united to Him from all eternity; they were *vitally* united to Him when quickened into life, and made willing in the day of His power; and they are *visibly* united to Him when He sends forth the Spirit of

His Son into their hearts, crying, "Abba, Father." When thus brought to sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven, they are not carried about with every wind of doctrine, but they grow up into Him in all things which is the Head, even Christ, and they know they possess an imperishable life, and that this is the guarantee, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

"Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." Child of God! do you feel it is in your heart to sing and to praise Him for His light, His life, His truth, and His glory; to give Him thanks that you are a recipient of His grace, and to magnify Him that He has made you eternally meet to be a partaker of this inheritance? You know you possess your portion now in earnest, and you are as sure of having full possession thereof as though you were now before the throne. You can say, "I am my Beloved's, and His desire is toward me." Be assured,

"More happy, but not more secure,
Are glorified spirits in heaven."

We are not *meet* in union to a natural head; our hearts are deceitful, and desperately wicked; but it is "To whom coming," to the strength of Israel in our weakness, to Him, in whom are treasured all riches and glory; and it is our delight to bring our empty vessels to Him to be filled. One sings,

"Bring your empty vessels nigh,
Cups or flagons, great or small;
To the brim, in rich supply,
Love eternal fills them all."

None can deprive you of your portion, and none can rob you of your inheritance.

"A few more rolling suns at most
Will land you on fair Canaan's coast."

You are meet, and the Lord will preserve you unto His heavenly kingdom; you shall take possession of this incorruptible inheritance, because you have a right and title to it; when time shall be no more with you, and the days of your mourning shall be ended, you shall awake in His likeness, and be eternally satisfied. Some of the Lord's children here know they are meet, and some do not know it, and there may be some here who think they must in some way prepare themselves, and make themselves meet; but it is not so; He made us meet in eternity, and He will fill all His vessels with His love; they are "a people prepared for the Lord." "Ah," says one, "I cannot understand how I can be meet; in me, that is, in my flesh, there dwelleth no good thing; I am unworthy that

the Mighty God of Jacob should come under my roof." All the Lord's children, either sooner or later, are taught by His Spirit that the flesh profiteth nothing. "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth glory in the Lord." In the dust the child of God must lie, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day, and "Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." He *hath* made us meet! Nothing can be added to this meetness, to this perfection; and since you are His, He will fill you. We must not be full of our own goodness; but it is the empty vessel that is meet for the Master's use; it is coming to Him nothing in self, poor and needy, insufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, and hanging upon Him, the nail fastened in a sure place. If we were half full, we should not need all His fulness; but if empty, we are adapted for Him, and He is adapted for us. How often do we want to get into a better state of mind, but our emptiness and our need are the qualifications. "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him." Child of God! you are an object of His love, a subject of His grace; nothing can bound, terminate, or end your life; nothing can interfere with it. Christ is your inheritance, and He hath given you the earnest of His Spirit in your heart. Does not the earnest grace sometimes make you feel unfitted for time; and do you not long to swim in the river of His pleasure? Then will you sing more sweet, more loud, and Christ will still be your song. "Yes," say you, "I often anticipate that time; I am ready for the consummation; I am meet for the realms of bliss and blessedness, for I am a trophy of the blood of Emmanuel, and the language of my heart is, 'Come, Lord-Jesus, come quickly.'" May the Lord rest the Word with power, and give you to realise that you not only *partake* of the inheritance of the saints in light, but that you now *participate* in the first fruits thereof. If a partaker, you are a partaker of the divine nature, a partaker of Jehovah's Christ; but the child of God delights to enter now by faith into this grace wherein the Church stands, to slake his thirst at Jacob's well, and to hear his Lord say, "Eat, O friends; drink; yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." Constant favours we are receiving, constant thanks must flow out: sometimes we feel dark, and sometimes light; sometimes dead, and anon alive; but though there may be changes in the streams, there can be no change in the ocean; the effect may vary; the cause cannot.

"The cause of love is in Himself,
Then in Him we'll rejoice."

O! may He enable us to feel

" 'Tis well when on the mount
We feast on dying love,
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When we the furnace prove."

"Giving thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." And we may add in Scripture language, "This honour have all the saints. Praise ye the Lord;" and we can join the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and say, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord;" and Jesus says, "I give unto them—my sheep—eternal life: and they shall never perish;" and again, "Because I live, ye shall live also." Christ in us the hope of glory is our sure foundation at all times, and we can unite in that song we were just now singing, and exclaim,

"Thou art my rock, and refuge too,	My advocate before the throne,
My hiding-place when foes pursue;	My stable base, my corner stone;
My sun, my shield, my tower strong,	My anchor sure, when storms arise,
My sweetest note in ev'ry song.	My bread descending from the skies."

In all His relations to His children, the Lord manifests Himself to be an unchangeable God: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and

"Did Jesus once upon you shine?
Then Jesus is for ever thine."

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." Yes! when sinking in deep mire, where there is no standing, when clouds hover over the mind, when the Lord does not grant us to realise His sensible presence as we desire, there is a preciousness in thinking of Him and of His mighty acts, in thinking how with one great draught of love He drained hell dry, in thinking of His unchangeable love, His irreversible grace, in thinking of His wondrous mercy in having blessed us in Himself, in having made us willing in the day of His power, in having given us to know our standing in Himself. How blessed is it to remember Bethel-seasons, special times when the Lord communed with us! It is well at all times with the righteous; that is, with Christ, and therefore it is well with us, because we are one with Jesus, by eternal union one.

"Here let the weary rest,
Who love the Saviour's name;
Though with no sweet enjoyment bless'd,
This cov'nant stands the same."

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. IX.

JULY, 1867.

No. 106.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

“Who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts.”—2 Cor. i. 22.

WE know that this is exclusively the language of God's children: none but His sons and daughters can speak of the earnest of His Spirit; and, says the Holy Ghost by Paul, “Ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.” We have now the earnest of that glorious inheritance which is reserved, the earnest of those eternal realities which are treasured up for us in the fulness of our glorious Christ; and if you have ever realised the earnest thereof—the first-fruits—the full possession is not more assuredly enjoyed by the glorified host now before the throne, than it shall be by you when you shall leave the stage of time, when you shall be absent from the body and present with the Lord. Some in our presence have this earnest, and are not more certain of their own existence than they are of this fact: they know they are beloved of God, and chosen by Him; that they are blessed in Christ and saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation; and that they have been quickened into life, and called with an high and an holy calling, and that therefore die when they may (or rather whenever the Lord is pleased to call them to drop this clay tent, for there can be no death to a believer), they are sure of going home to the realms of bliss and blessedness, and they are persuaded that they shall have an abundant entrance into His

everlasting kingdom. Some say, How can any man know this? How can any one be assured that he is joined to the Lord and one Spirit? And they, moreover, add, You must take it for granted, and hope that all will be well at last; for it is utterly impossible to be certain respecting eternal matters. Ah! we know these things only by *revelation*, and the child of God feels he possesses the earnest when he realises the sealing of God's Spirit, and he can then say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" he can testify with Thomas, it is, "*My Lord and my God.*" Yes! as much mine as though the Lord had no other child to bless, none other to persuade; he can join the poet and sing:

"I know that my Redeemer lives,
What comfort this sweet sentence gives."

He is my Redeemer, my Husband, my Ishi, my Beloved. He has plucked me as a brand from the burning; I am a sheep in His fold, and He privileges me to feed in the pastures of gospel grace: He has gone to the end of the law for me; He has ransomed me, and I delight to bless His name, and to praise Him who hath dealt so wondrously and so bountifully with me. Yes! the child of God who has the earnest of His Spirit in his heart can speak in confident terms and say, "My witness is in heaven, my record is on high;" but cannot you remember when you did not possess it, and when you were exercised about it? You felt no creature power could persuade you; the Word of God seemed against you; and when you heard the children of God speak, their testimony also seemed against you; for they had realised what you had not, and they enjoyed what you did not; but in God's own time you likewise realised the same covenant favour for yourself, and felt His sealing, you experienced the living power. Oh! wondrous mercy! Think of having God's seal, God's impress: how precious! Having the earnest, you knew you were right for heaven and ripe for heaven, ready for God's sickle. Jesus saith, "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest;" and this is in analogy with another portion, "If the first-fruit be holy, the lump is also holy; and if the root be holy, so are the branches." Christ is the wave-sheaf before the throne, the first-fruits of the in-gathering of God's precious grain; He is accepted, and they are accepted in living oneness; and if He has assured you of your interest in Himself, if He has manifested His love to you, if He has sealed you, grounded, rooted, and settled you upon Himself, none can persuade you out of what you have realised at the covenant hand of your covenant God. Child of God! if the Lord has sealed home one promise in your heart, you may

claim all the promises which are in God's Word upon the ground of covenant relationship. God's promises are absolute; nothing can alter them; they are all yea, and, in Him, Amen, and nothing can ever interfere with them: "Blessed is she that believeth; for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." Have you not felt the living power? Has not the Lord applied His Word, and have you not realised the dew and the unction, so that you have been constrained to say, "It is the voice of my Beloved?"

"When He speaks, His words are cheering,
Causing bliss, ah! bliss complete."

The sweetness may have passed away, and the glory may have appeared to fade; but one promise spoken home is as sure of being fulfilled as ten thousand, one word from His loving mouth is as much an eternal word as though He uttered many, and rest assured He will never repent of His promise. "The strength of Israel will not lie nor repent: for He is not a man that He should repent." "All are yours." Yes, as much yours as though you had realised every promise in God's Word.

"Who hath also sealed us." How sublime! how soul-energising! Neither sin, Satan, nor the world can break it: we are sealed unto the day of redemption, and the world knoweth us not, even as it knew Him not. We are hidden from the eye of the world, and from the eye of worldly professors of religion; but O! how blessed is it to have the broad seal of heaven, to have His right hand laid upon us, and to hear Him say, "Fear not, I have redeemed thee." How precious to have the earnest of His Spirit, not in our intellectual faculties, but in our hearts! Nothing but this will satisfy and make a dying bed as soft as downy pillows are. It is heart-religion alone that avails; it must be inward work, vital work, and when the Lord is pleased to cause His goodness to pass before us, we feel strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might; we stagger not at the promise of God through unbelief, but we are strong in faith, giving glory to God; being fully persuaded that what He hath promised He is able also to perform. When He granted me His seal, I knew all my sins were expunged by blood divine; I felt that they sank like lead in the mighty ocean, that they were swept away in the torrent of precious blood; that they were lost in the redeeming blood of Emmanuel never to rise, that they were carried into the land of forgetfulness. It was a seal of blood, a seal of mercy, a seal of love; it was the seal of my Kinsman-Redeemer, the seal of my best Beloved, and I know He cannot nullify His oath, or alter the thing that is gone out of His

mouth. "Ah," says one, "I sometimes lose sight of His seal." Nevertheless, nothing can interfere with its reality and its vitality; once sealed, you are sealed for ever, and if He has sealed you, and given you the earnest grace, "all are yours;" glory is yours; yea, Christ is yours; and it is ten thousand times more glorious to possess Christ than to possess heaven; yea, a million worlds without Him. What would heaven be to me if my precious Christ were not there? It would not be heaven to my soul, for His presence it is that constitute my bliss. Wondrous mercy! we are one with Him; we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. There is nothing here like our Jesus, and there will be nothing above like Him.

"There's nothing here deserves my joy,
There's nothing like my God."

He is all our salvation, and He is all our desire. We have the first-fruits of our inheritance now, but the Lord does not grant us these sips of the brook by the way to withhold from us the full possession thereof. O! no. The earnest grace is the antepast of what we shall one day enjoy when in full possession, and when we bask in His eternal sunshine. I believe very few in our day know anything of God's seal. "Well," say you, "I do know it; for I have realised it." But did once sealing suffice; did one earnest satisfy you for the future? No! I know that you wanted again to taste that the Lord is gracious; and "Restore unto me the joys of Thy salvation," is the constant language of your heart now. Possessing His seal, you are well assured that your salvation is fixed, that nothing can alter it, and that it can never undergo any variation or any change; but then you want the joys thereof to be restored, you want your hope to be revived, you want a fresh manifestation, another development of His love to you, you want again to enjoy His favour, you want Him to seal you again and again, you want the savour, the anointing, the dew, and the unction, you want again to be blessed experimentally. It is not enough for the children of God to have realised His blessing ten years ago; they feel they must go to their Father every day, and intreat Him again to bless them. Ah! we have cause continually to pour out our heart before Him: we find fresh difficulties and fresh perplexities at every turn, and the breathings of the soul are, Lord, guide me here and direct me there; O support me and instruct me; let me lean upon Thy all-supporting arm, and recline upon Thy bosom of love; tell me Thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me. These are some of the living desires of a living child of God; he knows that the seal he already has is a real sign, a true token; but he wants the Lord to manifest His covenant love, he wants to glory in His

covenant blood, and in His covenant righteousness; he wants another and another draught of the wine of the kingdom. The Lord brings him into straits, into the furnace, and into the flood, and he longs for another word from his Lord, and the more streams he is permitted to enjoy, the more he wants: the desire of his heart is,

"More frequent let Thy visits be,
Or let them longer last;
I can do nothing without Thee,
Make haste, my God, make haste."

How often do we hear the child of God say, It seems long since I enjoyed the Lord's favour, since He shed abroad His love in my heart, since He gave me that sure pledge that I belonged to Him, and that He belonged to me. When will He shine again and strengthen me with might by His Spirit in the inner man? I can look back to those seasons when His candle shined upon my head, and when by His light I walked through darkness, when heaven seemed to have commenced here below, and I long to realise what I did then. I felt He had indeed saved me, and sealed me, and His seal was so blessed, and so precious, that I was assured that hell could never break it; but O! how cloudy has it been since then; how dull and dreary since that time. Cheer up!

"The Lord whom thou seekest
Will not tarry long."

He will suddenly come to His temple. He loves all His children alike; there are no favourites in God's family: He may not manifest Himself to some of them as much as He does to others, but I believe that those whom He afflicts the most realise the greatest blessings; that is, in development, in manifestation, in apprehension. Would we then choose a smoother pathway? O! no. The language of our heart is,

"Choose Thou the way, but still lead on."

We should not enjoy His special favours were we not in trying circumstances. He leads us on from strength to strength. Thousands in Christendom are not cast down and exercised as we are; but if there are castings down, there are also liftings up, and our Beloved is as much with us in the valley as when we are feasting on His bounty; hence

" 'Tis well when on the mount
We feast on dying love,
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When we the furnace prove."

Under the power of Satan's temptations, the child of God sometimes feels as though he had no evidences that he belonged to the living in Jerusalem, and that he formed a portion of God's people. He fears all his religion is but a delusion, and in the flesh; he thinks he is walking in the light of his fire, and in the sparks that he has kindled, and he longs for a confirmation of the Lord's unchanging love. "When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." "And this Man shall be the Peace, when the Assyrian shall come into our land." The enemy comes to oppress and to perplex, but the glorious Lord comes to manifest His love, and again to seal him, and to grant him a fresh token of His favour, and when he is again privileged to be brought into the banqueting-house, he feels it is the same stream which he has enjoyed in past days, the same river, the same fountain, the same ocean; he feels it is the same God of love, the same precious Christ, the same Brother born for adversity, the same High Priest of his profession, and when He dispenses His blessings he can say with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name." "Who hath also sealed us." Ah! we cannot do without His sealing, His manifestation, His revelation; we cannot do without His blessing; we cannot do without His smile. We know He will not change, and that He cannot favour us more than He has in eternity; but we love to have fresh developments thereof; we know that

"Once in Christ, in Christ for ever."

We know that we are on our way to heaven, on our way home; we know that

"A few more rolling suns at most
Will land us on fair Canaan's coast,
Where we shall sing the song of grace,
And see our glorious hiding-place;"

but we want Him to kiss us with the kisses of His mouth; for His love is better than wine; we want Him to tell us again that He has loved us with an everlasting love; we want Him to shine on our souls again, to refresh us again, and to cause us again to realise these chief things of the ancient mountains, these precious things of the lasting hills. "Well," says one, "that is exactly my experience." What an infinite mercy! "We are saved by hope; but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." "Hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us," and having His seal we are ready at any

moment to depart and be with Christ which is far better. "But," say you, "I tremble when I think of death; I shudder at the thought of dissolution." O why should you? Death is swallowed up in victory, and we may now sing, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Our glorious Christ is the fount of life, even of eternal life, and because He lives, we shall live also. He hath saved us, our sins are drowned in blood, and His covenant righteousness and His spotless perfection belong to all His covenant children. Have you had one drop of the ocean of His love? It is the earnest that the whole is yours. Has the Sun of Righteousness ever arisen with healing in His wings, and have you seen the King in His beauty? Nothing shall ever separate you from His love. The child of God fails to enumerate how many glimpses he has had of the Lord: he knows that His mercies likewise are new every morning, and that great is His faithfulness, but yet the time between His visits seems long, and the soul oftentimes gets wearied: but, child of God, does He not always come at the right time, and pour down a copious shower of blessing?

"The earnest grace, so rich and free,
It makes you long His face to see."

Have you not often gone to the house of God, and felt that the text contained very blessed truths, and that which was said was very encouraging, but that nothing could satisfy you but the power? You have said, I want the sealing, the earnest, the realisation in my own soul.

"To see good bread and wine
Is not to eat and drink."

"Yes," says one, "and it is many a long week since I was *full* with the blessing of the Lord; I have had sips now and then of the river of His pleasures, but I want fuller draughts." You know there is such a thing as being favoured as a child, and there is also the after-training needed. A child is as much loved when at school as when at home in his father's house, and our senses must be exercised. A tribulated path is as much ordered by God as a less rough one; He loves us as much in the valley as on the heights; as much in the furnace as on the mount of communion; as much when we cannot see His face as when we can; as much when walking in darkness as when rejoicing in the sunshine.

"Nothing changeth God's affection,
Abba's love will bring us through."

We must expect to be often at our wit's end; we must expect to be called to do business in great waters, that we may see the wonders

of the Lord in the deep; but we cannot rest satisfied with past favours; we want fresh seals, fresh anointings. "But," say you, "it is written that we walk by faith and not by sight." True! but we cannot walk by faith unless the Lord first give us faith. "Faith is the gift of God," and no man is able to keep alive his own soul. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God," and His Word is with power, and His Word conveys the faith to realise it, to believe it, to grasp it. We have no faith at command, and we should be lost to all intents and purposes did our salvation depend upon our exercising this precious fruit of the Spirit: how many stumbling-stones we find in the way! how many anxious cares! We read, "Have faith in God;" but we feel oftentimes as though we had no faith at all, and I think the disciples were almost in despair when they were alone, and the ship was in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves; but when He spake and said, "It is I, be not afraid," faith was communicated to them. The creature has no ability to exercise faith or to feel the power of the Word. "Power belongeth unto God," and we are dependant upon our glorious Beloved for every grain of faith, and every grain of love. Child of God! do not think you can slip His embrace; His arm can never give way; and though heart and flesh fail, yet God is the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever: nothing can rob you of your portion, or deprive you of your inheritance; and O! how precious, how blessed, how inestimable is the earnest! Throughout an eternal day you will never be able to praise Him half enough for His goodness towards you, and even now sometimes you feel full of praise, and you cannot express half the blessedness which you enjoy. How happy must Mary have been when sitting at the footstool of her gracious Lord! Blessed position! Doubtless her countenance beamed with glory, and her eyes glistened with joy; she had been in every phase of iniquity; she had gone as far as love and mercy would allow her; but there was love in her Father's heart towards her, there was blood to cleanse her; there was righteousness to cover her: her name was enrolled in the Lamb's book of life in eternity, and the set time to favour her had come. I think her conversation would have been edifying, being seasoned with salt, or seasoned with Christ. "Well," says one, "the Lord has not permitted me to go into all these iniquities in which she revelled, but I know that I have all the seeds of these evils in my heart, and I have had restraining grace more fully manifested to me. I admire His preventing grace the most, whilst she would admire His pardoning grace the most; but He loves us equally. I have not passed through and known the depths of iniquity that many have; but I can sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us

kings and priests unto God and His Father : to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." It will be one note, one song, and when we see Him face to face,

"Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song."

He has done all things for us. He has led us by a right way into a city of habitation, and we shall crown Him eternally Lord of all. Ah! Mary will shine in the eternal annals, and, as a sinner saved by grace, she will sparkle in the crown of her Saviour. All the children of God were blessed with the same blessings in Christ, and all will sing alike His matchless praises; but they are not all led in the same paths. I think the Lord's family do not look sufficiently at God's preventing mercy, though I do not think that those to whom His preventing grace has been more especially manifested can exult in the same way when He pardons them as those do who have been five hundred pence debtors; nevertheless, one is as great as the other, for it is by His mighty power alone they have been kept. I believe those who have been from their cradle to manhood strictly moral, and who have been quickened into life and shown by the Lord their own abominations in union to Adam the first, oftentimes realise much sweetness, and enjoy much communion with their Beloved: but look at another, who has sinned as it were with a cart rope, and who has drunk iniquity like water: the Lord stops such an one, and puts a cry into his heart for mercy, and under the power of temptation, he thinks he has gone beyond all hope of salvation, and is ready to give all up in despair, when, in His own blessed way, and in His own blessed time, the Lord comes to him in majesty and in power, applies His atoning blood, and covers him with His spotless righteousness, and says, in accents sweet, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins," or whispers, "Thy sins are forgiven." O! says the enraptured and delighted one, can it be possible that my sins are put away? O Lord, I feel they caused Thee to be nailed to the cross. What boundless love! What unparalleled mercy! Can it be really true? O my glorious Saviour, is this pardon, is this peace for me? Are my sins—past, present, and future—for ever gone? When the Lord reveals His love to such an one, he feels as though he can scarcely remain on earth, as though he must fly home at once. There may be some here who have not been indulged thus as much as others have, who have not enjoyed the earnest as fully, or to the same degree, or the same measure, but if you have had one intimation of the Lord's love, if you have once heard His voice, and felt the living power, you are a real trophy of His blood; and you in our presence who have not been allowed

to run into the same lengths of sin as others of the Lord's children, have cause to bless His name for His mercy manifested to you, and if He has given you life, nothing can touch it. Perhaps you have not felt the power of the Word to-night, or realised nearness of access to your Kinsman-Redeemer; but what you have realised in past days is the earnest, the foretaste, the antepast of endless bliss. O! to possess His precious seal! You may lose sight of it, but "the vision is for an appointed time." The Lord knows all your affairs, temporally and spiritually, and He will come at the right time and lift upon you the light of His countenance. O! may He cause us to grow up into our living Head in all things; may we know more of our glorious Christ, and rejoice in Him, although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines. "Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars: she hath killed her beasts; she hath mingled her wine; she hath also furnished her table," and now she says,—and may the Lord speak it to you with power—"Eat, O friends: drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved!"

May the Lord add His blessing. Amen.

SPIRITUAL SUPPLICATION.

Dearest Jesus, lead me right,
Guard me with especial care,
Shield me in the hottest fight,
Always to my help repair;
Then I'll praise thy gracious name,
Live in love's eternal flame.

Precious Saviour, let me see,
In thy bleeding heart of love,
Refuge for a worm like me,
Shelter for thy timid dove:
Grant, O grant, this one request,
Sweet abiding in thy breast.

What are earth's ten thousand charms?
What the world's alluring smile?
Let me dwell in bleeding arms,
Then I'm sure they'll not beguile:
When the mind is wrapt in thee,
Thou art all in all to me.

But how nature's 'twining cares
Bind the heart to lesser things,
Mingle with our fervent prayers,
Keep us from the King of kings:
When, O when, will saints of God
Live above this earthly clod?

Blow, dear Lord, a living breeze,
Soft and warm as Summer's gale,
Then I'll *thaw* instead of *freeze*,
Soar away beyond the vale,
Live in endless, happy light,
Walk with Jesus cloth'd in white:

Sing His praise, for ever sing,
Crown His royal worthy brow,
Gaze for ever on the King,
At the feet of Jesus bow,
Swell the anthem of the sky,
Bless and praise the Lord Most High.

Burns the heart with holy fire,
Flames within the noble mind,
Gleams of glory now inspire
Songs of praise to Him so kind—
Him who wash'd me in His blood,
Made me king and priest to God.

A. W.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE NORTH.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Pardon me for neglecting writing to you so long ; but you well know that my hands have been specially full lately. It is a mercy for you that your life and living do not depend upon my letters ; for if they did you would soon starve and die. Christ your Shepherd has ever His watchful eye over you, and His encircling arms around you, and can enable you to say, amid time's fluctuations, and life's vicissitudes, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." He is your Shepherd, whether you believe it or not ; whether you live in the enjoyment of it or not. You shall not want one thing which is needful for you. Many things you appear to want which He denies, but you live long enough to prove that you have done exceedingly well without them. This causes you to say with the poet,

"Lead us, Lord, by thy right rules,
And instruct us, we are fools."

But our foolishness fits us for His wisdom, and does not prevent Him from making us wise in Himself. Those who are wise in their own eyes, are ten thousand times greater fools than those who feel that they have no wisdom at all. The Lord will have nothing to do with wise people. It is to fools He speaks ; for He says, "Ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart:" and when journeying to the village with two of His members, he said, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe." Also when speaking to His Father and our Father, His God and our God, He said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." Surely this is

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding."

A little child has not much wisdom of its own, and is entirely under the control and management of those who are entrusted with its care ; and our Lord tells us that we must be as little children. But we too often want to be as formidable as Goliath of Gath and as strong as Sampson, but the Lord wisely weakens our strength in the way, and then says, "Let the weak say, I am strong." This is perfecting His strength in our weakness, in order that we may know that our great strength lies in our Head. Here the most feeble among us is as David, and David as God. Here we have strength equal to our day. But we want strength before we need it. This is our folly. Everything is beautiful in His season. We must not expect summer fruit in wintry seasons,

sunshine in the middle of the night, or showers without clouds. As it is literally, so it is spiritually. There never was a shower without a cloud. We look at the cloud, lose sight of the sun behind it, and the sun in it, and forget that a blessing is to come out of it. The greatest blessings that we have ever experienced have been wrapped in the most dense clouds; but the language of His heart has ever been, "Destroy it not; for a blessing is in it." Yes, child of God, a blessing is *now* in it, and presently it shall proceed from it, and then you will sing,

"I'm happy, all is well!"

Do not measure the ocean of His love by the line of His providential dealings, because He says, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." Do not draw natural inferences from His spiritual dealings, and avoid rashly concluding that all is *wrong* because all is *rough*. You know that He has promised to "bring the blind by a way that they knew not, and lead them in paths that they have not known;" so that

"Could you *see* how all was *right*,
Where were room for credence?
'Tis by *faith*, and not by *sight*,
Christians yield obedience."

The Lord will lead each of us in the very pathway designed us before all worlds, and He will deal out to us in weight and measure all our troubles, difficulties, exercises, and perplexities; and He will bring us all to see that His "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace." This is when His paths drop fatness, and we live upon royal dainties. He has promised to cause those who love Him to inherit substance, but how often are we grasping after a shade. Christ Himself is our only substance, and in possessing Him we all possess. When we are brought to truly love Him, we are sure to hate ourselves, and loathe ourselves in our own sight. When we are brought to live and walk in Him our life, we can no longer live and walk in our dead and corrupt flesh. When we are brought to appreciate our perfect righteousness and spotless purity in Him, we reckon that all pertaining to our flesh is an abomination in His sight. We then enter into the sweetness of the blessedness of the poet's precious couplet,

"Clad in His vesture, God can see,
My filthy soul, no spot in thee."

"Complete in Him" and "Accepted in the Beloved," are our Rock and Refuge, our High Tower and strength. But our flesh wants to be complete in its filthiness, accepted in its rags. But to it the Lord says, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having

on a wedding garment?" This interrogation confounds it, so that it stands speechless. The Lord will have His people complete in Himself; spotless and pure in Himself; holy and without blame in Himself; lovely and comely in Himself; healthy and wealthy in Himself; but in their flesh He will have no dealings with them. Hence, under His teaching, we can join in the Holy Ghost's language to the Church, "We are of the circumcision who worship God in the Spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh." Christ says, and He means every word in all its latitude, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Hence. "In me; that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one." "Man in his best estate is altogether vanity," saith the Word. Amen.

Beloved, may the Lord grant you special favours and special blessings now that you are shut out from hearing the Word. We well know that He can make up abundantly the loss of the outward means; and no doubt He has hitherto done so. At the same time, it would cause you no small joy of heart if the Lord would be pleased to restore the outward privilege to you. Will He do so? We dare not limit the Holy One of Israel. He can send you a man, or raise one up among you, with even a double portion of His Spirit. It seems very wonderful that so large a town should not have the truth, and yet we know that there are other places equally large and even much larger which are not favoured with it. Well, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do that which is right?" We know that He cannot err. We are well assured that His righteous dispensations are based upon the love of His heart. Sense and reason do not understand the way of the Lord; and

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain,
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

We hope that now we are a little more settled to be able to write you more frequently, and may the Lord grant that our communications from time to time may be sweet, that Christ may be the sum and substance of each, and that His beloved children at Hull, Skidby, and Riston, may be abundantly blessed. This is our heart's desire and prayer. The Lord grant it for His name sake.

At all times we shall be very pleased to receive a line from any of our brethren in the North; for they are near and dear to us in the indissoluble bonds of love, blood, and salvation. Not more was Jonathan's soul knit to David than is mine to the few sheep

which I have left in the wilderness at Hull. The bond of love is a soft cord. The tie of blood is a close tie. Though absent in body we are often present in spirit, and often wish that the distance was but a few miles, that we might run over and see our dear brethren in the Lord. However, the Lord knows the mind and heart, and however tenderly our heart may be affected toward you, you are well aware that there cannot be a millionth part of the tenderness manifested by us as is at all times developed by our precious Lord. He has you as close to His heart as flesh and bone can be united. You may often lose sight of the glorious fact, forget the precious reality, but this interferes not with the love of His heart.

"The cause of love was in Himself,
And in Him we'll rejoice."

May the Lord keep each of you from having your minds diverted from the simplicity which is in Christ by listening to those who prophesy visions out of their own heart. Hear them not; for God has not sent them. Why not meet together for reading, singing, and prayer? The Lord can meet with you, and then you know that you will at once have Shepherd, Bishop, Prophet, Priest, and King, in your midst; and this will be more than all the parsons put together. When the Lord appeared in the cloud of glory in Solomon's temple there was no room for the priests to minister, and yet I believe that they were never ministered unto better. There is no lack where His blessed Majesty is pleased to vouchsafe His sacred presence.

"Tis heaven to dwell in His embrace,
And no where else but there."

We have had some blessed times and seasons at "Bethesda," but what is it devoted to now? Antichrist. How is that? The Lord has done with it; at least, for the time being. How mysteriously He works! "None can stay His hand, or say, What doest thou?" Indeed heaven has often been let down into our soul while preaching Jesus and the resurrection in that ever-to-be-remembered place. It has been none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven. We should not be wrong if we called it "Bethel;" for it has really been *the house of God*. It has been no less "Bethesda;" for how frequently have we proved it "the house of effusion, or the house of mercy." Yes, it has been the house of effusion and mercy; for there the Lord has been in the power of His Spirit, enabling us to sing,

"Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has blood so rich and free?"

And now, brethren beloved, I must say fare-thee-well. My wife joins me in best love to each and to all, wishing, with me, to often hear of and from our real friends in the Lord, dwelling in the *North* country.

Very affectionately and most heartily yours,

A. WILCOCKSON.

10, Kirkby Place, Plymouth, Devon.

A SERMON.

The Nineteenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

SWEET song! What a dear expression, and what an unalterable one it is—always the same to God's children—"God did love us in His Son." And yet His children are fretting within themselves, because they have not the full expression of it in themselves. All God's love to us is in Christ, and all our standing blessedness in that love is in Christ. Do you not see that it is an unspeakable mercy to know the variety of changes and changeableness in ourselves? Why? Lest we should boast in ourselves, lest we should be attempting to rest upon something for a foundation which will be sure to give way. But then think of the blessedness of being loved of God. Where is it? Why, in Christ. The apostle speaks of it sweetly in the 8th chapter of Romans, where in summing up the matter, he says—and you cannot get higher—"Nothing can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Wherefore I would add another remark here. You have been singing—and many times we may get a little sweet from the song—that blessed are the sons of God. Why, the truth is, that, whether we believe it or not, we shall be no more blessed of God than we are already. God blessed the soul at once, and He will never make any additions. If the Lord were to be for ever making additions, you might very justly doubt whether He would not also make diminutions; but when we see He hath chosen us, that He hath blessed us, and given us all things pertaining to life and godliness, and Himself as our God in Christ—as our all—why, what can we have more? Blessed be God, then, for the full earnest of it in our hearts. What is the reason that we are here to-night? Not for our own believing, not for our own enjoyments, not for our enlargements, nor for our contractions. What is it? Why, upon the ground of our union with Jesus Christ, being members of His

body, His flesh, and His bones. Can a child of God entertain a doubt then, for a single moment? Nay, nay. Why not? Because he is one with his glorious Christ: "Because He lives, you shall live also." Now do you and I live in the blessedness of this truth? Why, says one, I have got my temptations. So have I. There are none but God's people who feel their temptations. Many of God's people think themselves very singular indeed because they have such temptations. My belief is, beloved, that none but God's people feel temptations, or know what it is to suffer under their violence. And why do they feel them? Is it meant as a punishment to them? No; it is that God the Holy Ghost may open to you and I what is most precious, and that is, that Jesus Christ was tempted in all points like His brethren. But is this all? No, blessed be God. What more? "That He might succour them that are tempted." But is this all? "He knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation." Now all these things you and I are brought into the experience of. Why? That the Lord Jesus may be very dear and precious unto us.

But we proceed to repeat the text: "All are yours." We shall never be able to calculate the depth and blessedness of the glorious mercies contained in this expression.

We stopped on Sabbath evening with talking about the blessedness of the world being ours. What, say you, the world ours? Yes. The world is not our inheritance, not our portion, and yet it is ours. You and I have many things in our portion which we do not inherit; but they are ours, and so is the world. The world is ours upon the ground of Christ's relation to us, and we possess it in time as "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." What a blessed thing it is to think that the world is subservient to the grand purpose of the eternal God, to the accomplishment of that purpose, and the carrying it out for His own glory and the good of His Church. How blessed is it, as we observed on Sabbath evening, to be a living witness that the world is ours. The time, place, and manner in which I should be brought forth; and the very mud-wall cottage in which my mother brought me forth, born in sin, an enemy to God were fixed. I bless Him for it now. Why, there began the opening, though I knew it not; the world was mine. Then take, as the subject of contemplation, the time when God quickened thy soul and mine, and see the blessedness of it. How many dangers, how many hair-breadth escapes were there! What a variety of circumstances, you and I as sinners striving as hard as sinners could strive: yet we were preserved, kept, watched over, as the poet saith,

"When, Satan's blind slaves, we sported with death."

The world is yours. I believe, according to God's revelation, that every step in my unregenerate state was settled for me; how far I should go, and how long I should lie dead; and then God called me into life. Now, beloved, when the Lord leads our minds into the contemplation of these things, how are we set above all peradventures, all luck, chance, fortune, and God brings us to the 11th verse of the 3rd of Ephesians, "According to His eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus."

Now, beloved, mark another mercy. In the 3rd chapter of Ecclesiastes we read that there is "a time to be born and a time to die." God for wise purposes has never said that there is a time to live; which shows you and I, beloved, that real life doth not exist in the world, in the abstract, or apart from the person of our most glorious Christ. Did you ever take notice of these glorious things? "A time to be born." Yes, and nothing can prevent the time. There is "a time to die." Nothing can alter that time; and you and I shall die naturally when the time comes as sure as God hath said it. How blessed is it to live on from day to day in the belief of these eternal realities. The child of God can never be taken by surprise in an unguarded moment. Why? Because he has no unguarded moments. No one can prove such a thing from the Bible. If you would learn that the child of God has no unguarded moments, read Isa. xxii. 2, 3, "In that day sing ye unto her, A vineyard of red wine. I the Lord do keep it, I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." I very much dislike the pulpit phrases on this subject. People often have notions conveyed to them in pulpit phrases which are contrary to God's testimony. His eyes are upon the righteous in the land; and, bless His dear name, He tells us in the 24th chapter of Jeremiah, "I will set mine eyes upon them for good." "If I take the wings of the morning," says David, "and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea: even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." O, beloved, what a precious Lord ours is, and we are never out of His sight, never out of His hand! How blessed is it to have these eternal realities realised in our heart by God the Spirit.

We will now enter as the Lord shall enable us upon the next word, "All are your's:" not only Paul and Apollos and the world, but "life." Life is yours, and you cannot destroy it. I know this is speaking freely, and some people do not like it. You cannot destroy it. Why? Because it is hid with Christ in God, and you cannot get at it. Satan could not touch Job's life; he touched his body, but that was all that he could do. If the Lord pleased, Satan might touch us as he did Job, and cover us with sores, but

he cannot get at the union which subsists between Jesus Christ and His Church, the blessedness of oneness with Jesus Christ. Now is it not a mercy to thee, beloved in the Lord, that amidst all thy dying circumstances within and without, thou hast life in Christ, life eternal and freedom from death with all its consequences in Him.

Now we must talk a little about this life. The Lord gave us life in Adam, but I cannot think that it was altogether beside God's purpose that a death-blow was struck to that life: I think there is something blessed for God's children who can enter into this. Now we will just make a supposition, though I do not like suppositions. Suppose you and I had lived in that life which God gave us in Adam, when He created him a perfect creature; and suppose that Adam and all his posterity had continued in that life up to the present moment; can there be a possibility gathered from God's Word that spiritual life would ever have been communicated to us in this state. I only just throw out the hint, leaving it for God's children to ponder it over. Well then, beloved, as I believe there was no way of communicating spiritual life whilst the natural life of Adam continued, death must come in that God might be enabled to communicate life.

Let us now look at the life of God's children which we call natural life, and yet it is all stamped with death. Every grain of natural life is marked with death, and if I may be allowed to call it life, it is one in which we die daily. Therefore it is a dying life, and we bless God that it is so. When God just puts in this sentence of death—He never executes it, beloved, upon the Church—but when He puts in the sentence, it is that you and I should not trust in ourselves, finding nothing but death. Look at what you will you can read death upon every creature. Well then, how blessed that having received the sentence of death, we should not trust in ourselves, but in Him that raised up Jesus Christ from the dead.

Let us now go on to speak of the glorious mercy of life eternal. Now there is not a child of God here, no matter what his circumstances, but he hath life. Life is yours. You and I had no hand in communicating life to ourselves as creatures, it was done by another. Well now contemplate eternal life; look at it in its own origin, its eternal and unalterable nature. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son." What can be more blessed to the child of God? His life is "in His Son." Well, then, mark down this glorious mercy, and take another. "He that hath the Son." There is something inexpressibly sweet and precious in this; "He that hath the Son." Now

perhaps some poor child of God is ready to say, I do not know whether I have the Son or not? Why? I do not enjoy Him, I fear I do not know him! Better to fear about it than be presumptuous about it. But how shall a child of God be satisfied that he hath life, and that he hath the Son? By feeling continual desires after Him; by feeling that nothing short of that eternal life which he hath in desire will satisfy him in time and to all eternity. He may try schemes and plans and stratagems; but the demonstration is continually made that life is in him, and that it is springing up into everlasting life. It is in this way that eternal life is manifested. Well but (say some) do not you think a poor sinner might have life, and not have the Son? No. Why? Because there is no life eternal in the abstract, there is no life eternal abstractedly from Jesus Christ, nor is there any life spiritual communicated to the child of God but by Jesus Christ. When you feel longing desires and pantings after Jesus Christ and His great salvation, it is then that you know you have the Son, and that you have eternal life. I do feel it to be a blessed thing that God never permitted me to set up my experience as a standard for God's children. Oh! we must come down to the babes, as well as talk to young men and fathers. None but those who have the Son, and who have eternal life, could ever send up from their heart the prayer of the publican, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." Then, beloved, all thy sighings and all thy cryings, and all thy bemoanings of thyself, and all thy sorrowfulness of heart concerning thy sins, these show that thou hast life in Jesus Christ. This is coming down too low I know for some professors; this is not doctrinal enough; but this is just the position of many a child of God.

Well, then, he hath eternal life, and this life is in His Son. Life, in the first instance, exercises the minds of God's children, as St. Paul said, "When I was a child I spake as a child." They are always fearing, always catching the movements of their minds; and because they are not so comfortable as they wish, they sometimes think that they have neither part nor lot in the matter. I think this is a blessed conclusion. Why? That God may open to them the riches of His grace, and instead of looking to themselves and feeling that there is blessedness there, may make them feel that they have eternal life in Christ Jesus.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"Weak in herself, she fears
The battle's horrid din,
Yet more than conqueror she appears
O'er Satan, hell, and sin.

O'er Jordan's icy flood,
When call'd by death to go,
She, leaning on her covenant God,
Shall pass triumphant through."

MY HOPES AND MY FEARS.

WHEN I was about twenty years of age I began to reform my moral conduct, and left off drinking, not with any intention of becoming religious, but because I did not like it. I had to leave the place before I could break off the habit and get work at another. Not long after this, I began to think seriously about my soul. I felt that I was a sinner in the sight of God, therefore I set about a reformation, attended the means of grace, read the scriptures, as I had done many times before; for my conscience would not let me alone long together, though I often stifled it, and went on in sin more greedily than before.

One Sunday, while going to chapel, I was walking along on a hill when I could see the place where I used to live, and was thinking about my past wicked life, and wondering what would become of me, when these words came sounding into my ears—for it appeared to me as though some one had whispered loudly into my ear—"Is it not of the Lord's mercy that you are not consumed?" I was compelled to confess that it was. This gave me fresh matter to think about. I thought, Well, the Lord has been merciful to me in sparing me. I hope He will have mercy on me and save me; but as He spares all sinners till they have filled up their measure of iniquity, I feared it would be so with me, then shall I be consumed. Thus was I tossed about between hope and fear for some months. I never got pardon at that time, but my hopes ran very high sometimes.

After a while I began to grow cold and careless, and the world got more hold of my heart, till I gave it all [my religion] up. I should not like to write the manner and cause of my giving it all up, it is too bad. If repentance consists of being sorry for anything, I shall never cease to repent of that act more than any other that ever I did. I went on in sin again for about eight or nine years. Now comes what I think is the difficulty. I cannot tell what was the cause of my returning to the Lord; but I think it was through reading the life of a good woman, hoping that I should soon be as happy as she was; but I found my mistake out; for I got more unhappy. I could not get nearness to a throne of grace as I used to do, but was shut up in Egyptian darkness and almost in despair, sometimes without a gleam of hope. I thought if I were to die in that state, I should eternally perish. That word *perish* often wrung my soul. Thus I went on for from two to four months. My mind seemed to be in great darkness all the time. At last the Lord broke into my soul, and dispelled the darkness, and poured

in the oil of joy and gladness, and I was all light and peace in believing. Thus I went on for about two years, but not without some doubts; for in all this blessed feeling there was not a word spoken; so that I sometimes doubted whether it were not all a delusion; but there were times when I could not doubt if I tried.

Soon after this time I was walking in the field one morning, when I had just the glimpse of a vision of the sufferings of Christ. It was but a glimpse; for I could not bear the sight, and I besought the Lord to take it away; for I could not look on it and live. I saw that I was not worth so much; therefore I said (like Peter) "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." I really felt that I would sooner suffer all that my sins deserved than to see my Saviour suffer so much. I did abhor myself and hated myself, because I saw what sin was, and what it had done, because that Holy Being could not redeem His people without suffering so much.

I forgot to mention that sometime before I saw the vision, I was hearing a minister preach. I do not know what he said, but he said something that led me to believe that he belonged to Christ. I felt a love to the man on that account, and these words flowed into my mind, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." This gave me some comfort for a time.

About four years ago I got into temporal difficulties, and could not see any possible way out. One night, while attempting to pray, I felt satisfied that I should be delivered out of the difficulty. I felt assured of it, impossible as it appeared. I could not be in any trouble about it for three or four days, so long as that faith lasted; for I did not encourage it; for it seemed impossible; but it did come to pass. How I wished that I could see my interest in Christ as clear as I saw that I should be delivered from that difficulty; and so I did something more than twelve months ago while Mr. Wyard was preaching one of our anniversary sermons. It was not any one sentence that he said, but it seemed to me that I felt faith springing up in my soul, till it amounted to the full assurance of faith. I thought then I should never doubt any more; but I have, especially of late since I have had this rebuff.* I think I have told you all now; at least, all that I can think of as well as I am able. I doubt whether you will make anything of it.

Yours truly,
E. E.

* After being examined by some of the officers of the Church, they refused him baptism. We suppose they doubted the reality of the work. Perhaps he did not come up to their standard. For our part, we see no reason to question the genuineness of the work.—Ed.

COMELY IN HIS BEAUTY.

BELoved IN JESUS.—It is in my heart to write to you and say, "O come and magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together." His own right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory, and He makes us more than conquerors through Him that loveth us. Oh! that precious union which was from eternity and is for ever! Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations; yea, from everlasting to everlasting we are one with Thee, and neither men nor devils can dis sever what God hath joined together—Christ and the Church; but truly I am a very feeble member, and an uncomely one too, yet the Lord hath need of her. The more feeble members are necessary, and the precious Head cannot say to the poor foot "I have no need of thee." Oh! the wonder to such an unworthy creature. What need can He have of me? Surely to bestow His fulness upon, to meet my emptiness, and then the love in His dear heart desires His chosen object. Uncomely as she may be in her own eyes and in the eyes of others, He sees her in His own beauty, and says, "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee." Surely "I am my Beloved's, and His desire is towards me." And then He has so constituted this union, that He is not only my perfection, but He would not be perfect without me. It seems marvellous, but how it was shadowed forth under the Levitical law, where the Priest must not have one member either lacking or superfluous. I feel the union, but cannot explain the mystery. Oh! the dear sympathy of our precious Head and Husband, how tenderly does He nourish and cherish His own flesh! Why should I care for myself with all this care, when wilderness matters are perplexing, seeing He careth for me, and I am more His than my own? Ah! there are times when He kisses all care away, and I would not alter the most trying things if I could, desiring only glory to Him and not gain to me or my fleshly ease; but there are other times when I am cumbered about many things, but the knots and tangles only get faster by all my caring and doing. Certainly my place is with Mary, at His dear feet, leaving Him to see to it how things go, then all goes well, the Bridegroom is honoured, and the Bride is at rest, for she finds rest in the house and the heart of her Husband, and nowhere else: and in love He has plainly told me not to keep separate accounts, but do all in His name. Thus He is the responsible party, and I am His sheltered and hidden one. But it is not always so experimentally. At some seasons I get judging by sense, and looking at the things which are seen and temporal;

then I am a burdened pilgrim; and it is heavy travelling. I think the good man is not at home, and has taken the bag of money with Him; so that I am shut in by mountains of difficulty. But Oh! His ineffable grace and love! He shews Himself again, and the mountains flow down at His presence. Outward things may remain just the same, but His dear company makes the rough places plain in a moment: in His light we see light, but by carnal reason we see nothing but darkness. Well, I must say of myself, so foolish am I and ignorant, I am as a beast before Thee. But my dear Lord I must ever praise, for His long suffering and tender forbearance, and restoring love; for "He restoreth my soul, He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for His name sake."

The past winter has been one of trial in many ways; but we know that it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom. Have been very weak and suffering in body, but better the last few days than for a long time. In all states Jehovah Rophi is the health of my countenance and my God. Thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ. I long to know more of the dear person of Christ, and grieve to hear so little thereof in the family. His leadings and dealing are precious, but Himself crowns the whole. May He please to reveal Himself more to my soul in the eternity of His person, and the glories thereof, after which I thirst. Have been walking with you a little in your written memorial of the Lord's dealings with you, and found sweetness therein; and seem taken back in mind to the time I first saw and heard you when you preached such dear long sermons, and looked so primitive with your hair long behind. I had just had the revelation of Christ in me, and wanted to hear of nothing but Him. Had no mind to hear you preach, because I heard you had written your life, and so concluded you would be full of self. But how was I astonished to hear my own dear secrets of love divine, drop like precious pearls from your lips. I was then longing to depart to see my Beloved face to face, but here I am yet, proving that His thoughts are not my thoughts. However, His love has not cooled one wit by the many waters of my treacherous dealing and wanderings. Praise Him. O our souls! He is "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." The Lord ever bless and reward you for all the dear communications I have had by your lips and your pen.

The other day I had a visit from the writer of "Wayside Notes" in the Gospel Magazine; he came to preach at Wilford. I never knew him before. He spoke to me about not writing for the Magazine, and said my poor letters had been blessed to many, and he thought I ought to do it. It was singular, the thing had been in my mind for some weeks; but could not come forth; but

now I have ventured again. May the dear Lord be magnified by all that befalls me. The old friends you know here still remain, but are getting among the ancients. The Lord seems working by His Spirit in young hearts, so instead of the fathers shall be the children. What changes you have seen in the attendants on your ministry, and yet live in and on unchangeables and preach the same. The eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. There is none like the God of Jeshuran. He is our God for ever and ever, and will be our guide even unto death, and through it the strength of our heart and our portion for ever. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from everlasting to everlasting. Amen and Amen. He blesses us, and we must bless Him. Hope you are well as usual. Thanks for your letter. With love to you both.

Your affectionate RUTH.

NOTICE OF NEW BOOK.

THE WAY HE HATH LED ME;
OR,
THE PATHWAY OF ARTHUR WILCOCKSON.

Hull: Edward Hannath; 11, Scale Lane; or of the Author, 10, Kirkby Place, Plymouth. Price 2s. 6d.

Our new Book is now ready, and it remains with our friends to do all in their power to spread it far and wide. Instead of containing 350 pages, it has reached nearly 500.

We have nothing to say in its favour; but we can with confidence declare that we have enjoyed very much of the power and presence of our best Friend and only Beloved in writing it, and we have not the least doubt that many of the Lord's children will find the two following portions verified in their experience while reading it, (Prov. xxvii. 17, 19). The Lord grant it for His name sake.

The Booksellers have found fault with us because we have not put our Work into the Trade. We could not afford to do so; for the Book has cost much more than the trade price.

If we can sell enough to cover the cost, we shall be well satisfied. Will our friends kindly show the Book about, and get us a few more orders. Let each sell a copy, and we are content.

Should the present volume pay its expenses, we have it in our heart and on our mind to publish a companion volume, containing letters, essays, sermons, hymns, poems, etc., etc.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. IX.

AUGUST, 1867.

No. 107.

SILVER AND GOLD THE LORD'S.

"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord."—HAGGAI i. 8.

IF both gold and silver are the Lord's, to whom is a living child to look but to the Lord? No matter where he looks, he is sure to meet with disappointment; but if the Lord raise his mind above creatures and circumstances, and enable him to look to His Almighty Self, can there be disappointment there? Can there be failure there? Impossible. Just as soon can Jehovah be dethroned as the expectation of a living child perish. The Lord never has and He never will falsify His Word. "Hath He said it, and shall He not do it?" To be sure He will do it. It matters not how large the need, how pressing the want, "there is nothing too hard for the Lord." Sense and reason, flesh and blood, are bad counsellors. The Lord alone is a wise one; and when He gives faith and confidence in Himself, though earth and hell oppose His work, nothing can shake the confidence of the living child.

Beloved, we were much tried a few days ago about ways and means, and wondered how this debt and that debt were to be paid, when, after telling the Lord all about it, we opened our Bible upon this portion: "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord." We then turned upon this portion: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Though, at the time, we had not a shilling in the world, we well knew that it was all right. None could shake the confidence which the Lord produced. We knew that He would supply our immediate wants, and, in His own time [we want it ours], enable us to pay all our debts with honor. There was no occasion for us to go to the creature, or listen to the creature, the Lord had spoken, and that was enough. He says, "The silver is MINE, and

the gold is MINE," and we believe it. Flesh and sense may reason upon it; but we say,

"Bow down sense and reason,
Faith only reigns here."

"Faith is the gift of God; but all men have not faith." The Lord's children have, or what is to distinguish them from the world? A life of sense is not a life of faith: a life of faith is not a life of sense. The natural man cannot live a life of faith, and Why? He has no faith. The child of God cannot live a life of faith only as the Lord works to will and do of His own good pleasure. He ever proves that all his springs are in the Lord, and all his strength is of the Lord.

When there was a severe famine in Samaria, the Lord commissioned His Prophet to predict plenty for the very next day. No wonder he was thought a fool for his pains. So much so, that one of the nobles of the realm had the daring to say that if the windows of heaven were opened such a thing should not be. But such a thing was by the Word of the Lord through His Prophet Elijah. But what became of that noble who limited the Holy One of Israel? When the Lord's Word was verified, He participated not in the blessing, but was trodden down in the gate of the city. Hence the king could not lean upon that lord again (11 Kings vii. 2); and it was a merciful intervention of the Lord to remove his prop. And, beloved, does He not graciously remove our props? Do we like to see them taken away? Not at the time, perhaps, but we prove, sooner or later, that we could do better without them. The Lord knows when we have too many friends. He will again and again "turn their heart to hate His people, to deal subtilly with His inheritance." What is this for? "That they might set their hope in God," and not "lightly esteem the Rock of their salvation." This is it, beloved, "Trust in the LORD for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength:" and we read that "they that trust in the Lord, shall be as mount Zion which abideth for ever." Hence there can be no harm in leaning alone upon the Lord. We are aware that many would draw a line between spiritual blessings and providential favours; but we cannot. Why? Because we can find no authority for doing so in the Word of God. It is true as far as the mere natural man is concerned there is a vast difference. Indeed he knows nothing about spiritual blessings, neither can he truly appreciate providential favours. How is this? He lives upon second causes. He has a thousand a year for life. How came he by it? His father left it him. How did his father get it? By his great prudence in business. How true it is—"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." Although there is not a creature upon this earth

deserving of a penny piece or loaf of bread, yet there are lords many and gods many. A matter of course life most live, and few indeed live upon the Lord for temporals and spirituals. "Therefore they sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag."

What then distinguishes a child of God from the mere professor? The latter lives upon his own resources, the former lives upon the Lord. The latter praises his own abilities and extols his own exertions, while the former pours contempt upon everything of his own, and sings

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

The latter trusts to his property, his stock, or his funds in the bank, while the former says, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." The latter lives the dead and dark life of flesh and sense, judging at all times according to appearances, while the former lives the life of faith upon the Lord, and so far from judging according to appearances can say with the Prophet: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines: the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat: the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet will I rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation." How is this? "Faithful is He who hath promised, who will also do it."

"For sooner all nature shall change,
Than one of His promises fail."

Perhaps a trembling child is ready to say, from what we have written, "Well, then, I am entirely out of the secret; for I find that mine is much more like a life of sense than faith." Child of God, be not cast down here. Were you not a living soul, dear to the Lord, you would not mourn your shortcomings. You would trust in the Lord, and live upon the Lord, but you find the power to be sadly wanting. You know that He has supplied, that He can supply; but the thing with you is, Will He further supply? What has He said? "In six troubles, I will deliver thee: and in seven, there shall no evil touch thee." How kind! How loving! Does He mean it, think you? What does He further say? "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" The child of God frequently gets reasoning according to appearance, and draws wrong inferences, and paints gloomy pictures; but who sets him at this work? The devil himself. What is his aim? To cause distrust in the Lord, and raise infidelity in the mind. Is it so? It is indeed. Whatever

infidels there are in the world, the Lord's children alone are *troubled* with infidelity. They do not *like* distrustful thoughts, they do not *allow* the Lord to be limited, or the Holy One of Israel circumscribed: and yet they often find themselves at it. How is this? They have as much flesh and blood as any of Adam's children, which cannot rise above its own natural level; but they have a spiritual nature hostile to it. Hence they are constrained to say with Paul: "So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin."

Child of God, your spiritual *will* is *right*, but you continually find that your natural *way* is *wrong*. In fact, you must confess—"In me; that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing."

The Lord says, may He speak it to you, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine." He does not say that some of it is His, and the remainder belongs to some one else. No, it is all His; and what does He further say? "All are yours." Hence what cause have you to respond, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want!"

Do you want ten shillings worth of silver, or ten pounds worth of gold? He knows where to put His hand upon it. Have you been looking in all directions for it? Perhaps you have forgotten to look up. He can send it in a way that you have no conception of. He can move your bitterest foe to administer to your necessities, if His pleasure. Limit not the Lord. Circumscribe not the Mighty God of Jacob. For,

"Whenever His children have need,
His goodness will find out a way."

Beloved, let those live upon their own resources that can, be it yours and ours to live upon the Lord. We would rather have these two portions sealed home with power than the riches of the Indies: "The silver is MINE, and the gold is MINE, saith the Lord." "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Times and again has the Lord given us His Word, which has produced full confidence in Him, that we have had the very thing desired, although it seemed as far off as before. There is then no restraint to the Lord. In fact, we have enjoyed more in believing that the Lord *would* supply than we have when He *has* supplied. This to some may sound strange, but it will find an echo in the hearts of others. At this moment, though never more involved in difficulties, we cannot distrust the Lord. Surely this is rejoicing in tribulation. To Him be all the glory. To the life of faith there is much opposition, both inward and outward; but the life of sense is commended by nearly all. Because the one honors the Lord and debases the

creature, while the other exalts the fleshly wisdom and prudence of man, and ignores the sovereign will and way of the Lord. We believe that our God, our own covenant God, ruleth over all, that He guides our every footstep, that He supplies our every need, and that He will be "God-All-Sufficient" in the future as well as He has during the past. We cannot find it *now* in our heart to say one word against all the way that He has led us, but we are constrained to say,

"I know, in all that has befall,
My Jesus has done all things well."

Beloved, the Lord give you faith and confidence in Himself, and raise you infinitely above the moveables of the time-state, and give you ever to remember that "He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps." Rest assured that all the silver is His, and that all the gold is His, and as much of both shall be yours as you need. So believes and so writes, dearly beloved, yours in the Lord,

THE EDITOR.

Kirkby Place, Plymouth,
Friday, June 7th, 1867.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, walk ye in Him."—COL. ii. 6

THIS is noble advice, and we well know that none but living children of the living God can realise it and act up to it, and why? Because the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, the blessed Remembrancer, dwells exclusively in the body of Christ, in the Church of the Firstborn, which are written in heaven: hence, "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, walk ye in Him;" walk in Him at all times: "put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ:" wear Him as a robe, a garment, a covering; appear in Him; in that mystic-oneness, in which, to participate, no language can express, no words can convey. But how did you receive Him? Because, if you have not received Him, you cannot walk in Him. Paul wrote to some professors, who began in the-spirit, and then sought to be made perfect in the flesh; that is, who professed to know God, and to have been brought to believe in Christ, through the faith of the operation of His Spirit, and then sought to be made perfect by turning to the beggarly elements of flesh and blood religion; but there is a wondrous difference between a man beginning

with God, and God beginning with him. How much "will-worship" there is in the present day! Natural men can worship when they like, and pray to God when they will; but this fleshly worship, this free-will worship, will not satisfy God's children, and these alone can worship Him acceptably, even in the beauties of holiness. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit, and in truth." None but those who are within the pale of God's Church are spiritual worshippers; and if you are a spiritual worshipper, and a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord has made you such.

"He makes the believer,
And gives him his crown."

We believe in these lines in the fullest extent of their meaning: all we have is His gift, and all we are is by His grace. "We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." "Where is boasting, then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay; but by the law of faith." We were created *in Him*: here we see the everlasting position of the Church of Christ, and her blest condition: what her Lord is, such is she in living oneness; He is the savour and the Saviour of His body; He is the sweetness and the fragrance of His garden. He says, "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." Thus He identifies Himself with His members, and so close is this union between the Head and the body, nothing can divide them, nothing can cause any separation between them: and when by precious faith we are enabled to realise this in our own heart's experience, when the Lord is pleased to lead us to the Rock that is higher than our finite minds, when He pours the oil of His grace into our vessels, we rise in one moment in nobleness of soul, and we feel we are on the living side of death, that we are beyond the Jordan: we enjoy an antepast of eternal bliss, we have the firstfruits of endless fruition. His presence is more to us than the possession of ten thousand worlds; it is more than earth can give, and, bless God, it is more than earth can deprive us of. "In the light of the King's countenance is life, and His favor is as a cloud of the latter rain," and when by faith we can see Him, we are satisfied with "Jesus only." We behold Him Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the first and the last, Christ all and in all, and we are contented to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

"And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold I make all things new!" We love to go out of ourselves altogether, and to settle down in Christ, to live in Him, to move in Him, and to have our spiritual being in Him. This and the preceeding are two of

the most glorious chapters in the entire Word of God. We believe that no man was so deeply led into that union which exists between Christ and the Church as was Paul; no prophet under the old dispensation, and neither of the other apostles under the new Testament order, wrote so blessedly concerning this mighty subject as did the great apostle of the Gentiles. In knowledge he excelled and exceeded all his predecessors. Isaiah spoke most gloriously of the sufferings of Christ; he saw everything done and everything accomplished in his day. Daniel, too, preached Jesus most precious: he spoke of Messiah being cut off, but not for Himself; but we must come to the Epistles to see the mind and the will of God fully opened up; and, under the dictation of the Eternal Spirit Paul says, "The mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations is now made manifest to the saints," and in Christ are "hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." God Himself hid them in the Son of His love, and none can discover them but the Spirit who searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God. "Who by searching can find out God? Who can find out the Almighty unto perfection?" We well know that no son or daughter of Adam can understand spiritual realities, the Lord alone can open them up and reveal them. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant;" or He will reveal His Christ to their immortal minds. What said this Mighty One, the Angel of the Everlasting Covenant, when Manoah enquired of Him, "What is Thy name?" "Why askest thou thus after my name, seeing it is secret?" Not seeing it is a secret, but seeing it is secret. His name is indeed Wonderful, Counsellor; it is hidden from the wise and the prudent of this world, but it is made known to His living children. "I will publish the name of the Lord; ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the Rock, His work is perfect," and we realise His name to be like ointment poured forth when He is pleased to develop and open up His truth to our minds. "Wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there," that is, by precious faith; and this is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen. Language fails to express one millionth part of the blessedness couched in the language of our text; we know not its mighty depths, we cannot scan its wondrous heights, or range its glorious breadths. Ah! we need the same Holy Spirit who guided the pen of the Apostle, and who indited the good matter in his heart, to unfold to us the mysteries of the kingdom. He wrote as he was moved by the Holy Ghost, and no man can read the Word with profit, and no man can preach the word Word with profit,

and for the edification of God's living family, unless endued with power from on high. *Inspiration, revelation, and manifestation*, are expressive terms, but they are now almost obsolete; nevertheless, we cannot know anything spiritually unless the Spirit be pleased to take of the things of Christ, and to show them unto us. Some say that the days of revelation and the days of inspiration are past; they tell us that God does not grant any now to participate in these favors, and that He does not manifest Himself to any now, but we are living witnesses to the truth of His own words, "If a man love Me, he will keep My words: and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him and make our abode with him," and His covenant promise is, "All Thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of Thy children." Oh! how glorious! "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things." "The anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you: but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in Him." This secret teaching, this precious unction, this sacred anointing, pervades the entire Church, and as the ointment ran down from the head of Aaron to the skirts of his garments, so this anointing reaches every member, and we desire no tuition, and no instruction, but the teaching and the instruction of our gracious Lord, who is the Shepherd and the Bishop of our souls. He knows how to speak a word in season. He wakeneth our ear to hear as the learned, and the words which He speaks are spirit and they are life. When we look back at the mysterious path in which our God has led us, we are constrained to say that all we know concerning the spiritual mysteries of His spiritual kingdom has been by revelation and by inspiration; and if you are a spiritual member of Christ, that is, if you are manifestly one of His mystic frame, you will want divine communication from your living Head. There is at all times union existing between the Head and the members, but when by precious faith they are enabled to hold the Head, communion is realised. We are told by anatomists that an unctuous matter flows throughout the joints of the natural body and prevents friction between the several members: and in the grand sense, in the glorious sense, in the spiritual sense, having nourishment ministered and being knit together in love, do you not increase with the increase of God? How blessed to feel this knitting of heart to heart, this entwining of soul to soul! We love the brethren, and why? Because they belong to the same family as we do, because they are sheep in the same fold, because they are children of the same Mighty God; and often when reading of the saints of the living God, when reading of Paul, or of Peter, or

of any of the blood-redeemed host, what going out of heart toward them do we feel! What love, what union do we realise! To a mere professor of religion this may appear strange, but it is blessedly true: love flows spontaneously from the heart of one member of Christ's body toward another, and when meeting one of the Lord's children, perhaps in a distant land, and a word has dropped from his lips showing he was joined to the Lord and one Spirit, though unknown in the flesh, what blessed knitting of soul has been felt! what blessed recognition! and John writes, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." I think this is one of the first features developed in the experience of God's children, and if you do not feel any love flowing out of your heart toward the chosen people of God, you have no reason to conclude that you belong to "the flock of slaughter." His people are spiritual members of the one spiritual body, which is conjoined to the one life-giving and life-sustaining Head, and though they may be absent from each other in the body, that is, so far as natural circumstances are concerned, they are together in the spirit (Adam the first has nothing to do with this), they dwell together in living oneness with the Lord above the strife of tongues; they dwell in Him their peaceable habitation, and "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" We live in Him, we walk in Him, we feed on Him, but "the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." Our life is hid with Christ in God; He is our life, and because He lives we must live also, and it is because we are one with Him that we are privileged to hold communion with Him. See in the instance of that woman who touched the hem of Christ's garment; virtue or power flowed from the Head to her a member; there was a divine communication arising from union with her gracious Lord, and had there not been a prior union-oneness, how could she have realised the power? but as there was already a union existing, communion followed, and we know it was a touch of faith, and it is written, "Add to your faith virtue," and when by faith we are privileged to touch our glorious Christ, virtue or power follows as a sure effect. Faith works by love, and faith is the gift of God. "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." Have we "like precious faith?" It is because we belong to faith's household, because we are sheep in the fold of our great Shepherd, because we are safely enfolded in His arms of love, because we are one with Christ, and because Christ is one with us.

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, walk ye in Him." You received Him as a free-grace gift, as the Anointed

of the Father; you received Him as a covenant gift of your covenant Jehovah, walk in Him your land of uprightness. "Judge not according to the appearance—judge not after the sight of your eyes—but judge righteous judgment;" for "we walk by faith and not by sight." None but living children of God walk according to this rule; these alone are in living oneness with Christ, and it is impossible to walk by faith unless alive from the dead. "And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." Nothing can touch the believer's life; Christ is his life, and this life is developed in his soul when made willing in the day of God's power; hence he may say with Paul, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." What said Jesus to Nicodemus that ruler of the Jews, that master of Israel? "Ye must be born again;" and how few comparatively in our day know what it is to be born of God, to be translated out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son! We know in one sense that the whole nation elect was born in one day, that the entire Church was quickened together with Christ, but there must be a development thereof; and all God's children either sooner or later are made alive from the dead, and when made alive from the dead, they are anxious to know whether they have a portion and a memorial in the spiritual Jerusalem; they do not desire to have a name to live and yet be dead; they do not want to deceive themselves and others; they dread to have merely a form of godliness; and their language is,

"How stands the case, my soul, with thee?
For heav'n are thy credentials clear?
Is Jesu's blood thine only plea?
Is He thy great Forerunner there?"

This is the breathing of the soul of all God's children: from the moment they have emerged from death to life they are concerned to know their interest in Christ, and they long to say with the poet,

"Be this my song thro' all the road,
That born I am, and born of God."

Born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but born from above; they want to know they were viewed in Christ in eternity, in covenant, in the purpose of God, and their desire is, "That I may win Christ and be found in Him:" "That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection." God either sees us in the first man or else in the second; He either beholds us as we stand united to a natural head, or else as we

stand united to a spiritual Head—in living oneness with the Lord from heaven, and if we are only viewed in Adam earthly, well may we say, “Vanity of vanities; all is vanity;” but if viewed in Christ,

“’Tis He instead of us is seen
When we approach to God.”

“Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of Thine anointed.” He bears all the names of His members on His breast-plate; they are indelibly engraven and inscribed there, and He beholds them at all times spotless and pure, meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, vessels afore prepared unto glory. Yes! prepared unto glory in God’s everlasting mind and will, before the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy; before the mountains were settled, and before the hills; “for in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature:” and “as many as walk according to this rule—that is, the rule of life, the rule of light, the rule of perfection, the rule of holiness—peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God;” and if the peace of God rule and reign in our hearts, that dear promise which was made to the Gentile Church will be sweetly fulfilled in our experience: “I will extend peace to her like a river:” and under the leadings and guidings of His Spirit, we shall realise that His righteousness covers us as the waves of the sea; we shall exult in His redeeming love: we shall praise Him for His redeeming blood, and we shall magnify Him for the riches of His grace.

“As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, walk in Him.” I believe there are some here who have received Him by faith, and some who long to receive Him; and doubtless there are some present who have no desire to receive Him, who have no heart-realisation, no soul-enjoyment of the precious truths of the Gospel, who are in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity, who are going on to destruction as fast as sin, Satan, and the world can drive them. But O! let me tell such, and truthfully too, that if they die without the reception of Christ into their hearts, where God is, they never can come: and how do we receive Him? By free-grace favor, by covenant love, by covenant blood; and we can say to our glorious Lord—

“In ties of blood, and nothing less,
We claim Thee as our own;
And God th’ Eternal Spirit bless
Who makes the kindred known.”

Glorious terms! Blessed ties! We admire that expression, “We claim Thee as our own;” not only we worship Thee, we revere

Thee, but we *claim* Thee, and we have a right to say with the Church, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." This eternal bond will never know any dissolution, and He has justified us freely; not only virtually, but manifestly, by the application of His precious blood to our hearts. The life is in the blood, and the blood is the life: take the blood out of a man, life is instantly suspended. All feeling is in the blood literally, and where there is no life, there is neither sense nor feeling: the blood is the life of the natural man, and the blood is the life of the spiritual man: and when the life-blood flows and glows, we feel lively, and we rejoice at the return of love and power. All streams run into the rivers, and all rivers run into the sea, and widen as they near the mighty expanse, and when the Lord causes the well of living water to spring up in our heart and to rise in our soul, we rejoice in the return of the tide. Our joys are oftentimes at a low ebb; but when our glorious Christ grants us copious showers of blessing, when He inundates our soul with His love, and overpowers us with His goodness, we delight to bless His name; we drink of the river of His pleasures, and with joy we draw water out of the wells of salvation. There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, and in the wilderness waters break out and streams in the desert; the parched ground becomes a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water; but when the streams flow back again to their source, when they run back to the ocean, like Abraham of old we have to return to our own place. I have often known what it has been when preaching to feel full with the blessing of the Lord, to be satisfied with favor; I have felt my heart flow out in love to the Lord's family, to the children of His choice, the children of His affection; and my gracious God has enabled me to speak out of the abundance of my heart as He has been pleased to pour in; but when I have left off, perhaps I have realised no dew, no unction: I have felt empty, and I have thought surely I shall never again be able to speak in the name of the Lord, and to bring out of His treasury things new and old: nevertheless, I have always found sufficient unto the day, and as my day my strength has been, and it is but a small thing for the Mighty God to fill me to overflowing, or to fill any of His vessels; for He is the great Ocean itself, the ever-flowing tide. He fills all space; He is immensity, infinity itself. "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily:" it dwelt in Him when He was a babe in Bethlehem's manger, and when He travelled Judea's plains as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; it dwelt in Him when in Gethsemane's garden and when hanging on the cross, suffering the just for the unjust; it dwelt in Him when He expired in the children's flesh, when He was laid in the sepulchre, and

when He rose triumphantly from the dead: at no time could it be said it was not resident in Him, and O! glorious mercy, we are complete in Him at all times, under all circumstances, even when we were living hostile to God and to His ways, when we were walking according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, "having no hope, and without God in the world." We were ever viewed in oneness with our Beloved Lord, "perfect in Christ Jesus," "Accepted in the Beloved."

As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, walk ye in Him." What a royal free-grace privilege! What a covenant mercy to receive Him! We cannot receive Him except we are under divine teaching; by divine culture alone can we enter into the deep things of God, and see the mighty deep which coucheth beneath every portion in the sacred Word. Unless we start right, every after-step but leads us farther from the goal; but if the first step be right, all the succeeding steps will be right also, and had not the Lord turned our steps Zionward, and placed our feet in the narrow road which leadeth to life, we should still have been pursuing the broad road which leadeth to destruction, and "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Every child of God desires to know whether he is in the right road, whether he has been made willing in the day of God's power; the language of his heart is,

"And is my name enroll'd?
Do Thou my soul assure:
Am I within that fold
Which Jesus keeps secure?
Then hold my feet in Zion's way,
'Till Thee I meet in endless day."

I am now referring to those of the living family who are not established, who are not grounded and settled in the faith; they are concerned to know whether God has indeed commenced a work of grace in their hearts, and they petition Him to settle the doubtful point; they ask Him to tell them if they are right, and they beg Him if they are not right to put them right, and to guide them with His counsel, and afterwards to receive them to glory; and they cannot be satisfied until the Spirit bears witness with their spirits that they are born of God. Ah! child of God, never should we have known our blest condition in Christ had not the Lord revealed it to us, and O! how it gladdened our hearts when He said to us, "I am Joseph your Brother:" we then apprehended our union with Him, and realised that we belonged to the one glorious brotherhood, and that though we had long been going to the enemy's camp, yet that nothing could alter relationship, or snap that everlasting bond of love; and Jesus said to His

disciples, "I ascend unto *My* Father, and *your* Father; and to *My* God, and *your* God." Then, and not till then, could we exclaim in full confidence, and in full assurance of hope with the Church, "I am my Beloved's, and His desire is toward me:" and without the shadow of a doubt resting on the mind say with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." We are complete in Christ now, but our knowledge here below is imperfect. Coming to full assurance of faith is one thing, that is, to a full apprehension of our union-oneness with Christ, and coming to the full assurance of understanding is another: we shall not attain to the latter state whilst in the lowlands of sin and sorrow; we must drop the clay tent before we shall know even as we are known. Now we only know in part; our knowledge is like a spark compared to the sun, but when the Lord shall take us to Himself, then that which is in part shall be done away. "And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as He is pure." Angels stand not in that perfection of purity in which the Church is ever seen; those bright intelligences are not raised to that dignity and glory to which she is, "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." O! may the Lord enable us to set our affections on things above, not on things on the earth; may our minds be directed above all sublunary objects and subjects, and fixed upon Christ, settled on this one object, on this one blessed subject.

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, walk ye in Him." We know that all precepts and all commands in the Word of God must be made spirit and life before we can follow them: none but children of God know this secret, and in their own experience they know the truth of those words, "To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." How often when in the house of God are their thoughts wandering like the fool's eyes to the end of the earth! Time-things and earthly cares absorb their thoughts, and God alone can carry home this portion with power, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things which are God's." O! do not think that the old nature will ever become better; it is corrupt, and nothing but sin abounds therein; there is no such thing as progressive sanctification, for Christ is made of God unto us sanctification, and how can there be progress in that which is already perfect? Unless we are viewed by God in the Man of the Father's right hand, we have neither part nor lot in the matter of God's salvation, for in us, that is, in our flesh, there dwelleth no good thing. When we would do good, evil is present with us, but clothed with the spotless robe of Christ's righteous-

ness, we are fairer than the angels of light. Our own righteousness, our fleshly religion, our creature goodness, we trample beneath our feet; we count them all but loss, and we know that to our dying day, the old nature—the old man—will never be better, being a leper throughout; but we can exult in our exalted position in Christ. Child of God!

“In thy Surety thou art free,
His dear hands were pierc'd for thee,
With His spotless vesture on
Holy as the Holy One.”

Can you realise this glorious truth? Can you enter into it? “Holy as the Holy One!” Can this be true? O! yes: we are partakers of the Divine nature, by the communicated Word; and unless you are holy even as He is holy, let me tell you in love, and truthfully too, that you can never enter the portals of bliss and blessedness; you will never hear the Lord say, “Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” O! the blessedness of knowing our dignity, our spotless purity, our perfection in Christ. O! the glory of realising that we are holy and unblameable and unproveable in His sight. He is all in all to us, our God and our glory, and we are all to Him. “The Lord’s portion is His people; Jacob is the lot of His inheritance.”

“As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord.” It matters not when you received Him, or where you received Him; you well know you received Him by power divine; by love, through the channel of the redemption; you received Him under the ministration of the eternal Spirit. O hallowed time! blessed season! Perhaps you received Him when hearing the Word preached, and the Lord was pleased to carry it home with Almighty power; perhaps when reading the Word of God; perhaps when like a sparrow alone upon the housetop you were feeling that lover and friend were far from you; perhaps when sinking fathoms deep, according to your own feelings, writing bitter things against yourself, and well nigh ready to give all up in despair. “Yes!” say you, “I looked for judgment, but beheld mercy: I looked for condemnation, but He brought me justification; and though unworthy of these blessings, I received Him into my heart, and I rose in living oneness with Him. He brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and He put a new song in my mouth, and I could indeed bless Him and say, “Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Sion.” He removed me from the noise of archers in the place of drawing water, and there I rehearsed the righteous acts

of the Lord: I could speak of the glory of His kingdom, and talk of His power; and such love, such praise, and such gratitude flowed out of my heart, that I felt had I ten thousand tongues I would speak alone of His matchless love, and had I ten thousand crowns I would cast them all at His dear feet. I felt, moreover, that language was so poor, and that my powers were so weak, to express one millionth part of the beauty I saw in my glorious Christ, and I longed to leave this lower earth, and to bound into His immediate presence; I longed to expand into the ocean of His love, and to unite in far higher and nobler strains in singing His high praises. How few in our day like those sweet lines of Erskine's:

"Dost mind the place, the spot of land,
Where Jesus did thee meet?"

We heard of one a short time since who said, when referring to those who could remember the time *when* and the place *where* the Lord blotted out their sins and sealed home pardon, that he trembled for them. Well may we say to all such, as Jesus said to the daughters of Jerusalem, Weep not for us, but "weep for yourselves." God's children realise these favours, and enjoy these blessings, when the Lord comes down in majesty and in power, and when He says, "I have loved *thee* with an everlasting love," when He whispers, "I have redeemed *thee*; I have called *thee* by thy name; thou art mine." They rejoice at His Word, as one that findeth great spoil; they have pleasures which they cannot express, joys which cannot be told. I think Paul had His eye on this when he said, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift." But one may say, when was this gift bestowed on us? In eternity, before the foundation of the world.

"Sav'd from the damning power of sin,
The law's tremendous curse,
We'll now the sacred song begin
Where God began with us.

We'll sing the vast unmeasured grace
Which from the days of old
Did all His sons elect embrace,
As sheep within His fold."

The Church was the body of Christ in covenant, in mystic design from everlasting: Christ belonged to her in eternity. He belongs to her in time, and He will belong to her throughout an eternal day; but I think our text refers to the development of this covenant gift in the experience of the children of God in time, and "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" This one gift includes all gifts; this one blessing comprehends all blessings; and there is not one covenant blessing which does not belong to us on the ground of relationship: everything is summed

up in Christ, the possession of Him includes in its grasp every spiritual blessing, and if we have Jesus, we have all and abound. He was given us in eternity, but we realise this gift in time; and when He first quickened us into life, did we not seek Him among our kinsfolks and acquaintances? Did we not seek Him among our relations after the flesh? but we found Him not. We sought Him here, and sought Him there, but realised not His presence, and where did we find Him? We believe He is *first* found in the temple ("For ye are the temple of the living God"); but He is a Sovereign, and doeth according to His will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, but when He manifests Himself to a child of His, such an one is instantly brought to His feet, and is overpowered by His goodness.

How many here have received Christ Jesus the Lord? In how many hearts has the Spirit witnessed adoption? O! that the Lord may grant, if it be His pleasure, that all His children here present may have the persuasion of this glorious fact, and know their acceptance in the Beloved. You may be blessed with health and blessed with wealth; you may have all this world calls good and great; yea, all the riches of the Indies might belong to you, but without this gift, you are poor indeed; but, if you possess this pearl of great price, with the immortal Toplady you may sing,

"I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss
Since Thou, O Christ, art mine."

If Christ be yours, "all are yours," and well might Moses the man of God say to the highly favoured people he addressed at the time, "Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Jehovah, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency!" "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Child of God, as you have received Christ Jesus the Lord, by new covenant gift and by precious faith, I need not say value Him; for "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious," and the Lord says, "I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir." Jehovah gave us the Man of His right hand, and He has endeared Himself to our souls, and we can say that no comeliness do we see in any compared with our Christ; whom have we in heaven but Him? and there is none upon earth we desire beside Him.

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, walk ye in Him;" that is, appear in Him by faith, tell Him that although you are unworthy, and although you have been unmindful of His goodness, yet He is your God; tell Him you are an heir of God, or joint-heir with Jesus Christ; tell Him Satan often disputes this

point, and questions your sonship; tell Him that the enemy oftentimes comes in like a flood; tell Him that the Sun of Righteousness has shone upon your path, that dew has rested upon your branch; tell Him you have realised the unction and the savour of His Word. He loves us to remind Him of His promises, and to ask Him to do as He has said; yea, to plead before Him, "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." O! may the Holy Ghost bring to our remembrance the words which Jesus has spoken to us. When He reveals these precious things to us, we forget time-sorrows, and all time-perplexities; we forget ourselves, and all creature-connections, and we long for that blissful time to arrive, that glorious moment, when it will be absent from the body, and present with the Lord.

"My soul anticipates the day,
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, a palm to bear,
And bow—the chief of sinners there."

(*To be continued.*)

A SERMON.

The Nineteenth.

PREACHED BY THE LATE MR. ARTHUR TRIGGS.

(*Concluded from page 253.*)

Well, now mark another mercy in connection with this. Hear what our blessed Lord says in the 9th chapter of John. He is there very particular on this subject. First He proclaims Himself the Shepherd, and then He speaks of Himself as the Door, and He says, "By me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." No matter who he is or what he is; *any man* is an extensive expression. Now, saith He, I am the good Shepherd, and I lay down my life for the sheep. I have power, He adds, to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. He does not say that power has been communicated to Him, but He says I *have* power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. He had this power of Himself. Now, what blessedness arises from this? When Jesus Christ laid His life down for His sheep, He killed to all eternity all deaths connected

with the sheep; He swallowed up death in victory, and by His resurrection brought life and immortality to light by the gospel. Well, then, what does He say further on this subject? "My sheep," He says, hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." Ah, says the poor soul, I am afraid I shall perish. And so have you and I said a thousand times, yet it has never come to pass. What a precious mercy it is that God never condemns us for what we say—you may take that in the greatest latitude you please. The Lord said to David, "I will deliver thee out of their hand." David said, "I shall one day die by the hand of Saul." When you and I begin to consult flesh and blood about flesh and blood matters, what formidable enemies do the children of Amalek appear! Suppose the children of God die without repentance, say they. Well, but they never do. Suppose the children of God die without faith? None ever did so: "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." Suppose they die without the fear of God in their hearts? That is impossible, because God says, "I will put my fear into your hearts, and I will be merciful to you, and your sins will I remember no more." This is God's word. The word of our God shall stand for ever. Why shall the children never perish? Because Jesus Christ has put away their sins by the sacrifice of Himself. Well, then, there is no law to curse them? No law! why? Because Jesus Christ has been made a curse for us: "He was made sin who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." There is our standing. Well, then, "I give to them eternal life." Now, you are aware that nothing can be added to eternal life; and, blessed be God, nothing can be taken from it. "They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." We are assured not only that we shall "never perish," but that we are in "His hands;" and therefore, as Paul says, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

Now, is there a poor soul here that is filled with fears, and doubts, and timidity, and exercises of mind; that is, writing bitter things against himself? Thou shalt not perish: "I give unto them eternal life." Oh, says the poor soul, I want to feel the enjoyment of it, and to feel its blessedness. Think of eternal life unalterable in Jesus Christ, and don't think only of thy experience of the blessedness of it. He is Jesus Christ the "same yesterday, to-day and for ever." What does He say to you? Why, "I am the Lord, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." I might quote another scripture which is very precious to my soul in connection with this eternal life—God the Father giving us life in His Son, and Jesus Christ giving to us eternal life in Himself.

Now comes the sweetness of the experience of the same as God manifests it to our hearts: "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us." Love and life are always found in connection; they are, so to speak, one and the same thing. "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as He is, so are we in this world.

Pause one moment to contemplate these eternal realities. Who can calculate the blessedness arising to God's children even from the last sentence I quoted, and yet they are always fighting against it. Because as He is, so are we in this world. What a hold we have here on God's truth, faithfulness, affection and delight. Nothing can alter this most glorious mercy.

We now pass on to the next particular: "Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death." We are going to speak of three deaths quite different from that death which we die in Adam. What are these deaths? First, the death of Jesus Christ; secondly, our death unto sin; and, thirdly, our death to the law. These deaths are unspeakable mercies to God's children; you will never get to heaven without them. Oh, how sweetly does Paul speak of one of them, where he says, "I was alive once"—only once! How? "Without the law." And yet he tells us that as touching the righteousness which was in the law he was blameless. Just ponder that, and find out if you can the blessed secret; see whether he meant the ceremonial law, or the law which James calls the "glorious law of liberty." "Sin revived," says the apostle, "and I died."

Now, with regard to the death of Jesus Christ, let it be remembered, in the first place, that Jesus Christ, in His own person, though He took our nature, was not subject to death in itself. Had He been the subject of death in itself, His death would not have been so gloriously efficacious as it is now. Why? Because His death would then have been a natural consequence arising from His subjection to it. Being the eternal God, He took our flesh and blood into union with Himself, and He was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." Then mark, had Jesus Christ been the subject of sin He would have been the subject of death, and had He been the subject of death He must have been the subject of condemnation. Then if we admit that, away go the glorious perfections and the suretyship of the Son of God. What Jesus Christ became was His own voluntary love act for the redemption of the Church of God. By taking our nature He came into the very circumstances of the Church of God. But you are to remember that He was not subject to mortality as you and I

are. Not subject to mortality! Perhaps there are some critics here. I hope there are. Not subject to mortality! Why? Because mortality was the effect of sin. Well, then, it was His own voluntary act as our Surety that He came into the Church's nature, as "God manifest in the flesh," that He was "made a little lower than the angels," that He was "born of a woman." Oh, it is a glorious truth, He was made sin for us, He endured the curse of the law for us. Here we have His own acting and performing, and God the Father's acting on behalf of the Church. Now do you understand these glorious truths? If you do, Jesus Christ is precious to you: I mean Christ in God. There are hundreds and thousands of Christs preached in the world, but there is only one Christ in God. Some have preached a peccable Christ, a sinful Christ, but they are gone out of the world, and I will not talk about them.

Well, then, by the death of our Lord Jesus Christ was life and immortality brought to light. If you look into the 28th of Ezekiel, at the 10th verse you will find these words, "Thou shalt die the deaths of the uncircumcised." Who are the uncircumcised? You and I, poor Gentile sinners; and whatever the deaths of the uncircumcised were, Jesus Christ died for them. I have heard some ministers attempt to explain them, speaking of natural death, spiritual death, and eternal death. I like to explain God's mysteries from God's Word. Christ died the death of the uncircumcised; it was not in His case a natural death, but it was by his own voluntary act that He laid down His life, and died for the transgressions of the people. Now this death is an eternal one. Nothing can be added to it, and nothing can be taken from it. St. Paul says, "Sin entered, and death by sin." We have felt the effects of it, and we lived in the effects of it, until God quickened our souls. "Sin entered, and death by sin." Whatever that death was, Jesus Christ destroyed it. As Satan had the power of death, so by His death He destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil. Here is a glorious deliverance from death, with all its consequences, which we inherited from the first Adam, all being removed and abolished by Jesus Christ. Death can do no harm to the child of God: it cannot separate him from eternal love in Jesus Christ; for "blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Christ Jesus was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification; and now we being justified, have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. There is no death to the believer, it is all done away.

We shall now make one or two remarks upon the next particular, which is death unto sin.

No one can be dead to sin but he that is alive in Christ Jesus.

Upon this subject the children sometimes draw extravagant conclusions. Oh, if I were dead to sin, you say, do you think I should feel sin? I reply, Most assuredly; for it is only those who are alive in Christ Jesus, that are at all conscious of sin in the flesh. And yet it is utterly impossible that being dead in sin we can live to it! Why? Simply because we are dead. Do you understand this glorious subject? What! dead to sin—can no longer live there? The Lord's children have their fears about it. It is useless to be continually talking of preventives; the spring of motion is in the heart. It is demonstrated that we are dead to sin, and sin never can have dominion over us. When we were dead in sin, we were under the law; but now we are dead to sin, we are no more under the law than our most glorious Christ. May the Lord open more and more this glorious mercy. I know it is a hackneyed phrase that you ought to throw out admonitions. Admonitions are all very good in their way. You ought to preach precept, say some. So I will: but, "having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God," you cannot live without it now. Putting off the old man, which is carnal, with all his deeds—removing absolutely everything that belongs to the creature—and what then? Putting on the Lord Jesus Christ, and making no provision for the flesh. As John sweetly says, "He that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as He is pure." The man or woman will be dead to sin—sin cannot touch them—he lives without sin because he is in union with the most glorious Christ. I have my feelings in the flesh, but I certainly cannot so dishonour my God as to think that sin will ever get the mastery over me. Well but, say you, do not you pray the Lord to keep it down? I will tell you what I pray for, I pray for the Lord to help me up, and then I am sure that sin will never keep me down: "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe."

How do you get on under your oppressions? Why, I am oppressed, but then I know that under me are the everlasting arms. I really do not know what people mean when they speak about preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. They speak as though there were something wonderful for the creature to do, when in fact it is God that "worketh in us to will and to do of His good pleasure."

We must now very briefly notice the next particular, namely, that we are dead to the law. Now you know that this is a doctrine which all the lawyers are opposed to. I do not mean the lawyers which stand up in Lincoln's Inn, but I mean the lawyers who stand up in pulpits. What are they talking about there? The law. Why, if they had ever felt the spirituality of the law in

their hearts, they would never attempt to handle it, they would never hold up the law before the eyes of their people. Well, (say some) do not go too far. I say that we are dead to the law, and being dead to the law, there is not one command in that law which is left upon the Church of Christ. If I am dead to the law and crucified with Christ, my life is secure, and salvation is my glorious portion.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE NORTH.

BELoved IN THE LORD,—How we daily have to prove the truthfulness of the following portion: "In me; that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." This is a secret hidden from all the natural sons and daughters of Adam; for every natural man supposes that he is not altogether void of goodness. But the child of God well knows that when he would do good, evil is present with him; therefore how to perform that which is good he finds not. When, however, the mind is raised above what he is in the flesh, and he is enabled to see that all his goodness dwells perpetually in Christ, that he possesses nothing to commend him to God's favor but Christ, and that the great Jehovah is infinitely more satisfied with the atonement of Christ than He possibly can be dissatisfied with his sin, he then becomes "satisfied with substance, and filled with the blessing of the Lord." He can then honor the Lord with his substance, instead of continually dishonoring Him with his empty shade. His eye at once becomes single, and his whole body is filled with light. Then the poor sinner can look unto Him, and be enlightened, and his face is not ashamed. But all the time the living child gets poring over what he finds himself in union to a natural head, mourning his loss in the creature, there is nothing but gloominess and darkness; and how is this? "Behold, there is death in the pot." The Lord never intended that we should find satisfaction in ourselves; for if we did, we should be more inclined than ever to strut about in our own creature righteousness. Out of this He mercifully brings us: away from this He lovingly leads us. The Lord says, "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from iniquity, that is understanding." Therefore to depart from self is spiritual understanding which none but living children are blest with. But we shall not depart from that with which we are engrossed. All the time we are pleased with self, we shall not deny self. All the time that we are satisfied with the creature, we shall not be disposed to say, "Whom have I

in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." The Lord is therefore pleased to bring us into the experience of what Kent says in the following verse—

"If to-day He deign to bless us,
With a sense of pardoned sin,
He to-morrow may distress us,
Make us feel the plague within:
All to make us
Sick of self, and fond of Him."

None are "sick of self" but living children; and none are "fond of Him" but real sons and daughters: and these would have lived and died ignorant of both self and the Lord, had it not been that they were "made willing in the day of His power." To these living children we would now write, and say,

"From self, from slavish fear, and sin,
My fair one, come away."

Why should you mourn on account of what you feel and find in yourself? The Lord says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." He does not tell us to look into ourselves: and when we look unto Him, it must be away from self. If I look at the sun I cannot see the earth: and the Lord says, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." It is as Peter expresses it, "Unto whom coming:" and if it be unto Him *coming*, it must be from self going. When the three Mary's were looking into the empty grave for Christ, this question was put to them, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" But they came to anoint Him. Christ was not to be anointed in the grave. He was anointed for His burial by Mary in the house of Simon before He died; and He is anointed with the oil of gladness, grace being poured into His lips, that He might speak gracious words into our hearts. He alone can speak a word in season to him that is weary; and

"When He speaks, His words are cheering,
Causing bliss, ay, bliss complete."

It is in vain to look for the second Adam in Adam the first—"He is not here, He is risen." "He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." He lives, we live in union to Him.

"What comfort this sweet sentence gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

"True Light's" Pathway will be resumed next month; also letters of "Reaper" and "Gleaner." We did not intend so much of *ours* to appear. It shall not occur again.—Ed.

ZION'S WITNESS.

VOL. IX.

SEPTEMBER, 1867.

No. 108.

CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE;

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM THE PULPIT.

(Continued from page 258.)

You that were here this morning will remember that we read this as our text then, and that we went over some of the glories therein contained; but we well know that we shall never fathom the mighty depths comprehended in this verse, or enter into half the blessedness couched in these words; nevertheless, if the Spirit take of the things of Christ and reveal them unto us; if He grant us to realise our interest in them, and to rejoice in our oneness with the Lamb of God; if He bring to our remembrance past Bethel seasons, and the many blessings we have enjoyed at the covenant hand of our covenant God; if He remind us of former deliverances, and of the many precious words He has spoken to us; if He cause His goodness again to pass before us, and show unto us what He has done for us, and how He has brought us on to the present moment with a high hand, and with an outstretched arm, we shall feel it good to be here: we shall bless the Lord for what He has accomplished *for* us, and for what He has wrought *in* us; and we shall be raised above this dusty, dusky stage of time. O! may the Lord work effectually, gloriously, wondrously: may words flow from the gracious lips of our King Immanuel, and may we be absent from the body, in heart-realisation, and present with the Lord, in soul-enjoyment. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." "For ye have not received the Spirit of bondage again

to fear, but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry Abba, Father." None can cry "Abba, Father," but those who have the Spirit of adoption; or, as it is written in another place, "the Spirit of His Son;" these alone have access by faith into this grace wherein the Church stands, these alone can draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith. We could not say these words when we were first quickened into life, we dared not adopt such confident terms until the Spirit bare witness with our spirit that we were amongst the jewels in the crown of our glorious Christ. Matter of course will not satisfy God's living children; they cannot take things for granted; *peradventures* or *may be's* will not avail: no creature power can persuade them that it will be well with them when time shall be no more with them: nothing short of a word from the Lord will produce assurance and confidence; nothing but a manifestation of His power will cause them to realise that their names were enrolled from eternity in the Lamb's book of life, that they were amongst that blest number who were given by the Father into the hands of Christ before time, that they were redeemed from the Adam-transgression by precious blood, and that they are kings and priests unto God. The Holy Ghost, the Minister of the New Testament, alone can apply the Word with power, and seal it home with dew and unction. We have no more power to persuade a child of God of his exalted position in Christ than we have to create a world, to blot the sun from the heavens, or to bind the surging ocean. Power belongeth unto God, and it is not by creature-might, nor by natural-power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts. It is but for Him to speak, and to whisper peace, and all the turmoil of life is instantly forgotten; it is but for Him to say, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved," and we feed on love, and sit at love's table. Love is the atmosphere we inhale, and when His banner of love, waving in the breeze of the eternal Spirit, floats over our heads, we not only receive Christ, but we exult in Him. What said David? "In my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved. Lord, by Thy favor Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong:" and have we not adopted the same language? Child of God, we know our standing is sure, and though we oftentimes fear and tremble, we are assured that our foundation is immovable, and that we have an immutable basis; nevertheless, have we not often exclaimed with the Psalmist, "Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled?" He did not mean that the rock could be shaken, or the foundation be removed, but he missed the presence of his best Friend. Just so is it in the experience of God's living children still; when the Lord manifests Himself they go in before the King and bless Him who hath dealt so bountifully with them; they commune with Him and speak to

Him as a man speaketh unto his friend ; but when He hides His face they mourn His absence ; He covers Himself with a cloud, and He leaves them, that is, in manifestation, in the development of His goodness, in the unfolding of His covenant purpose ; and then it is they are troubled, and say, "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God : when shall I come and appear before God ?" or when shall I appear again before Him ? When shall I again be satisfied with favor and full with the blessing of the Lord ? When shall I again realise the clear shining ? Job knew something of this : he said, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him ! that I might come even to His seat !" He longed for another manifestation of the Lord's love to his soul ; but when his glorious Beloved again caused him to sit under His shadow with great delight, he had all he could desire, and all that he could realise.

"But ah ! when these short visits end,
Tho' not quite left alone,
We miss the presence of our Friend,
Like one whose comfort's gone."

And show me a child of God who is not troubled when the Lord hides His face ! "In the light of the King's countenance is life, and His favor is as a cloud of the latter rain," but when He withdraws His sensible presence, like Abraham of old, we have to return to our own place. There is reality in true religion, in vital godliness ; there is no delusion in communion with the Lord. One sings,

"Communion with our God, how sweet,
But O ! the hours how few,
When we can sit at Jesu's feet,
And foxes not pursue."

How often do we find ten thousand thoughts obtrude into the mind when we would rehearse the mighty acts of the Lord, and utter forth the memory of His great goodness, and we look for Him to shine again ; we wait and watch for Him more than they that watch for the morning ; we long for a fresh development of His power, and in His own time He comes and puts a wrestling spirit within us, and then He says, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." O Lord ! we reply, How can we let Thee go ? Our soul is on fire, our spirit in a flame, the moment our heart has longed for has come, the welcome day has dawned, we will not, we cannot, let Thee go, except thou bless us. These are some of the breathings of the Household of faith ; love constrains them to speak thus : they want to realise His favor ; they want the Lord to bless them with fresh manifestations. O ! renew Thy visits ; "Restore unto me the

joy of Thy salvation," let this be the time to favor me. These are some of the cries of one made alive from the dead. The good old corn of the land, and the wine of the kingdom, will alone satisfy spiritual minds: God's children must drink of living water from the well of Bethlehem, and partake of bread corn bruised; they must feed by precious faith on the slaughtered Lamb, though it be with bitter herbs, and Jesus saith, "These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation." Then why complain of the tribulated pathway? Why repine at the Lord's dispensations?

"Tis the right way, though dark and rough,
Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough."

And our Beloved, moreover, says, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." O! how blessed to know He always watches over His people, and ever encircles them in His arms of love, and that though they may have to pass through much tribulation, yet that they are at all times heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, and not only so, but that He will grant every member of His Church elect an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom.

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, walk ye in Him." Our text is addressed exclusively to those who have received Him, to those who have been made partakers of the Divine nature, to those who have been called with an high and an holy calling. I suppose we shall have the usual charge laid to us to-night of preaching to saints and not to sinners, but we well know that all the saints of God are sinners—sinners saved by grace—and those who say such things prove that they are ignorant of the truth in Jesus. These words will alone apply to those who have received Christ Jesus the Lord in His eternal power and Godhead; received Him as the Creator of the ends of the earth, who fainteth not, neither is weary; received Him as their Kinsman-Redeemer, their Brother born for adversity, their Friend that loveth at all times; received Him as their Refuge, their Companion in Tribulation, the High Priest of their profession; received Him as the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, the Ancient of Days; received Him in His atoning sacrifice; received Him in His spotless righteousness; received Him in His powerful and prevalent intercession; received Him in all He has accomplished, in His doing, dying, and rising again; received Him as Alpha; received Him as Omega; as the first, as the last, as the beginning, as the ending, yea, as All and in All; and to those who

have received Him so gloriously, so sweetly, so blessedly, we would say, "Walk in Him." Child of God! you know you have received Him, but you know also that you never merited this favor, and why did you receive Him? O! how important the question when you realise that thousands are swept away without hearing of Jesus, and thousands more who have a name to live, but who are dead; who have a form of godliness, but who deny the power thereof; whose profession is only a delusion. You know you have received Him, not in profession, but in possession; not in shadow, but in substance; you know that He dwells in you, and that you dwell in His heart by precious faith; and the only reason that can be assigned is "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." What cause have you to bless His name? What cause for gratitude to the God of all your mercies that He has not permitted you to go with the multitude, with the stream (as it were), but that He has raised you up and brought you out, that He has placed your feet upon a rock, and put a new song into your mouth, even praise unto the mighty God of Jacob! If your heart were ten thousand times larger than it is, it would not be large enough to give Him the praise due unto His name for His mercy which has been manifested toward you. How often do we circumscribe and limit the Holy One of Israel, and draw fleshly conclusions and fleshly inferences from surrounding circumstances, instead of feeling "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." We think too lightly of all our mercies, and all our privileges. Ah! do we prize half sufficiently our union-oneness with the Lord? Do we value as we should our relationship with the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, the only wise God? Do we not too often lose sight of our blessed position in Him, our glorious condition; and do we not forget that relative tie which exists between us and our Head? What cause have we as sheep of His fold, as children of His choice, to extol and magnify Him? What cause to praise Him night and day for the reception of Christ? We love to trace everything to its source, to the fountain, to covenant love; had it not been for covenant love, there would have been no covenant blood, and no covenant righteousness, there would have been no covenant children; but it is written "the counsel of peace—or the covenant of love—shall be between them both," that is, between the Father and the Son; and thus saith Jehovah, "I will preserve Thee, and give Thee for a covenant of the people." Hence Christ Himself is the covenant. How forgetful are we of His love! We have no gratitude and no thanksgiving in our hearts unless He bestow these gifts; we have no feeling sense of His love unless He be pleased to cause a development therein; and although in mystic

oneness with Him, how often do we lose sight of our dignity, our beauty, our glory in Him! Sometimes we attempt to pour out our hearts before Him, and we tell Him how unmindful we are, and we petition Him to give us gratitude, for He alone can produce it in our hearts; we intreat Him to bless our blessings. He has promised to abundantly bless the provision of His house, and to satisfy His living poor with bread. We are constrained to confess that it is an inestimable blessing to have spiritual food in the house of the Lord, but unless He bless it to us, we are not satisfied. We love Him to bless the Word of life to us, to break the living bread, and to give it to us, even as He did to the disciples of old literally; and unless He be pleased to bless it to us, no gratitude of heart will flow forth. The living children of God here present can corroborate what we say; they know that as well might they look for pearls among the shingles on our shores as for contentment and gratitude in their own hearts. At all times and under all circumstances, we find in us, that is in our flesh, there dwelleth no good thing, and we deplore our ingratitude, we mourn over our ungratefulness; we would praise our gracious Lord, and magnify Him who alone is worthy; we would sing more sweet, more loud, and Christ should be our song, but we feel we are earth-bound, sin-bound, world-bound, time-bound. Like a bird in a cage, we flap our fettered wings against the side of our prison, and we long to pinion them and to fly away, and to mount aloft, but "the vision is for an appointed time," and the Lord grants us sweet earnest and foretastes of the joys above now. It is only for Him to say, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away," and we soar away at once, we sit at His feet, and listen to the gracious words which proceed from His mouth. We smell the fragrance and the odour of His perfumes; we are ravished with His love, and we say, "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth." "He is the chiefest among ten thousand." "His mouth is most sweet; yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem."

Perhaps there may be some in our presence who will be ready to say, You are going beyond us, we have never been privileged to realise these heavenly favors, we have never felt such nearness of access, such holy boldness, and we fear we shall never know these secrets and enjoy these new-covenant blessings. O, why should you think this? It is as much the Lord's work in your soul at the commencement of the divine life, in the first dawning of light therein, as in the after stages thereof: He commences as well as continues. You know that in a long journey you are as much on the road at the first step as when nearing the end; just

so, if you have been taught one lesson in the grace-school of Christ, the Lord will teach you more, and lead you more fully into the mysteries of His spiritual kingdom: you may not be so far advanced as many of the children of God are, that is, in knowledge, but if you have passed from death to life, from the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son, you shall never come into condemnation, and as Toplady said in his day,

" More happy, but not more secure,
Are glorified spirits in heaven."

"He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." You would like to feel the entwining of His love, you would like to realise the blessedness of communion with the Lord, but, in feeling, you are at an infinite distance from Him. O! cheer up! "Yet a little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry;" and though thy beginnings be small, yet thy latter end shall greatly increase. "A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Jehovah will hasten it in His time."

" The work which His goodness began
The arm of His strength will complete;
His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet."

He is faithful that hath promised, and

" The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises."

You shall yet say, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour;" and what Simeon was privileged to do literally, you shall do spiritually, namely, take Jesus in the arms of faith and love, and exclaim with him, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation:" you will then feel you are ready to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better, and you will say, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly." O! blessed moment. O! blissful time.

There are doubtless some here who can remember when they received Christ, and when they apprehended their union with Him. We know that all blessings were treasured up for the Church from everlasting, but there are developments, openings and unfoldings in the hearts of all the members thereof. The Lord leads His children on from strength to strength; He teaches them here, and instructs them there, and thus they grow up into Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ. I believe that I received

Christ when the Lord first quickened me into life: but He kept me waiting five years before He brought me into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. I knew not my blest condition to my soul's satisfaction, to my heart's realisation; but it is written, "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man," and "He saith not, and to seeds, as of many: but as of one, and to Thy seed, which is Christ;" hence, if you have only been made alive from the dead this day, Christ is formed in your heart the hope of glory; if life has been communicated to you, you can never perish, and why? Because Christ is that life. "God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son;" and if you are in living oneness with Him, Christ is as much your life as He is Paul's, as much your's as Abraham's, or Isaac's, or Jacob's, or any of the blood royal host now glorified. O! how blessed is it to reflect and ponder over this fact: how sweet to meditate on this precious reality. If only just emerged from death to life, we possess eternal life, and we can never come into condemnation. Adam, in his primitive rectitude, had a perfect natural life, but not a spiritual life; the Lord promised him an earthly estate if he obeyed His commands, but He did not make him one spiritual promise until after the fall. Infinite mercy that He could not forfeit those blessings which were treasured up in Christ! All promises respecting the Church, the body of Christ, were made to her Head by the Father before the foundation of the world, and though we fell in union to a natural head, yet nothing could interfere with our dignity and our blessedness in Jesus. "As He is, so are we in this world." Child of God, you may not apprehend your perfection and completeness, but Christ is not perfect without His elect members: they all partake of His perfection, and this perfection cannot be marred, this beauty cannot be tarnished. "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly," and when we can realise a little of the glory in our own souls, we pour contempt on all things beside, and we count them but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. Our goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away, but we are satisfied when we awake with His likeness, and He is Head over all things to the Church which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all. He constitutes our fulness, and He fills all His vessels to overflowing; they were afore prepared unto glory, and as He enables us to partake of Him, and by precious faith to realise Him, our Beloved, our heart enlarges, our mind expands: and when we can enjoy copious streams from that river which maketh glad the city of God, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, and we feel that we can never fathom that mighty deep, or impoverish that

glorious Fountain. No matter how exercised and cast down before, we find the waters are so buoyant, that we are raised above the beggarly elements of this time-state, and we set to our seal that God is faithful, and that He is true. I can now look back to the time when the Lord first commenced His work in my soul, and I can trace the way He has led me; and I see that what He did in the days of His flesh literally, He has done for me spiritually. When He made me willing in the day of His power, I saw at a glance that He had accomplished everything in eternity, and I felt that His counsel must stand, but I knew not at that time that I had an interest in that covenant ordered in all things and sure. I had sips of the brook by the way, gleams of glory, foretastes; a glimmer of hope would now and then arise in my soul, a "Who can tell?" would spring up, and "Hope maketh not ashamed," but I could not say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." I am privileged now to swim in the ocean of His love, but in those trying days I had life in my soul, Christ was there, though I knew it not; but even then I could say, from the innermost recesses of my heart,

"Boast not, ye sons of earth,
Nor look with scornful eyes;
Above your highest mirth,
Our saddest hours we prize;
For tho' our cup seems fill'd with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all."

And that secret something was Christ. We love to see everything concentrated in our glorious Lord, in our blessed Jesus. Creation now teems with glory, all around us appear to be bursting into life; every plant, every twig, shows forth His handiwork. He created all things by the breath of His mouth; He is the life of everything in nature, and He is the life of all His people, and we delight to magnify Him and to crown Him Lord of all. Some tell us we should preach more practically; they say we harp too much on one string, and preach Christ too frequently; but, can we, child of God? O! no. He is our one object, our only subject; He is in us a well of water springing up into everlasting life, and He says, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you." We have the life of God in our souls, and we need the old corn of the land, and the wine of the kingdom; these spiritual realities will alone cheer and refresh God's living children: it is useless to tell them about their duties, they like to hear of their privileges; they like to hear of their blest position in Christ, what they possess in Him, the Lord their righteousness; they delight to contemplate that they are partakers

of the divine nature, and that they were blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ before the foundation of the world; they love to be in the banqueting-house, and they want to be ever hearing of what Christ is, and of what He has done for them. This is indeed blessed! this makes them lively in the ways of the Lord: when He speaks with power, they lift up their heads with joy, their redemption having drawn so nigh, and they sing as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept.

“Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?”

Why should they bow down their heads as a bulrush, and mourn sore like doves, seeing that Christ is their eternal portion? I believe that none but living children of God know what true mourning is, neither do any but sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty know what true rejoicing means. Paul and Silas could praise the Lord and sing of His matchless love in prison. Ah! the presence of a glorious Christ made the gaol a palace. It matters not how perplexing the road, how intricate the pathway, if He be manifestly present, every bitter thing, every dark dispensation is forgotten. O! how sweet it is to hear our Shepherd's voice, and to feel our Shepherd's power. How blessed to hear Him whisper “It is I, be not afraid.” When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble? We have a little respite from trial when He appears, we then enter into rest, peace rules and reigns within. Child of God! speak not of your own righteousness, or of your own worthiness: may the Psalmist's resolve be yours, “I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only!” Clothed with this robe, arrayed thus in spotless purity, you are meet and fit to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light; you are ready at any moment to soar away into His immediate presence, to bask in His sunshine, and to live in endless fruition. O! may the Lord keep these truths in your hearts; may He drop them with living power in your souls, and may you go home to your several abodes exulting in the Lord, and rejoicing that you have received Christ Jesus the Lord as a covenant gift. Every blessing flows to us through the doing, the dying, and the rising of our glorious Christ; as one has said, every new covenant favor comes “crimsoned with the blood of Emmanuel.” Without Him we are undone, but having Him, we possess all things. What should I do in this sublunary world, in this dreary waste, unless I could get a sip of eternity sometimes; unless I could now and then walk through the length and breadth of Emmanuel's land? and

"If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the Fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee?"

We now have foretastes, sweet earnest; we now have the first-fruits of the glorious harvest; but when we shall see Jesus face to face, we shall sing more sweet, and in far higher strains than we can here below. O! child of God, what a glorious and blissful meeting will it be when all the blood-redeemed throng shall meet around His throne, never more to go out, never more to wander. We shall then worship Him, and adore Him, and still sing "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." Amen.

May the Lord add His blessing.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE NORTH.

(Continued from our last.)

The Lord says, "Let Reuben live, and not die." If Reuben lives, we must live, and why? "We are the members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." Hence the life of the Head is the life of the body, and "death hath no more dominion over Him," including all the members: and Christ says, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Cheer up, ye children of God; for Christ is

"Death of deaths, and hell's destruction!"

He has taken the wages of sin, He has swallowed up death in victory; and "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin," and no more is needed; "for, by one offering, He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Since the blood of our Immanuel flowed, the sin of the Church has never arisen before the great Jehovah's sight. The Lord cannot see the sin and the satisfaction too. Payment has been made, the debt-book is cancelled. What is the blessed effect?

"Now no more His wrath we dread,
Vengeance smote our Surety's head:
Justice now demands no more,
He hath paid the dreadful score."

It is a most sweet thought to feel that we are out of debt, and shall never be imprisoned for debt: and it is also very blessed to

remember that it was not only a *friend* but a *relative* who met all demands on our account. He has not only met all charges, and honorably acquitted His Church, but has placed us infinitely above all liability to incur another debt. He "was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification:" and has raised us up together with Himself. We, therefore, sit and sing together with Him in our impregnable fortress: and the Lord fully approves of it; for He says, "Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing: let them shout from the top of the mountains:" and when He tells us to sing, we obey His voice, and know of no better song than this—"Unto Him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father: to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

But how often it is that our harps are hung upon the willows, and we do not seem to have one spark of divine fire in our souls. Indeed we have no evidence of being alive but sickness. But dead persons are not sick, and they that be whole need not a physician. However sick we may be, one thing we are assured of, and that is this, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God." Paul once said that our afflictions were not only light, but of only a moment's duration. The poet sings,

"Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?
His road was much rougher, and darker than mine."

There is just this difference between our Lord's sufferings and ours—His was full of curse, ours full of blessing. Wrath to the uttermost was dealt out to Him, but love in all its fulness is meted out to us. Hence let us join the poet in saying,

"Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food:
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

Yes, the conqueror's song will indeed be pleasant; for it is our unspeakable delight to shout victory through His blood. We have redemption through His blood, even forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace, to the praise of His glory: and when the Lord forgives, He includes all sins, past, present, and to come. Not a sin can we be the subject of but what is included in the pardon. The whole of Zion's sins are atoned by blood divine. Hence says the Holy Ghost by Paul, "Feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood. This is immortal food, and none but immortal children can feed upon it. This is strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and wine to those who

are of heavy hearts. It is the good old wine of the kingdom which goes so sweetly down. It is the pure blood of the grape, which cheers the heart of God and man; which if a man drink thereof, he shall live for ever. Indeed it is angel's food, being ministered by "the Angel of the everlasting covenant"

" 'Tis oil and 'tis honey, 'tis milk and 'tis wine,
'Tis food all-immortal, 'tis food all divine."

How few have a relish for this food! Why have we? We should have lived and died without it, had it not been that we were eternally loved in Christ; everlastingly saved in Christ; irreversibly blest in Christ; called, justified, and glorified in Christ.

"Not more than others we deserve,
But God has given us more;"

for He has given us the life that now is, and that which is to come. He has given us everything richly to enjoy in Christ. Not one good thing does He withhold from us in Christ. Surely we have cause to

"Praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

Once more I have proved the faithfulness of my God in bringing my dear wife through the struggle of nature. How true is that portion—"He will save!" "He will deliver thee in six troubles, and in seven there shall no evil touch thee." How is this? "I the Lord will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and the glory in the midst of her." Hence, "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." How faithful is our God! Not only has my wife been ill, but I have also felt the afflicting hand of my God. But I believe what the poet sings is right:

"Your days of trial, then,
Are all ordain'd by Heaven:
If He appoints their number TEN,
You ne'er shall have eleven."

As a rule, I lose all my religion when ill. This is the time when most professors have most, but they lose it again when restored. However, it is not so with me. I am then generally very quiet. I say but little, yet think much; and yet my thoughts do not seem worth much. If I do not realise much when ill, I know what it is to miss what I have often enjoyed: I am well sure I should never miss it if I had never enjoyed it. I have no reason to find the least fault with the Lord. He does his pleasure, and always fulfils His purpose; and He brings the blind by a way that they

knew not, leads them in paths that they have not known, makes darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things He does, and never leaves or forsakes; and yet it seems as though He had forsaken us quite.

"But how can Jesus turn away?
How can He leave His wife, I say?
And though He leaves all worlds beside,
He never will forsake His bride."

I hope all my beloved brethren in the North are well in every sense. Glad should I be to see you all face-to-face. For this we must wait His time, which sure to prove the best. However, it is sweet to remember that "WHATSOEVER two of you shall ask, it shall be done for you of my Father which is in heaven."

With our united best love to all, believe me, my dearly beloved, very faithfully and affectionately,

A. WILCOCKSON.

THE PATHWAY OF "TRUE LIGHT."

(Continued from page 200.)

I find that the only way of access to God is in and through Jesus Christ, by faith in His person, blood, and righteousness, without any respect whatever to what we are in ourselves. The devil loves to get us looking at self, for he cares not what we are taken up with, so as Christ is not our object and subject. John says, "This is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petition that we desired of Him." These words have often comforted my mind, and I wish the people of God would ponder them over. We know that the Father always hears the Son (John xi. 42), and if He always hears Christ who is the Head of His body the Church, He must at all times, upon the ground of eternal relationship, hear every individual member of the Church; and this by faith we know, and thus have our petitions, whether we feel joyful or not. The Lord will comfort His Zion by enabling faith to see all fulness in Christ, which satisfies the heart, cheers the soul, and removes the fears that trouble and perplex the mind. How sweet and precious to be able to bring Jesus in all His fulness and suitability in the hand of faith, and thus "make a

covenant by sacrifice." Surely if we are made "kings and priests unto God," we have the blessed privilege to bring His sin-atoning blood to the throne of grace. So great a sacrifice must and shall prevail. The Father hears Him always. I love to get into this garden of grace among the all-fragrant flowers, and fly from flower to flower sucking eternal sweets from each, because I have found, by holy fellowship and spiritual communion with Him who is the substance, beauty, and fragrance of every flower, it is good to be there.

Survey the garden all around,
And sure I am it will be found
The rod, the stem, the flower is He,
Which makes their fragrance sweet to me.

I will now relate another of my foolish acts. I sat at work in deep thought one sharp frosty night in February, 1839, and it came into my mind to put the Lord to the test, to either bless me or damn me. I blew out my candle, hastened to Norwook Park, where there were ponds frozen over, stripped myself naked, and crawled on the ice, having made up my mind to go a certain distance and then pray to the Lord, and if the ice broke and let me in, so that I got drowned, it should be a sign of my damnation; but if not, it was to be a sign of my salvation. When I reached the spot where I had made up my mind to pray, I thought that I heard the ice crack, and O the horrors that seized my wicked heart! Should the ice break and let me in, what will become of my poor soul? To hell I shall go, and become a companion of devils. I could not stand the test, and these words made my very flesh to creep upon my bones: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." There was I on the ice perfectly naked, shivering with cold, away from home, and in a fearful condition! I crept slowly back, was glad when I found myself safely off, dressed as soon as possible, and returned home to my work with all the horrors of the damned in my conscience, calling myself a thousand fools for my presumption and folly.

This was a strong temptation; one of Peter's "strange things;" and it was a wonder that I was not frozen to death in my rashness. But grace reigns. This was the exclusive reason that I was spared; and I humbly hope that I had an interest in that amazing grace; or

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding,"

long before I planned and committed such folly. The Lord was mindful of and merciful to me even then; therefore

The ice, it could not break,
 The frost could not destroy,
 And all for Jesu's sake,
 And this the reason why—
 My soul in grace's charter stood
 And all was working for my good.

Some of the people of God are so tossed upon the waves of trouble, plagued with sin, harassed by the tempter, and straitened in circumstances, that they are brought to a place called "Wits'end," where they find all their schemes crossed, plans frustrated, inward and outward idols tumbled down, and all in and about them as dark as pitch. Such "strange things" befall them, they know not what to do, what or where they are.

And this is just the very spot,
 Which my poor soul has not forgot,
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Where I have seen surprising grace,
 And sins as black as hell, and base,
 But love forgave them all.

And I do and will bless the Lord for not letting me have my own way.

Mr. Phillips became very popular at the old chapel, and many were baptised, and nearly the whole of the congregation was made up of Freewillers and General Baptists, but under a Particular Baptist name; and as there was no test of membership, the door was open for all sorts. Hence, how could they but prosper! The world will love its own; and there was much of this love among them, and not a Hyper to trouble them. These Hypers always have been and ever will be troublesome; for it is needful that offences come. Yes, it is absolutely needful; for it shows decision, faithfulness, and sincerity in every true spiritual defender of the truth. Though I am not in favor of the old test embodied in the five points, yet I think there ought to be some test; and life in the soul I believe is sufficient. This brings to my mind a case connected with our room, which I did not approve of. It was this: A plain poor old woman was wishful of joining in church membership, and as we held open communion there was no objection raised on that account. Two of the so-called strongest in faith and clearest in doctrine were deputed to wait upon her, in order to report her experience to the Church; but they greatly troubled the old woman's mind in trying her with the doctrine of election; and because she did not grow up into Christ, like a mushroom, in one day, and could not understand the doctrine, she was rejected. Now, from what little I knew of her, she evidently

had a desire to be saved, loved the Saviour, and relished our preaching; and there is no doubt that she was a babe in grace. We have no right to expect all the children to enter the Church six feet high in doctrine. For my part, I am satisfied to find them six feet deep. I cannot say that I like to thus turn the lame out of the way, making the heart of those sad whom the Lord has not made sad. The people of God do not jump from the cradle into the King's chariot; neither do they, like Jonah's gourd, spring up in one night; and I am fully convinced that the child of grace cannot learn doctrine until it be drawn from the breast and weaned from the milk. While they are young and tender it is best to feed them with milk, and not with meat; and if they love "the sincere milk of the Word," I think it to be a true and infallible sign of spiritual life in the soul. Such must have time allowed them to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. When I first went to school, I began with A, B, C. I was some time before I could effectually learn the first letter A, or Alpha: but I did in time (His own time) by grace plainly see, and feel too, that my blessed Jesus is indeed the First in all His dealings of love and mercy with my soul. He first drew the plan of mercy, made free and clear the channel of mercy; first brought mercy into my heart, and ever since has been the first in every revival, refreshing, and application of mercy: yea, every spring of hope, joy, and peace, is first from Him; but when, by His teaching, I reached the last letter, Omega, my soul was delighted to find Him not only the First, but the Last too of all Jehovah's vast designs of grace, the beginning of all covenant grace. Precious Jesus, thou art all in all, and thou art worthy of, and shalt have, all the praise, all the glory, of my salvation; but I was long, very long, before I could truly and experimentally join even the two first letters, A, B, and spell them in feeling and joy. Indeed, I find to this day it requires grace, great grace, effectual grace, to join the letters, ABBA; but when by gracious help I do spell this sweet combination, how unspeakably sweet, to say in the spirit of adoption, "Abba, Father," "my Lord and my God." Mark, beloved, Abba either way is the same: begin where you will, and why? Because He is the first, and the last. Now, since I was so long in coming to this blessed point, I cannot expect every "new born babe" to learn the whole alphabet, and to read the dictionary of grace in one day. Our loving Shepherd "carries the lambs in His bosom," "and gently leads those who are with young;" and the great apostle Paul fed the weak with milk as they were able to bear it. I can assure you, beloved, I did not, when first I went to school, learn arithmetic all at once. I knew little or nothing

of addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and the rule of three, before I learned my numbers in rotation, though I have since, blessed be God, understood some little of the blessed golden rule of three; and some little, through grace, of the square root, and the cube root too. After I became in some small measure acquainted with the numbers, somehow or other I became fond of the number one. I truly loved this number. I found it lovely to dwell in meditation on the eternal, precious, and undivided One. I saw and loved the unity of my ever-adorable and ever-loving Jesus—one with the Father, one with the Spirit, and one with the Church. How lovely to consider us poor cyphers united to, and one with, Jesus the eternal ONE. I do indeed love to think of and dwell upon it. Take so many cyphers, say, 00,000,000, what do they amount to? Why, just nothing; but add the eternal 1 to them, and what a glorious, full, and complete number! How He substantiates every cypher into millions! Yes, all our value, all our substance, all our comeliness, is for ever found in Jesus: His fulness filleth all in all: all is an empty void without Him.

Having got a little insight into a few lovely numbers, especially this inexpressible ONE, and the incomprehensible THREE, or the eternal, glorious, and mysterious *three in one*, unity in trinity and trinity in unity, I feel lost in the greatness, goodness, and glory of the mystery.

After learning these in the appointed measure, I entered into addition, and after a little insight into this rule, I found, and feelingly too, how blessed to see and feel how gently Jesus leads His little ones step by step, adds to them a little help, a little strength, a little comfort, a little light, a little faith, as they are able to receive it; and as their strength and faith increase, He blessedly adds a few trials and troubles in proportion to their strength; but He always remembers to add peace and comfort as well; and as He still suffers the enemy to harass, perplex, and tempt them, He will not allow them to be tempted above what they are able to bear; but will, with the temptation, also make a way for escape, that they may be able to bear it, by adding a little more faith, hope, and strength, which is "a very blessed help in trouble;" "for as their days, so shall their strength be," which proves it is all by rule. Yes, it is all according to rule, and this we must go through: and when we are in some measure able to work this rule, we may take Peter's advice, and "add to our faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity;" and this you know is "the bond of perfection," which makes Zion "the perfection of

beauty:" and this perfection of beauty is fetched, by "precious faith," out of Him who is the beauty of beauties, "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely."

And, now, when I had gone through addition, it was needful to enter into subtraction. This rule is not so pleasant to babes in grace just at first; they don't like their comforts, etc., taken from them; nevertheless, when "the girdle of truth" has braced up their loins, they will truly love even this rule. Job seems well schooled and blessedly taught in both these rules after the devil had told Jehovah that lie in chap. 1. ii. "Put forth thine hand now, and he will curse thee to thy face;" but hear what Job said, chap. i. 21: "The Lord gave (there's addition), and the Lord hath taken away (there's subtraction), blessed be the name of the Lord. Now you see who the liar is, "In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." Job had got at the marrow, and well understood both were needful in the Lord's time and way, notwithstanding the lying lip of the devil. Job could not "charge God foolishly," because he well knew that "He giveth no account of His matters:" and all taught like Job know too,

He gives a blessing when He please,
Then takes those joys away,
Thus to fulfil His own decrees,
And this will make them say,
In brightest day, in darkest night,
All shall be well; for all is right.

(To be continued.)

CONSOLING CONSIDERATIONS.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
My God, my hope, my trust;
And when to me His peace He gives,
I feel assured He never leaves,
But cleaveth to His dust.

In bonds of everlasting love,
He binds my heart so tight,
No powers below, no powers above,
Can sever me, His spotless dove,
Deprive me of my right.

I'm His by love, by blood, and pow'r,
My dwelling is His heart:
He never sleeps a day, an hour,
But shields His plant, protects His flower,
In short, we never part.

He sometimes seems a little way
Beyond the reach of call,
And then I wait, and watch, and pray,
And wonder much what can delay,
The footsteps of my All.

But back He comes, o'er hill and dale,
So much to my relief,
And proves once more, though in the vale,
That His compassion cannot fail,
Although He causeth grief.

He bids my sorrow turn to joy,
He wipes the rolling tear,
My heart is fill'd with sweet employ,
No foes around me can annoy,
I'm rais'd above a fear.

A. W.

A REVIEW.

Memoirs of Mercies and Miseries. By Mr. James Godsmark. Second Edition, revised by the Author, with Second and Third Parts. London: Collingridge, City Press, Aldersgate Street; or direct from the Author, Leverton Street, Kentish Town, N. W.

VERY few indeed of God's people have had a more trying pathway than our brother Godsmark. His record of "Mercies and Miseries" is sure to find a response in the hearts of the poor and needy of the Lord's family. But we do not think that "the fat and the strong" will much appreciate the things herein so faithfully stated. Lordly deacons and their wives, rich managers of chapels and their ladies, we rather imagine will be somewhat backward in speaking praiseworthily of this Book and its Author, because he has faithfully exposed their deadly enmity to the searching power of God's Word. Fearless of man, and careless of his frown or smile, our brother has continued and concluded his chequered pathway. He has not written a line to please the mere professor, and we do not think that one of his enemies will be at all gratified unless it be with the thought that their victim's pathway is still as rough as ever. Such characters love to see Zion in sack-cloth, are delighted when her sons and daughters are in exile; but when the Lord mercifully turns their captivity, they are grieved to their very heart's core.

The Second and Third Parts of our brother's Memoirs plainly show that the Lord has seen fit to keep him as poor as ever, as tried as ever, as persecuted as ever. Indeed there are some heart-harrowing scenes here represented. Through the fire he has walked again and again, but has come out unharmed. Tempest-tossed he has often been, but in each instance his bark has weathered the storm. Perils of almost every description he has frequently been in, but out of them all the Lord has hitherto delivered him. So faithful is his God!

Reader, purchase "Mercies and Miseries" if you can, and you will have no cause to regret it. For the benefit of the *poorest* of our friends we hope to give for a few months a page or two of "Mercies and Miseries," and we heartily hope that the Mighty God of Jacob will abundantly bless the perusal to His own blood-bought family. But those of our friends who can afford the eighth of a pound, we trust will at once send to the Author for his Book; while those who are still better off, and in still easier circumstances, will do well to make their poorer brethren a present of the Work.

ly
ed
at-
ced
has
m.
but
hiti
you
e of
s of
God
rest
of a
ook
res
ark





